THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

Vol. LXXVIII. — NOVEMBER, 1896. — No. CCCCLXIX.

CAUSES OF AGRICULTURAL UNREST.

A TRAVELER following the path of La Salle across the plains of the Illinois to-day would be struck, even on the most superficial survey, by the signs of agricultural prosperity. Broad farms, substantial buildings, bursting cribs, fields drained with tile, and every evidence of good farming are visible. The original settlers, moreover, have won their fortunes, and retired to the neighboring towns to spend their years of rest. It is common to find men who have amassed, from farming, fortunes counted by hundreds of thousands of dollars. Iowa, also, is certainly to-day a successful farming community. And wherever a man of executive ability and training in farming has taken up agriculture upon a good soil, there comfort and prosperity are pretty sure to be found. But there is another side to the picture. A fire lies somewhere below all this Populistic smoke which has risen from the granger agitation and rolled ominously over the skies from Chicago and St. Louis during the past summer.

Behind the political evolutions of the parties which have marshaled themselves under the leadership of Mr. Bryan there have been some forces at work which it may be interesting to record. The fact that so many delusions could result in a kind of political unity, and could produce common political action, itself demands explanation. In truth, the earnestness of great groups of fanatical men in the Chicago convention has even a touch of pathos about it, the more that they are evidently sincere and honest. They represent, however, certain strata in our economic and social organization. Throughout the newer States we find a widely spread class of undereducated, brawny, earnest, but narrow minds. There is little pliability in their mental processes. Once the single-ideaed brain has been occupied by a theory, or craze, the gate to all other ideas is thereby closed. In a brain incapable of economic and judicial reasoning, the one idea now in possession engenders prejudice, and even, in an emotional nature, frenzy. This class of minds may not always have the same craze, but, in its undereducated way, it is sure to have one of some sort. The subject of the fanaticism may change in time, but with the fanaticism we must always reckon so long as the undereducated class exists and wields a large political power.

The honest but narrow mind is ever the prey of knaves. The cheat plies his trade among the untrained so long as the eternal-gullible maintains its seat in the human heart. The thriftless incapable purposely frames a scheme to make something out of nothing, which often appeals to the naïve honest as the cloud of fire by night guiding them out of the desert. Thus two general classes, both hoping to acquire riches by legerdemain, by tricks of legislation, come to work together for a common aim. The honesty of the one is the mask for the dishonesty of the other; and they are stimulated,

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in the attempt to rub the lamp of fortune for the sake of obtaining sudden riches without the sweat of the brow, by the picture, familiar to us in the rapid development of a young country rich in varied resources, of men of their own undereducated kind who have stumbled upon great wealth. The man who for years has been eating his bacon over a deposit of petroleum, coal, copper, or gold, awakes some day to great wealth, puts on the fine linen of civilization, and stands as the possibility of what may at any moment come to every other one of his kind. Cupidity nudges the elbow of fanaticism. While this human quality is not confined to any particular part of our country, yet in the newer States there is an energetic restlessness in urging a peculiar nostrum to which the older part of the country is a stranger.

The narrow mind — like a popgun in which the last wad shoots out the first — honestly holds to its one idea, but this idea is driven out by any new agitation strong enough to force in another idea which may displace the old. The basis of the old greenback delusion, following the commercial crisis of 1873, was this same mental quality. The optimism of the Western spirit has created cities like Chicago, and it even built the palaces of the White City, but in feeble intellects this optimism is the spring to many harmful kinds of activity. In its expansive way it sees results before they have gone through the formality of taking place. The mere possibility of borrowing is itself almost the realization of brilliant dreams. The possession of a loan is a ladder to the pinnacle of life. The return of the loan to the lender and the way down the ladder again find no place in the imagination of the borrower.

Such is the background of my picture. We can see the characteristics out of which a certain kind of results will surely come. The greenback craze was the outcome of a depression following a long period of extraordinary inflation and speculation after the Civil War. When the bubble burst in 1873, business disasters were not confined to the farming class. Expansion of trade, inflated prices, airy ventures of all kinds collapsed, and brought down men of affairs in every occupation with pitiless impartiality. The farmer, having entered into engagements for large sums when all the world was booming with speculative schemes of development, suddenly found himself prone on the ground, with his flying-machine lying splintered and ruined beside him. But in this fate he found himself in company with men engaged in all branches of manufacture and trade. It is in such a soil, composed of the débris of speculation and overtrading, that a crop of weedy delusions grows. It is commonly known that the years succeeding a panic are the ones in which quack remedies for industrial distress find many gullible victims. Untrained in economic reasoning, inexperienced in industrial history, untaught in penetrating into the causes of commercial phenomena, the undereducated man is the prey to the first nostrum that happens to be offered him. His distress pinches. How easy to believe the dogmatic assertion that the cause of his distress is the "scarcity of money"! Why not? He knows precious little about the principles of money. Why should it not be that, as well as something else of which he knows equally little? It is all mysterious, anyway. He must believe the statements of the man who first gets his confidence. Therefore, in times of industrial depression we have always had an epidemic of crazes. We know that in many former depressions the remedies proposed have had nothing whatever to do with silver, which to-day appears as the sovereign cure. In 1874 it was a greenback wad in the popgun; since then the silver wad has driven out the greenback wad. In both cases it was clear that industrial disaster was due to trading beyond all reason and judgment,

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and that the quantity of money did not determine the quantity of goods and property in existence.

Of course, the farmer who has overtraded, or expanded his operations beyond his means, in a time of commercial depression is affected just as any one else is in like conditions. After 1873 he probably found himself in goodly company, but the present difficulties seem to be limited to farming. It is quite certain that in the last few years special conditions have surrounded the farmer and placed him in a peculiar position, — conditions which have not been common to men in other industries. If a period of over-development, confined almost entirely to agricultural interests, has been followed by the inevitable reaction, we may expect to see all the evidences of distress in rural communities which follow in the wake of a general commercial crisis; and we may expect to find also that nostrum-mongers have come to the fore, charming and deluding the honestly distressed farmer with the magic of their patent remedies. It boots nothing that the diagnosis is wrong or that the medicine is unfit; the mind of one idea, by its nature, is hospitable to the first-comer, and prejudice closes the door to the advice of the trained physician who arrives later.

In the genuine Populistic programme silver plays but an unimportant rôle. For political purposes, it is skillfully made the common basis of action, in this campaign, by different groups of persons. Yet it is less hungrily demanded than inconvertible paper, or the sub-treasury scheme, or the income tax, or greater freedom from the militia, by the mind of the true Populist. In short, the conditions of agriculture have permitted the growth of numerous crazes, of which silver is not even the tallest weed in the soil. Behind silver lies a whole thistle crop of ideas, with which we must eventually deal. We shall have to face various schemes of redistribution of property, even after the silver question has gone to its long home with the greenback. A craze is the inevitable manifestation of an idea strongly held by undereducated men. If it is not the greenback craze or the silver craze, it will be some other.

While understanding that vagaries are prolific in a season of financial distress, the essence of our inquiry is to discover the causes which have brought about this situation of hardship. To one who has watched the larger industrial movements of recent decades it is clear that very powerful currents have been set in motion, the force and direction of which may be unknown to the very persons who are unconsciously carried along on their surface. In this study, it may be possible, so to speak, to cast some sealed bottles into the currents, and thereby record their trend and force.

We are now witnessing in practical operation in the United States a difficult adjustment of the farming industry under an economic principle as old as Ricardo. If only for geographical reasons, the new-comers to an unsettled country originally plant themselves upon the soil most conveniently situated to harbors and rivers, irrespective of the fact that soil much richer and more fertile lies in the interior. The poorer soil accessible to transportation is, in fact, the richer soil to the settler, who is saved the sacrifices of location distant from the market. So long as water furnished the arteries of transportation and trade, settlements were placed upon seacoasts and rivers. Rich farming communities spread over the outlying districts adjacent to these settlements. The thin soil of New England once masqueraded in the guise of a prosperous farming district, but that is now a thing of the past. And when Mr. Whittier, in the pages of this magazine, mourned the decay of the farm and of rural life, and the departure of the ambitious boy to the town or city, he

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touched with song the hard facts of an economic revolution.

The same pitiless wave which has swept over Great Britain in recent decades, spreading confusion and disaster in English farming, reducing prices of farm products, shriveling English rent-rolls, changing the character of agriculture in many districts, has spread its influence also over New England and the rest of the Eastern States, — a wave set in motion by the progress of the age, by the railway and the improved steamship. Its immediate effect was to bring the products of new, distant, and vastly richer farming-land into the same markets where the products of the old and poorer soil had been sold. In economic phrase, it was the insertion, into existing grades of cultivated land, of new grades of higher fertility. Consequently, if the required supply of food can now be produced more cheaply by the new and better soils, the old grades must go out of cultivation. It mattered not, in the inevitable onward sweep of this evolution of the fittest instrument of production, — bringing cheaper food to hungry legions, — that the owner of the old farm had attachments of heart and association to the old lanes, the old blue hills, and the old trees. The progress of the age was under it all, like a ploughshare upturning the nest of his youth.

The railway and the steamship have not yet ceased their iconoclastic operations. A few years ago, the varied expanses of middle New York and the broad valleys of the Susquehanna made up the flower of our farms and gave solid incomes to their owners. This state of things is now of the past. Farming is no longer profitable in these districts, because more fertile though distant lands have been brought within reach of markets. The richer wheat-land in the middle West, and of the prairies of Minnesota and Dakota, lay untouched until the railway opened up a cheaper transportation to the lakes and seaboard. The cause of the enforced agricultural readjustment in the United States was the progress of the age, represented mainly by the modern railway. The fall of railway rates to less than one cent per ton per mile, and the generally dubious condition of railway securities as investments, are glaring evidences of the pressure to secure cheap transportation in the exploitation of the West.

It is a strange development — indeed, a curious travesty on justice — that the railway, which by reason of its low cost of transportation has practically destroyed the farming interests of the East, should be regarded by the farmer of the West as the vampire sucking out the blood of his agricultural profits; and yet the Western lands could have been opened to seaboard markets only by means of it and its low rates. The Eastern farmer must justly regard the railway, and the resultant competition of the richer farm-land in the West, as the cause of his ruin and the force which has driven him to new employments; the Western farmer would not now be in existence if it were not for the railway. The proof that it has served the Western farmer well is to be found in the sad ruins of Eastern agriculture. But by such revolutions is the progress of invention marked. Every great improvement which has cheapened the cost of reproducing existing forms of capital has necessarily lowered the value of that previously made, to the level at which it can be reproduced. Ocean steamships which cost $500,000 each five years ago — and which could now be built for $400,000 — must have fallen in their capitalized value by one fifth, or twenty per cent, irrespective of depreciation by wear and tear. In a similar way, the general introduction of steamships has lowered the selling price of sailing vessels. Every owner of capital in its various forms must always take the risk that invention may devise something cheaper in operation than his existing machinery.

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By the nature of his occupation, a farmer is subject to this principle quite as much as any owner of capital. His land may for the moment be the best in cultivation for wheat; but any conceivable discovery, or any improvement of existing devices, by which, directly or indirectly, new soils in any part of the world may be brought into competition with his own, must lower the price of his farm products. The wheat-growing farmer is, therefore, at the mercy of world-causes, and not merely of the domestic events within the boundaries of his own country. The reason is that wheat is a commodity whose price is not determined by home, but by foreign markets. We ourselves do not consume nearly the whole product of our wheat or cotton land. We export largely beyond our own consumption. We exported in 1892 — a good year — 157,280,351 bushels of wheat, and 15,196,769 barrels of wheat flour, when our total yield of wheat was 515,949,000 bushels. It will at once appear to the reader how surely the price of wheat must respond to influences quite out of the ken of the ordinary farmer, and yet that the continuance of farming depends upon his keeping careful watch of all the forces affecting his business, wherever and however they may be acting throughout the world.

The simple facts that we produce more wheat than we consume, and that, consequently, the price of the whole crop is determined, not by the markets within this country, but by the world-markets, are sufficient to put wheat, as regards its price, in a different class from those articles whose markets are local. It differs very radically, for example, from corn: while we export 36.88 per cent of our wheat crop, we export only 3.72 per cent of our corn crop (which in 1892 was 1,628,464,000 bushels). Whether he knows it or not, whether he likes it or not, every man who chooses as his occupation in life the growing of wheat must be affected by everything which influences the production and price of that article throughout the entire world. And it need not be said that many wheat-growing farmers make little or no allowance for events beyond their limited range of local information. A good crop in Europe means a lessened demand for American wheat; a large European crop, accompanied by a very large harvest at home, is sure to depress the price abnormally; and if, in addition to these two uniting causes, competing countries in Asia, South America, Africa, and Australia send large quantities of the same grain to Europe, the price may fall still further. A given demand may be more than met by an exceptional supply. It must then be remembered, too, that as regards an article of food like wheat, after a person has taken his usual quantity, his demand does not rise with a falling price, but, after a saturation point of desire is reached, it practically ceases altogether. This accounts for the extreme fall in price produced by a supply only slightly in excess of the ordinary demand. Does the farmer of our Western States study to adapt his supply to the known demand, as the manufacturer does? Probably not: he plants because he has wheat-land, and leaves the rest to the mysterious play of forces outside his ken. Yet it is certain, nevertheless, that the price of his grain is determined by events in Australia, Argentina, Egypt, India, Hungary, and Russia, or by excessive rains in England, France, or Germany. To know the economic nature of the farmer's occupation is necessary to an understanding of his existing situation, and one can clearly see how varied are the world-influences which may affect his efforts in growing wheat.

The revolution by which invention and progress have forced a readjustment of industries, with a better relation to our natural resources, has wrenched the country and twisted it into new shapes. It has taken away the farming industry from the older States, and given it to the

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newer territory where soils are richer. The problem left to the farmers of the Middle States is the difficult problem correctly to learn the causes of the agricultural readjustment; to master the qualities of the old soil for other crops; scientifically to adapt the land to the new conditions brought by the opening up of new areas of superior soil. It is a problem requiring a high order of intelligence and scientific training in farming.

But a problem which under the most favorable conditions would be a complex and difficult one, is made far more serious by a movement which has taken away from farming the most enterprising spirits and the most vigorous brains. The movement of the better minds away from the farms to the towns, where a wider career is opened, is so well known to Americans that I do not need to describe it. Enterprising spirits have left New England mainly to the small farming of the Irish; and the Middle States have likewise enlarged their quotas in the towns. It is one of the most marked events in our economic history. The brightest youths speed to the cities as a matter of course.

But even if, with Mr. Whittier, we sing dolorously of the abandoned farm, we cannot fail to see above the horizon the expanding roofs of the manufacturing town and the glittering attractions of the greater cities. We must see also a larger power to purchase food and other necessaries in the wages of the daily laborer, graded schools instead of the "district" schools, better drainage, better lighting, a larger nervous excitement, more stimulus to the plodding mind, a response to the offer of more intellectual tonics, a wider reading, and a more intelligent acquaintance with the lives and manners of cultivated persons. If the moral tone of the city and town be low, in all probability children there are safer than on the farm, from vulgar vice, and from that inward moral starvation which follows upon a lack of mental nourishment. In short, when in some farming districts one notes the bad roads, the social privation, the lonely isolation of farm life, one wonders that there are any farmers. The movement to the towns is really in answer to a craving for something besides mere material existence: it arises from a delight in the society of others and in access to books and information; from æsthetic satisfaction and a general striving for the better thing.

The effect of these revolutions upon farming was that in those years when a great industrial readjustment was taking place which required the best efforts of the best intelligences, at the very time when the hardest problem was presented for solution, social forces were at work to take away the men best capable of solving the problem. Just as the situation became more serious, the least efficient were left to meet it. It is not necessary for me to say, by way of qualification, that there are efficient farmers; of course there are. Wherever one finds executive ability and training in farming, there one is likely to see success, as in any other occupation of life. But I wish to emphasize my general point, that from the nature of his occupation the farmer is subjected to world-wide operations requiring careful foresight; that the age is bringing him new adjustments and new problems; and yet that the concomitant part of the situation has been a marked reduction, due to the attractions of our cities, in the quality of farming skill and capacity.

But the farmers on the richer soils of the trans-Mississippi States, although holding the coigne of vantage relatively to other farmers in this country, especially as regards wheat-growing, have been themselves affected by special influences of an unfavorable kind. In the years of prosperity after recovery from the panic of 1873, the Western farming districts witnessed a curious epidemic of loans, an unexampled prevalence of bor-

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rowing-made-easy. Eastern money-lenders sent unlimited sums, with reckless confidence, to be loaned on Western farm mortgages. So little discrimination was exercised in this expansive era that the droughty lands of Kansas and Nebraska were estimated to be as good security as the more trustworthy soil of Iowa and Minnesota. Methods of lending were careless; and the unwary met sad treatment at the hands of rogues, or fell victims to poor land-titles. The abundance of loanable capital was a premium on borrowing, and few farmers in need of improving their farms escaped the temptation. They were led into plans for expenditure without fully realizing the risks of farming, the operation of world-causes upon agricultural prices, or the difficulties of repaying loans after they were spent.

Following the recovery from the panic of 1873, the development of western Minnesota and Dakota reached a stage of speculative expansion quite as dashing and bold as any ventures of Wall Street brokers. Over-confidence was sublime. No other part of the country was comparable for sound investment to this wheat Eldorado; the East was a doubtful place for solid prosperity in comparison with this brilliant addition to our resources. Fortunes were to be made only in farming. Fathers bought shares in the ventures undertaken by their sons who had moved to the new West. Old residents of Ohio, Illinois, or Wisconsin sold their lands to join the great hegira. In its way it was as picturesque and exciting as any like event in our history; and it would not be easy to exaggerate the intensity of this period of the early eighties, soon after the resumption of specie payments.

This over-development was to the farmers what overtrading is to the commercial world. The expansion having gone beyond legitimate bounds, the reaction was certain to come. The drought, hot winds, and consequent failure of crops, in Kansas and Nebraska, startled Eastern lenders into the discovery that the lands were in many cases valueless as security. The time for repayment of loans came around, and brought with it a test of the good judgment of the borrowers in the use of their loans. Bad judgment and lack of skill meant inability to repay. "Settling day" is in any market a solemn occasion, but in the case of farm loans it is sure to reveal all the weak spots. A vast deal of capital, of course, was properly lent, and wisely expended in improvements; but this was far from being commonly true. In justification of this statement I need do no more than refer to the recent failures of Western mortgage companies, and to the present generally suspicious attitude in regard to their investments. I do not imply, by any means, that there are not good Western farm mortgages, but only that the era of speculation has been followed by the inevitable reaction.

Under the influences of this period farmers had borrowed, and pledged themselves to the payment of fixed units of money. While agriculture was booming, the ability to change wheat into these units for repayment seemed easy; and if this situation had remained unchanged all might have gone well. But there soon came a heaving of the calm sea, showing that storms were going on in other parts of the wide waters. As I have pointed out, world-causes must be taken into account. Just when the reaction in American farming began to set in, the distant countries of the world, which had begun to send wheat to the same competitive markets, rapidly increased their exports. The sudden enlargement of the supply without any corresponding increase of demand produced that alarming fall in the price of wheat which has been made the farmer's excuse for thinking that silver is the magic panacea for all his ills. At the very time when the American farmer was under pressure to increase his production

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in every possible way, he was disastrously affected by a similar increase in other countries. In short, the agencies which opened up the superior wheat-fields of the Dakotas have not been confined to the United States. The progress of the age in the form of cheapened railway transportation revolutionized the agriculture of our country; but likewise the progress of the age in the form of cheapened steamship transportation opened up to European consumers the superior wheat-fields of Argentina, Australia, Egypt, and India. Yet the Western farmer ploughed and sowed blindly, as if his were the only sources of wheat supply in the world.

Here is the pith of the whole trouble of the farmer of the farther West. A boom and wild expansion consequent upon the settlement of the Dakotas brought about the inevitable reaction. The one serious difficulty to the sufferer was that there were special conditions, in a great measure influencing agriculture alone, which produced the same results that a violent commercial crisis produces in a wide range of industries. To be sure, a disaster in farming conveys the impact of damage to other allied interests; but here were conditions, the results of seismic convulsions throughout the world, practically uncomprehended by those most deeply affected, and yet not directly touching other great industries. Developments special to agriculture, although radiating all over the world, narrowed in upon our Western farmers, quite unconscious of the currents that were bearing them up and dashing them on the rocks. If we understand, then, that the agriculture of the middle West has been suffering bitterly from readjustment; and more than this, that even the favored farmers of the richest land in the remoter West (whose success had ruined the Eastern farmers) have been suffering from a disaster not entirely of their own making, we may be better able to judge of their present unrest. They are in a measure responsible for the wild expansion of the early eighties, but they are to be judged leniently for their ignorance of those waves of damage which came from abroad,

Feeling the coils of some mysterious power about them, the farmers, in all honesty, have attributed their misfortunes to the "constriction" in prices, caused, as they think, not by an increased production of wheat throughout the world, but by the "scarcity of gold." This seems hardly an adequate explanation, just at the time when the gold product is doubling itself. If scarcity of gold has been pushing prices down, why does not an abundance of gold push prices up? This explanation of low prices as caused by insufficient gold is so far-fetched that its general use seems inexplicable. The existence of such a theory in explanation of the low price of wheat is so unnatural that it leads one to suspect the presence of a guiding power. Therein is to be found one of the most interesting parts of the present situation. The undereducated man, capable of holding but one idea at a time, and holding that idea fanatically, crushed by the coils of an industrial readjustment, with a system depressed by a speculative debauch, finds supposed helpers in the wiliest managers who have ever entered American politics. This is, in a nutshell, the true philosophy of the movement in favor of free coinage of silver.

Given a large community with innate prejudices against the East, intensified by the dislike born of the relation of debtor to creditor, prostrated by the collapse of the greatest agricultural speculation of modern times, suffering from foreign competition in the world-markets, the opportunity of the tempter is nearly perfect. And the skill of the tempter is satanic. I doubt if ever in our political history we have had more adroit manipulation and strategy than have been displayed by the managers of the silver party. In Congress they have

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been more than a match in plans and ingenuity for the leaders of the two great parties. Supplied with abundant means by the silver-mining interests, they have "buncoed" one party or coquetted with another, as suited their interests. While extending their propaganda for years in the ranks of the Democratic party throughout the West and South, they have bargained with the leaders of the Republican party in Congress for legislation favorable to silver in return for votes for special and private interests. It was in this way that the so-called Sherman Act of 1890 was passed. When they were given an inch they took an ell, until the country stood aghast at finding these silver managers holding the national legislature by the throat, and demanding silver legislation or a stoppage of all old "deals." It was a political brigandage that put the little by-play of Greek bandits to shame. A game of burglary like this in the Capitol at Washington is as audacious as is the seizure of money-tills at high noon on a crowded street.

This, however, was but one part of the great silver conspiracy, the equal of which has never been recorded, and which is too considerable for me to do more than refer to it here. It embraced in its plans years of systematic agitation of the silver doctrines, both by speaking and by writing, among those dissatisfied classes which I have described. The situation of farmers in the West, depressed after a collapse of a speculation in wheat-lands, and of cotton-growers in the South, the price of whose product also had been disturbed by world-causes, was a rich soil for the silver propaganda. It was begun stealthily and secretly, and carried on later with noise and open activity. Newspapers were hired to exploit and advertise silver literature in a way to enlarge their list of subscribers. A literary bureau controlled a systematic distribution of "catchy" and "taking" illustrated reading-matter. The prejudices and antagonisms of classes were appealed to most skillfully. The wheat-farmer and the cotton-grower were for years practically permitted to hear nothing else but the wrongs of silver, the evil effects of gold, and the grinding oppression of the money-lender. As a piece of successful political intrigue and agitation, this propaganda was probably the most effective since the repeal of the Corn Laws. One can have nothing but admiration for the consummate political skill displayed by the managers of the silver party.

How adroitly a situation of agricultural depression, due to an industrial revolution, has been made to serve the dealers in silver, the present presidential campaign gives convincing evidence. At this time, silver is jangling in the ears of those who, a few years hence, will permit only the music of a new craze to be heard. If the conditions which allow of delusions among the farmers were of passing duration, if in a few years we might see Western farming recover from its depression as easily as we see manufacturing and trade readjust themselves after a commercial crisis, the remedy would not be far to seek. But the opening up of new wheat areas to European markets is not a thing that, rising like a wave, like a wave disappears; it is a permanent uplift of the sea-level. It has come to stay, and probably to rise still higher. Farming will go on, and go on profitably; but it will never realize all the bright dreams of the ballooning years in the early eighties. How natural that the seeds of dissatisfaction should grow up in the various forms of protest against existing legislative and social arrangements! It is precisely the expansive, optimistic, speculating American-born in whose minds these erratic developments have taken deepest root. Our less mercurial Germans and shrewder Scandinavians are safer than our Americans, in this day of crazes.

J. Laurence Laughlin.

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CHEERFUL YESTERDAYS.

"A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays
And confident to-morrows."
WORDSWORTH, *Excursion*, Book VII.

I.

A CAMBRIDGE BOYHOOD.

IN introducing the imaginary Chronicles of P. P. Clerk of this Parish the poet Pope remarks that any such book might well be inscribed, "On the Importance of a Man to Himself." Yet perhaps the first obstacle to be encountered by any autobiographer is the sudden sense of his own extreme unimportance. Does each ant in an ant-hill yearn to bequeath to the universe his personal reminiscences? When, at the dead of night, I hear my neighbors at the Harvard Observatory roll away their lofty shutters, in preparation for their accustomed tryst with the stars, it seems as if one might well be content to keep silence in the presence of the Pleiades. Yet, after all, the telescope need only be reversed to make the universe appear little, and the observer large; so that we may as well begin at the one end as at the other.

"Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him."

Probably, if the truth were known, nothing in the universe is really insignificant, not even ourselves.

When I think of the vast changes which every man of my time has seen, of the men and women whom I have known, — those who have created American literature and have freed millions of slaves, — men and women whom, as the worldly-wise Lord Houghton once wrote me, "Europe has learned to honor, and would do well to imitate," then I feel that, whether I will or no, something worth chronicling may be included in the proposed paper. For the rest, the autobiographer has the least reason of all writers to concern himself about the portrayal of his own personality. He is sure to reveal it, particularly if he tries to hide it. Confucius asked, "How can a man be concealed?" Of all methods, certainly not by writing his reminiscences. He can escape unobserved, or else mislead observers, only by holding his tongue; let him open his lips, and we have him as he is.

All the scenes and atmosphere of one's native village — if one is fortunate enough to have been born in such a locality — lie around the memory like the horizon line, unreachable, impassable. Even a so-called cosmopolitan man has never seemed to me a very happy being, and a cosmopolitan child is above all things to be pitied. To be identified in early memories with some limited and therefore characteristic region, — that is happiness. No child is old enough to be a citizen of the world. What denationalized Americans hasten to stamp as provincial is for children, at least, a saving grace. You do not call a nest provincial. All this is particularly true of those marked out by temperament for a literary career. The predestined painter or musician needs an early contact with the treasures and traditions of an older world, but literature needs for its material only men, nature, and books; and of these, the first two are everywhere, and the last are easily transportable, since you can pile the few supreme authors of the world in a little corner of the smallest log cabin. The Cambridge of my boyhood — two or three thousand people — afforded me, it now seems, all that human heart could ask for its elementary training. Those who doubt it might, perchance, have been the gainers if they had shared it. "He despises me," said Ben Jonson, "because I live in an alley. Tell him his soul lives in an alley."

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I was born in Cambridge on December 22, 1823, in a house built by my father at the head of what was then called Professors' Row, and is now Kirkland Street, — the street down which the provincial troops marched to the battle of Bunker Hill, having first halted for prayer at the house once standing next to ours, — the "gambrel-roofed house" where Dr. O. W. Holmes was born. My father's house — now occupied by Mrs. J. M. Batchelder — was begun in 1818, when the land was bought from Harvard College, whose official he had just become. Already the Scientific School and the Hemenway Gymnasium crowd upon it, and the university will doubtless, one of these days, engulf it once more. My father came of a line of Puritan clergymen, officials, militia officers, and latterly East India merchants, all dating back to the Rev. Francis Higginson, who landed at Salem in 1629, in charge of the first large party for the Massachusetts Bay Colony, and who made that historic farewell recorded by Cotton Mather, as his native shores faded away: "We will not say, as the Separatists said, Farewell, Rome! Farewell, Babylon! But we will say, Farewell, dear England! Farewell the Christian church in England, and all the Christian friends there!"

My father had been, like his father before him, — also named Stephen Higginson, and a member of the Continental Congress in 1783, — among the leading merchants of Boston, until Jefferson's embargo ruined him, with many others. He had always been princely in his benefactions, and retained warm friends in his adversity, who bought for him the land where the house stood, and secured for him the position of steward of the college, the post now rechristened "bursar," and one in which he did, as Dr. A. P. Peabody tells us, most of the duties of treasurer. In that capacity, he planted, as I have always been told, a large part of the trees in the college yard, — nobody in Cambridge ever says "campus," — and had also the wisdom to hang a lamp over each entrance to the yard, although these lamps were soon extinguished by the economical college. He was ardently interested in the early Unitarian division, then pending, in the Congregational body; organized the Harvard Divinity School, — not then, as now, undenominational; and seems to have been for some years a sort of lay bishop among the Unitarian parishes, distributing young ministers to vacant churches without fear or favor. He liked to read theology, but was in no respect a scholar; indeed, Dr. Peabody said that, on receiving for the institution its first supply of Hebrew Bibles, my father went to the president, Dr. Kirkland, with some indignation, saying that the books must all be returned, since the careless printer had put all the title-pages at the wrong end. In his adversity as in his wealth, he was a man of boundless and somewhat impetuous kindness, and espoused with such ardor the cause of Miss Hannah Adams, the historian, against her rival in history, the Rev. Dr. Morse, that he was betrayed into a share in one or two vehement pamphlets, and very nearly into a lawsuit.

He died when I was but nine years old, and my main rearing came from my mother, a person of exquisite qualities and great personal attractions, whom I have recently described elsewhere. She was the daughter of Captain Thomas Storrow, a young officer of the British army, who had been a prisoner at Portsmouth, N. H., at the close of the American Revolution, and had there wooed and won a young American maiden, a scion of the prominent Wentworth and Appleton families, and a resident in the household of the royal governor. The marriage was disapproved by both families, but was a happy one, except for Captain Storrow's early death; and all the American family of Storrow sprung from it. My mother was adopted, when almost a child, into my father's fam-

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ily, and ultimately became his second wife. He had five children by the first marriage and ten by the second, so that I had the great happiness, joined with some disadvantages, of being the youngest of a large family, and receiving the proportion of petting and teasing which that implies. There were numerous cousins in Boston and Brookline, and we had large family parties on every Thanksgiving evening; practicing for the rest of the year a good deal of wholesome economy, which was and is the fortunate privilege of a college town.

My father's connection with the college, and the popular qualities of my mother and her maiden sister, Miss Anne G. Storrow, brought many guests to our house, including the most cultivated men in Boston and Cambridge. My earliest documentary evidence of existence on this planet is a note to my father, in Edward Everett's exquisite handwriting, inquiring after the health of the babe, and saying that Mrs. Everett was putting up some tamarinds to accompany the note. The precise object of the tamarinds I have never clearly understood, but it is pleasant to think that I was, at the age of seven months, assisted toward maturity by this benefaction from a man so eminent. Professor Andrew Norton and George Ticknor gave their own books to my mother and aunt; and I remember Dr. J. G. Palfrey's bringing to the house a new book, Hawthorne's Twice-Told Tales, and reading aloud A Rill from the Town Pump.

Once, and once only, Washington Irving came there, while visiting a nephew who had married my cousin. Margaret Fuller, a plain, precocious, overgrown girl, but already credited with unusual talents, used to visit my elder sister, and would sometimes sit on a footstool at my mother's feet, gazing up at her in admiration. A younger sister of Professor Longfellow was a frequent guest, and the young poet himself came, in the dawning of his yet undeveloped fame. My nurse was a certain Rowena Pratt, wife of Dexter Pratt, the "Village Blacksmith" of Longfellow; and it is my impression that she was married from our house. It is amusing to remember that Professor Longfellow once asked me, many years after, what his hero's name was. My special playmate, Charles Parsons, was a nephew of Dr. O. W. Holmes, who was in those years studying in Europe; and in the elder Dr. Holmes's house Charles Parsons and I often "tumbled about in a library," — indeed, in the very same library where the Autocrat had himself performed the process he recommended. Under these circumstances it seems very natural that a child thus moulded should have drifted into a literary career.

The period here described was one when children were taught to read very early, and this in all parts of our country. The celebrated General Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, in South Carolina, was reported by his mother in 1745 as "beginning to spell before he is two years old;" but he himself said, later, of this precocious teaching that it was "sad stuff," and that "by haste to make him a clever fellow he had very nearly become a stupid one." My mother made a memorandum in regard to my elder sister, "She knows all her letters at three," and of me that at four I had already "read a good many books." I still preserve a penciled note from a little playmate, the daughter of a professor, saying, "I am glad you are six years old. I shall be four in March." My own daughter could not have written that note when she was seven, and yet learned to read and write at that age almost without conscious effort. I cannot see that my contemporaries either gained or lost anything by this precocious instruction; and perhaps, in the total development of a child's mind, the actual reading of books plays a much smaller part than we imagine. Probably the thing

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of most importance, even with books, as an experienced Boston teacher once said, is to have been "exposed to them," to have unconsciously received their flavor, as a pan of milk takes the flavor of surrounding viands. To have lain on the hearth-rug and heard one's mother read aloud is a liberal education. When I remember that my mother actually read to us in the evenings every one of the Waverley Novels, even down to Castle Dangerous, I cannot but regard with pity the imperfect education of that child of the Tweed, Andrew Lang, who, on being lately called upon to edit an édition de luxe of these novels, bethought himself of perusing some of them with which he had been previously unacquainted. It irresistibly suggested that man who, being put in charge of the French Bibliothèque Nationale during a political upheaval, was congratulated by his uncle on having now such an excellent opportunity to learn to read and write.

My father, in his days of affluence, had bought a great many books in London, and had them bound under his own eye in the solid fashion of that day. Most of them were sold in his adversity, yet nearly a thousand volumes remained, chiefly of English literature and history of the eighteenth century, and many of these I read. There was a fine set of Dr. Johnson's works in a dozen volumes, with an early edition of Boswell; all of Hoole's Tasso and Ariosto; a charming little edition of the British essayists, with pretty woodcuts; Bewick's Birds and Quadrupeds; Raynal's Indies; the Anti-Jacobin; Plutarch's Lives; Dobson's Life of Petrarch; Marshall's and Bancroft's Lives of Washington; Miss Burney's and Miss Edgeworth's works; and Sir Charles Grandison. There were many volumes of sermons, which my mother was fond of reading, — she was, I think, the last person who read them, — but which I naturally avoided. There were a good many pretty little Italian books, belonging to one of my elder sisters, and a stray volume of Goethe which had been used by another. In out-of-the-way closets I collected the disused classical textbooks of my elder brothers, and made a little library to be preserved against that magic period when I too should be a "collegian." To these were to be added many delightful volumes of the later English poets, Collins, Goldsmith, Byron, Campbell, and others, given at different times to my aunt by George Ticknor. In some of them — as in Byron's Giaour — he had copied additional stanzas, more lately published; this was very fascinating, for it seemed like poetry in the making. Later, the successive volumes of Jared Sparks's historical biographies, Washington, Franklin, Morris, Ledyard, and the Library of American Biography, were all the gift of their kindly author, who had often brought whole parcels of Washington's and Franklin's letters for my mother and aunt to look over. A set of Scott's novels was given to my elder brother by his lifelong crony, John Holmes. Besides all this, the family belonged to a book club, — the first, I believe, of the now innumerable book clubs: of this my eldest brother was secretary, and I was permitted to keep, with pride and delight, the account of the books as they came and went. Add to this my mother's love of reading aloud in the evening, and it will be seen that there was more danger, for a child thus reared, of excess than of scarcity. Yet as a matter of fact I never had books enough, nor have I ever had to this day.

More important, however, than all this, to my enjoyment, at least, was the musical atmosphere that pervaded the house. One of my elder sisters was an excellent pianist, — one of the first in this region to play Beethoven. Among the many students who came to the house were three who played the flute well, and they practiced trios with her accompaniment. One of them was John Dwight, afterwards editor of the Jour-

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nal of Music, and long the leading musical critic of Boston; another was Christopher Pearse Cranch, poet and artist; and the third was William Habersham from Savannah, who had a silver flute, of which I remember John Dwight's saying, when it first made its appearance, "It has a silver sound." Not until I read in later years the experiences of the music-loving boy in Charles Auchester did I appreciate retrospectively the happiness with which I used to leave the door of my little bedroom ajar, when sent to bed at eight o'clock, in order that I might go to sleep to music.

Greater still were the joy and triumph when Miss Helen Davis, who was the musical queen of our little Cambridge world, came and filled the house with her magnificent voice, singing in the dramatic style then in vogue the highly sentimental songs that rent my childish heart with a touch of romance that happily has never faded away: The Breaking Waves Dashed High, The Outward Bound, Love Not, Fairy Bells, The Evening Gun, and dozens of others, the slightest strain of which brings back to me, after sixty years, every thrill of her voice, every movement of her fine head. Strange power of music, strange gift to be bestowed on one who, when once away from the piano, was simply a hearty, good-natured woman, without a trace of inspiration! She was the sister of Lieutenant (afterwards Admiral) Davis, and his fine naval achievements at Port Royal and Port Hudson seemed only to put into "squadron-strophes" the magnificent triumphs of her song. I still recall the enchantment with which I heard, one moonlit summer night, the fine old glee To Greece we Give our Shining Blades, sung as a serenade under my sister's window, by a quartette consisting of Miss Davis and her brother, of Miss Harriet Mills, who afterwards became his wife, and of William Story. I had never before heard the song, and it made me feel, in Keats's phrase, as if I were going to a tournament.

I went to a woman's school till I was eight; then walked daily, for five years, from the age of eight to that of thirteen, to the school of William Wells, an institution then regarded as — with the possible exception of the Boston Latin School — the best place in which to fit for Harvard College, and therefore much sought by the best Boston families. Mr. Wells was an Englishman of the old stamp, erect, vigorous, manly, who abhorred a mean or cowardly boy as he did a false quantity. The school was a survival of a type which still lingers, I fancy, in the British provinces, — honest and genuine, mainly physical in its discipline, and quite brutal as to its boyish life and ways. Being a day-scholar only, I escaped something of the coarseness and actual demoralization which existed there; and thanks to an elder brother, the strongest boy in the school, I went free of the frequent pommeling visited on the smaller boys. I will not go so far as my schoolmate, the late Charles C. Perkins, who used simply to say of it, when questioned by his young sons, "My dears, it was hell;" but even as a day-scholar I recall some aspects of it with hearty loathing, and am glad that it was my happy lot to have come no nearer. The evil was, however, tempered by a great deal of wholesome athletic activ ity, which Mr. Wells encouraged: there was perpetual playing of ball and of fascinating running games; and we were very likely to have an extra half-holiday when skating or coasting was good. There was no real cruelty in the discipline of the school, — though I have sometimes seen this attributed to it, as in Adams's Life of Richard Dana, — but Mr. Wells carried always a rattan in his hand, and it descended frequently on back and arm. Being very fond of study and learning easily, I usually escaped the rod; but I can see now that its very presence was somewhat degrad-

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ing to boyish nature. Mr. Wells taught us absolutely nothing but Latin and Greek, yet these he inculcated most faithfully, and I have heretofore described, in an essay On an Old Latin Text Book, the joy I took in them. I well remember that on first being promoted to translating English into Greek, I wrote on and on, purely for pleasure, doing the exercises for days in advance. I should add that he taught us to write from copies set by himself in a clear and beautiful handwriting, and that we were supposed to learn something of history by simply reading aloud in class from Russell's Modern Europe; this being, after all, not so bad a way. It must not be forgotten that he bestowed a positive boon upon us by producing a Latin grammar of his own, very brief and simple, and so easily learned that when I was afterwards called upon to administer to pupils the terrible Andrews and Stoddard, it seemed to me, as indeed it has always seemed, a burden too intolerable to be borne. French was taught by his eldest daughter, an excellent woman, though she sometimes had a way of tapping little boys on the head with her thimble; and mathematics we received from a succession of Harvard students, thimbleless. For a time, one fair girl, Mary Story, — William Story's sister, and afterwards Mrs. George Ticknor Curtis, — glided in to her desk in the corner, that she might recite Virgil with the older class.

But in general the ill effect of a purely masculine world was very manifest in the school, and my lifelong preference for co-education was largely based upon what I saw there. I could not help noticing — and indeed observed the same thing in another boarding-school, where I taught at a later day — the greater refinement, and I may say civilization, of the day-scholars, who played with their sisters at home, as compared with those little exiles who had no such natural companionship. I must not forget one almost romantic aspect of the school in the occasional advent of Spanish boys, usually from Porto Rico, who were as good as dime novels to us, with their dark skins and sonorous names, — Victoriano Rosello, Magin Rigual, Pedro Mangual. They swore superb Spanish oaths, which we naturally borrowed; and they once or twice drew knives upon one another, with an air which the Pirates' Own Book offered nothing to surpass. Nor must I forget that there were also in the school certain traditions, superstitions, even mechanical contrivances, which were not known in the world outside. There were mechanisms of pulleys for keeping the desk-lid raised; the boys made for themselves little trucks to ride upon, each with two wheels; and every seat in the school was perforated with two small holes for needles, to be worked by a pulley, for the sudden impaling of a fellow student, or even the mathematical usher. Enormous myths existed as to what had been done, in the way of rebellion, by the pupils of a previous generation; and the initials of older students still remained carved in vast confusion on the end of the woodshed, like the wall which commemorates Canning and Byron at Harrow. Above all, a literature circulated under the desks, to be read surreptitiously, — such books as those to which Emerson records his gratitude at the Latin School; fortunately nothing pernicious, yet much that was exciting, — little dingy volumes of Baron Trenck, and Rinaldo Rinaldini, and The Three Spaniards, and The Devil on Two Sticks. Can these be now found at any bookstore, I wonder, or have the boys of the present generation ever heard of them?

But the most important portion of a boy's life is perhaps his outdoor training, since to live outdoors is to be forever in some respects a boy. "Who could be before me, though the palace of the Cæsars crackt and split with emperors, while I, sitting in silence on a

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cliff of Rhodes, watcht the sun as he swang his golden censer athwart the heavens?" Landor's hero was not happier than my playmate, Charles Parsons, and myself, as we lay under Lowell's willows "at the causey's end," after a day at Mount Auburn, — then Sweet Auburn still, — to sort out butterflies in summer or divide our walnuts in autumn, and chanted uproariously the Hunter's Chorus: —

"We roam through the forest and over the mountain;
No joy of the court or banquet like this."

We always made a pause after the word "court," and supposed ourselves to be hurling defiance at monarchies.

Every boy of active tastes — and mine were eminently such — must become the one thing or the other, either a sportsman or a naturalist; and I have never regretted that it was my lot to become the latter. My fellow townsman, Dr. O. W. Holmes, describes himself as wandering along our native stream "with reeking sandal and superfluous gun." My sandals suffered, also, but I went with butterfly-net and tin botanical box. Perhaps these preoccupied me before I yearned after field-sports, or perhaps there was no real yearning. I can remember that as a child I sometimes accompanied an elder brother or cousin to pick up the birds he shot, though he rarely seemed to shoot any; but there occurred an event which, slight as it was, damped my longing to emulate him. Coming down what is now Divinity Avenue with an older boy, George Ware, who rejoiced in a bow and arrow, we stopped under the mulberry-tree which still stands at the entrance of the street, and he aimed at a beautiful crested cedar-bird which was feeding on the mulberries. By some extraordinary chance he hit it, and down came the pretty creature, fluttering and struggling in the air, with the cruel arrow through its body. I do not know whether the actual sportsman suffered pangs of remorse, but I know that I did, and feel them yet. Afterwards I read with full sympathy Bettine's thoughts about the dead bird: "God gives him wings, and I shoot him down: that chimes not in tune." And I later learned from Thoreau to study birds through an opera-glass.

It may appear strange that with this feeling about birds I seemed to have no such vivid feeling about fishes or insects. Perhaps because they are so much farther from the human, and touch the imagination less. I could then fish all day by the seashore and collect insects without hesitation, — always being self-limited in the latter case to two specimens of each species. Since the Civil War, however, I find that I can do neither of these things without compunction, and was pleased to hear from that eminent officer and thoroughly manly man, General F. A. Walker, that the war had a similar effect on him. "Dulce bellum inexpertis." It has been a source of happiness for life to have acquired such early personal acquaintance with the numberless little people of the woods and mountains. Every spring they come out to meet me, each a familiar friend, unchanged in a world where all else changes; and several times in a year I dream by night of some realm gorgeous with gayly tinted beetles and lustrous butterflies. Wild flowers, also, have been a lasting delight, though these are a little less fascinating than insects, as belonging to a duller life. Yet I associate with each ravaged tract in my native town the place where vanished flowers once grew, — the cardinal flowers and gentians in the meadows, the gay rhexia by the woodside, and the tall hibiscus by the river.

Being large and tolerably strong, I loved all kinds of athletic exercises, and learned to swim in the river near where Professor Horsford's active imagination has established the "Lief's booths" of the Norse legends. There have been

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few moments in life which ever gave a sense of conquest and achievement so delicious as when I first clearly made my way through water beyond my depth, from one sedgy bank to another. Skating was learned on Craigie's Pond, now drained, and afterwards practiced on the beautiful black ice of Fresh Pond. We played baseball and football and a modified cricket, and on Saturdays made our way to the tenpin alleys at Fresh Pond or Porter's Tavern. My father had an old white pony which patiently ambled under me, and I was occasionally allowed to borrow Dr. Webster's donkey, the only donkey I had ever seen. Sometimes we were taken to Nahant for a day by the seaside, and watched there the swallows actually building their nests in swallows' caves, whence they have long since vanished. Perhaps we drove down over the interminable beach, but we oftener went in the steamboat; and my very earliest definite recollection is that of being afraid to go down into the cabin for dinner because a black waiter — the first I ever saw — had just gone down, and I was afraid. Considering how deeply I was to cast in my life with the black race in later years, it seems curious that the acquaintance should have begun with this unsubstantial and misplaced alarm. It was, perhaps, the subsequent hunger of that day which fixed the fact in my mind.

It was a great advantage for outdoor training that my school was a mile off, and I paced the distance to and fro, twice a day, through what was then a rural region interspersed with a few large houses of historical associations. The great wooden residences on Tory Row, of which Craigie House was only one, always impressed the imagination. Sometimes I had companions, — my elder brother for a time, and his classmates, Lowell and Story. I remember treading along behind them once as they discussed Spenser's Faerie Queene, which they had been reading, and which led us younger boys to christen a favorite playplace "the Bower of Bliss." Story was then a conspicuously handsome boy, with a rather high-bred look, and overflowing with fun and frolic, as indeed he was during his whole life. Lowell was at that time of much more ordinary appearance, short and freckled, and a secondary figure beside Story; yet in later life, with his fine eyes and Apollo-like brow, he became much the more noticeable of the two, as he was certainly far superior in genius.

Oftener I went alone. Sometimes I made up stories as I went, usually magnifying little incidents or observations of my own into some prolonged tale with a fine name, having an imaginary hero. For a long time his name was D'Arlon, from the person of that name in Taylor's Philip van Artevelde, which my mother was reading to us. In these imaginings all the small wrongs and failures of my life were retrieved. D'Arlon went through the same incidents with myself, but uniformly succeeded where I had failed, and came out of the crisis with the unerring certainty of one of Stanley Weyman's heroes. One of my chief playmates, Thornton Ware, a handsome boy with curly black hair, the admiration of all little girls, might easily distance me in their regard, but had no chance whatever against the imaginary D'Arlon. At other times I had no material for a story, but watched the robins, the bluebirds, and above all the insects, acquiring an eagle eye for a far-off moth or beetle on fence or wall. At the corner of Fresh Pond Lane, where Craigie Street now turns off from Brattle Street, there was a clump of milkweed, where every day there was some new variety of spotted ladybird (*coccinella* or *chrysomela*); and I remember pondering, as I compared them, with pre-Darwinian wonder, whether they were all created from the beginning as separate species, or were somehow developed from one another. On other days I played a game of foot-

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ball a mile long, seeing whether I could kick before me some particular stone or horse-chestnut for the whole distance from the school door to my own gate; sometimes betting heavily with myself, and perhaps losing manfully, like Dick Swiveller at his solitary cribbage. Then in winter there was always the hope of "punging," getting a ride on the runners of a sleigh, or hitching my sled behind some vehicle; and in spring that of riding with the driver of an empty ice-cart or walking beside a full one, and watching the fine horses that then, in endless procession, drew heavy wagons bearing the winter harvest of Fresh Pond to be shipped to distant lands.

My most immediate playmate was the next-door neighbor, already mentioned, who in later life was a medical professor in Brown University. He was a prim, grave little boy, and was called "old-fashioned;" he was very precocious, and though only three months older than myself was a year before me in college, graduating at just seventeen, — each of us being the youngest in our respective classes. There was between our houses only the field now occupied by the Hemenway Gymnasium and the Scientific School; and while we were not schoolmates, we were almost constantly together out of school hours. Many an hour we spent poring over the pictures in the large old Rees' Cyclopædia; afterwards, when weary, piling up the big volumes for fortifications, to be mutually assailed by cannonading apples from a perpetual barrel in the closet. Meanwhile, the kindly old grandfather, working away at his sermons or his American Annals, never seemed disturbed by our romping; and I remember vividly one winter evening, when he went to the window, and, scratching with his knife-blade through the thick frost, shaped the outlines of rough brambles below, and made a constellation of stars above, with the added motto, "Per aspera ad astra;" then explaining to us its meaning, that through difficulties we must seek the stars.

It is a mistake to suppose that we did not have, sixty years ago, in New England, associations already historic. At home we had various family portraits of ancestors in tie-wigs or powdered hair. We knew the very treasures which Dr. Holmes describes as gathered in his attic, and never were tired of exploring old cupboards and hunting up traditions. We delighted to pore over the old flat tombstones in the Old Cambridge cemetery, stones with long Latin inscriptions, on which even the language is dead, celebrating virtues ending in *issimus* and *errimus*. The most impressive of all was the Vassall monument, raised on pillars above the rest, and bearing no words, only the carved goblet and sun (Vassol), — the monument beneath which lie, according to tradition, the bodies of two slaves: —

> "At her feet and at her head
> Lies a slave to attend the dead,
> But their dust is white as hers."

This poem was not yet written, but Holmes's verses on this churchyard were familiar on our lips, and we sighed with him over his sister's grave, and over the stone where the French exile from Honfleur was buried and his epitaph was carved in French. Moreover, the "ever-roaming girls" whom Holmes exhorted to bend over the wall and "sweep the simple lines" with the floating curls then fashionable, — these were our own neighbors and sweethearts, and it all seemed in the last degree poetic and charming. More suggestive than all these were the eloquent fissures in the flat stones where the leaden coats of arms had been pried out to be melted into bullets for the Continental army. And it all so linked us with the past that when, years after, I stood outside the Temple Church in London, and, looking casually down, saw beneath my feet the name of Oliver Goldsmith, it really gave no more sense of a dignified his-

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toric past than those stones at my birthplace. Nor did it actually carry me back so far in time.

In the same way, our walks, when not directed toward certain localities for rare flowers or birds or insects, — as to Mount Auburn sands, now included in the cemetery of that name, or the extensive jungle north of Fresh Pond, where the herons of Longfellow's poem had their nests, — were more or less guided by historic objects. There was the picturesque old Revolutionary Powder Mill in what is now Somerville, or the remains of redoubts on Winter Hill, where we used to lie along the grassy slopes and repel many British onslaughts. Often we went to the fascinating wharves of Boston, then twice as long as now, and full of sea-smells and crossed yards and earringed sailors. A neighbor's boy had the distinction of being bad enough to be actually sent to sea for a dubious reformation; and though, when he came back, I was forbidden to play with him, on the ground that he not only swore, but carried an alleged pistol, yet it was something to live on the same street with one so marked out from the list of common boys, and to watch him from afar exhibiting to youths of laxer training what seemed to be the weapon. (I may here add that the only other child with whom I was forbidden to play became in later life an eminent clergyman.) Once we undertook to go as far as Bunker Hill, and were ignominiously turned back by a party of Charlestown boys, — "Charlestown pigs," as they were then usually and affectionately called, — who charged us with being "Port chucks" (that is, from Cambridgeport) or "Pointers" (that is, from Lechmere Point, or East Cambridge), and ended with the mild torture of taking away our canes. Or we would visit the ruins of the Ursuline Convent, whose flames I had seen from our front door in Cambridge, standing by my mother's side; all that I had read of persecutions not implanting so lasting a love of liberty as that one spectacle. I stood by her also the day after, when she went out to take the gauge of public opinion in consultation with the family butcher, Mr. Houghton; and I saw her checkmated by his leisurely retort, "Wal, I dunno, Mis' Higginson; I guess them bishops are pretty dissipated characters." The interest was enhanced by the fact that a youthful Cambridge neighbor, Maria Fay, was a pupil in the school at the time, and was held up by the terrified preceptress to say to the rioters, "My father is a judge, and if you don't go away he will put you all in jail." The effect of the threat may have been somewhat impaired by the fact that her parent was but a peaceful judge of probate, and could only have wreaked his vengeance on their last wills and testaments. At any rate, there stood the blackened walls for many years, until the State was forced to pay for them; and there was no other trace of the affray, except the inscription "Hell to the Pope" scrawled in charcoal on a bit of lingering plaster. We gazed at it with awe, as if it were a memorial of Bloody Mary — with a difference.

Greatly to my bliss, I escaped almost absolutely all those rigors of the old New England theology which have darkened the lives of so many. I never heard of the Five Points of Calvinism until maturity; never was converted, never experienced religion. We were expected to read the New Testament, but there was nothing enforced about the Old, and we were as fortunate as a little girl I have since known, who was sure that there could be no such place as hell because their minister had never mentioned it. Even Sunday brought no actual terrors. I have the sweetest image of my mother sitting ready dressed for church, before my sisters had descended, and usually bearing a flower in her hand. And in winter we commonly drove to the parish church in an open sleigh, and once had an epoch-making

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capsize into a snowdrift. As I was seized by the legs and drawn forth, I felt like the hero of one of the Waverley novels, and as if I had been in Rob Roy's cave. No doubt we observed the Sabbath after a mild fashion, for I once played a surreptitious game of ball with my brother behind the barn on that day, and it could not have made me so very happy had it it not been, as Emerson says, "drugged with the relish of fear and pain." Yet I now recall with pleasure that while my mother disapproved of all but sacred music on Sunday, she ruled that all good music was sacred; and that she let us play on Sunday evening a refreshing game of cards, — geographical cards, — from which we learned that the capital of Dahomey was Abomey. Compared with the fate of many contemporaries, what soothing and harmless chains were these!

In all these early recollections there has been small mention of the other sex, and yet that sweet entity was to me, and in fact to all of us boys, a matter of most momentous importance. We were all, it now seems to me, a set of desperate little lovers, with formidable rivalries, suspicions, and jealousies; and we had names of our own devising for each juvenile maiden, by which she could be mentioned without peril of discovery. One of the older boys, being of a peculiarly inventive turn, got up a long and imaginary wooing of a black-eyed damsel who went to school in Cambridge. He showed us letters and poems, and communicated all the ups and downs of varying emotion. They were finally separated, amid mutual despair, and I do not suppose that she had ever known him by sight. We had our share of dancing-schools, always in private houses, taught sometimes by the elder Papanti, and sometimes by a most graceful woman, Miss Margaret Davis, sister of the song-stress I have described. We had May-day parties, usually at Mount Auburn, and showed in the chilly May mornings that heroic courage which Lowell plaintively attributes to children on these occasions. But all this sporting with Amaryllis soon became secondary for us, being Cambridge boys, to the great realm of academical life, to which no girls might then aspire. That vast mysterious region lies always before the boy who is bred in a college town, alluring, exciting, threatening, as the sea lies before the sailor's son. One by one he sees his elder playmates glide away upon it, until at last his turn comes; and before I was fourteen I myself was launched.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

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THE JUGGLER.

I.

MYSTERY was not far to seek, surely. The great gneissoid crags were moulded by the subterranean fires of remote, unimagined æons. From the deep, heavily wooded coves the lakes once held within their cuplike contours had long ago ebbed, following undreamed-of lures, drawn seaward or skyward, or engulfed in still deeper depths, — who can say? — leaving only the ripple-marks on their rocky confines to tell of their being. In the middle of the bridle-path, touched by every careless passing foot, lay a splintered scaling sandstone slab, where the frost as it melted, or the dew as it fell, trickled in shallow lines along the fibrous intricacies of the vertebrate impression, cut in the solid rock, of the great skeleton of a reptile that in the multitudinous expression of the living genus has not its like upon earth to-day. All the visible world gave token of the inexplicable past of creation, of the unrevealed future, — those thoughts of God which are very deep thoughts. And yet, in the bluntings of daily use, the limitations of dull observation, the unquestioning acceptance of the accustomed routine of nature, there might seem naught before the eye which was not plainly manifest, — mountain, rock, forest, — the mere furniture of existence. One hardly analyzes the breath of life as it is breathed; even when considered as about twenty parts of oxygen and eighty parts of nitrogen, are we aught the wiser, for whence comes it, and alas, why does it go? For those creatures of a day, busy with the day, it seemed that mystery and doubt and troublous questioning had first come to Etowah Cove in the guise of a vagrant juggler, their earliest experience of a modern exponent of his most ancient craft.

The light that timidly flickered out of the schoolhouse windows into the bosky depths of the encompassing wilderness, one night, marked a new era in the history of the Cove. It was the first "show" that had ever been given nearer than Colbury, some forty miles distant, unless one might make so bold as to include in the term camp-meetings and revivals, weddings and funerals. The walls of the little log house had hitherto echoed naught more joyous than sermons and "experience meetings," or sounds of scholastic discipline, or the drone of the juvenile martyr reluctantly undergoing education. The place had long been closed to secular uses, for only at infrequent intervals was the school opened, and a drought of instruction still held sway. To the audience who had been roused from the dull routine of the fireside by the startling and unprecedented announcement that a stranger-man, staying at old Tubal Cain Sims's cabin, was going to give a "show" in the schoolhouse, the flutter of excitement, the unwonted nocturnal jaunt hither, the joyous anticipation, were almost tantamount to the delighted realization. The benches were arranged as for worship or learning, and were crowded with old and young, male and female, the reckless and barefoot, the neuralgic and shod. The men, unkempt and unshaven, steadily chewed their quids of tobacco, and now and then spat upon the floor and grinned at one another. The women conserved a certain graver go-to-meeting air, doubtless the influence of the locality, but were visibly fluttered. Occasionally a big sunbonnet turned toward another, and whispered gossip ensued, as before the first hymn is given out. The lighted tallow candles in small tin sconces against the walls, and a kerosene lamp on the table on the platform, cast a subdued and mel-

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low light over the assemblage. It flickered up to the brown rafters, where the cobwebs were many; it converted the tiny dirt-encrusted panes of the windows to mirror-like use, and was reflected from the dense darkness outside with duplications of sections of the audience; it shone full and bright on the tall, athletic figure of the juggler, appearing suddenly and swiftly from a side door, and bowing low in the centre of the platform with an air of great deference and courtesy to his silent and spellbound audience.

He might have astonished more sophisticated spectators. Instead of wearing the costume of the Japanese or Hindoo, according to the usual wont of conjurers, he was clad in a blue flannel shirt and a black-and-red blazer, and his blue knickerbockers and long blue hose on his muscular legs impressed the mountaineers as a ballet costume might have done, could they have conceived of such attenuations of attire. He wore a russet leather belt drawn tight around a slender waist, and they gazed at him from the tip of his dark sleek red-brown hair, carefully parted in the middle, to the toes of his pointed russet shoes with an amazement which his best feat might fail to elicit. His air of deep respect reassured them in a measure, for they could not gauge the covert banter in his tone and the mockery in his eyes as his sonorous "Ladies and gentlemen" rang forth in the little building. And true, there was something more in his eyes — of reddish-brown tint like his hair — that the mockery and banter could not hide; for these were transient emotions, and the other — a thought with a fang. It might have been anxiety, remorse, turmoil of mind, fear, — one might hardly say, — plainly to be seen, yet not discerned. Below his eyes, above his cheek-bones, that showed their contour, for his face was thin, were deep blue circles, and that unmistakable look of one who has received some serious sudden shock. But the spirit of the occasion was paramount now, and he was as unconscious of the lack in his accoutrements in the estimation of the mountaineers as they were of how the bare feet of sundry of his spectators offended his prejudices in favor of *chaussure*.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we are gathered here to witness some of those feats which are variously ascribed to charlatanry, to skill or sleight of hand, or to certain traffic with supernatural agencies. Those which I shall have the honor to exhibit to this select audience I shall not explain; in fact," with a twinkle of the eye, "some of them are inexplicable, and so may they long continue! I have not thought best to avail myself of the services of an assistant, who is generally, I grieve to say, among most of those of my profession, a mere trickster and confederate, and therefore you will have the evidence of your eyes to the fact that every feat which I perform this evening is absolutely genuine."

His spirit of rodomontade had reached its limit. Perhaps some finer-strung sensibilities in the audience appraised the ridicule of his words, despite the masquerade of his manner, for a glance of resentment kindled here and there; but before the awed and open-mouthed majority had drawn a breath or relaxed a muscle he changed his tone.

"I have selected a young man from amongst you," he said, quite naturally and pleasantly, "to aid me in finding properties, as it were, for my entertainment; for in apology be it spoken, I am not prepared in any respect for an exhibition of this sort. He has, at my request, borrowed for me this bayonet." He took from the table drawer the weapon, newly cleaned and glistening, and looked at it narrowly as he stood before them on the platform. "I should say it has seen service. Can this gentleman tell me whether it is from a Federal or a Confederate gun?"

He stepped down suddenly from the platform and handed it to a strong-featured, stern-looking old mountaineer who

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had earlier regarded him with dawning disfavor.

"It 's a Rebel weepon," the veteran said succinctly.

"It 's off a Yankee Springfiel'," a voice came from the other side of the room.

"Enfiel'," said the first speaker doggedly.

"Springfiel'," contradicted his invisible antagonist tersely.

Once more, "Enfiel'."

And again out of the shadow, "Springfiel'."

And the juggler became aware that he had waked up the political dog of the region.

"They are equally digestible," he declared, resuming his place on the platform. "I believe I 'll swallow it." And so he did.

For one moment there was an intense silence, while the petrified audience gazed in motionless astonishment at the juggler. Then arose a great tumult of voices; there was a violent movement at the rear of the room; a bench broke down, and in the midst of the commotion, with a gay cry of "Hey! Presto!" the juggler apparently drew the bayonet from out his throat and triumphantly held it up before the people.

A confusion of sounds greeted the sight. Screams of delighted mirth came from the younger portion of the audience, and exclamations hardly less flattering from the laughing elders. But ever above the Babel terrified shrieks, shrill and clamorous, rose higher and higher, and the juggler frowned with sudden sharp annoyance when he distinguished the fact that an elderly woman was crying out that these were the works of the devil, — that here was Satan, and that she would not bide easy till he was bound, neck and heels together, and cast forth into the river. He was not usually devoid of humane sentiments, but he felt vastly relieved when she fell into strong hysterics, and was carried, still shrieking, out to the ox-cart, whence, despite the closed doors and windows, over and over again those weird, unearthly cries were borne in to the audience, as the yoking of the steers for the homeward journey was in progress.

The juggler was out of countenance. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, with indignation coloring his face to the roots of his hair, "these things are done for amusement. If they fail to amuse, they fail altogether. I will go on, or, if you desire, your money will be refunded at the door."

"Lawd, naw, bub!" exclaimed a toothless old fellow, with a gray shock of hair, bent double as he sat on a front bench, his clasped hands between his knees. "We-uns want ter view all ye know how ter do, — all ye know how ter do, son."

Here and there reassuring voices confirmed the spokesman, and as the discomfited juggler turned to the drawer, resolving on something less bloody-minded, he heard a vague titter from that portion of the building in which, being young, he had already observed that the greater number of personable maidens were seated.

None so dread ridicule as the satirist. He whirled around, his heart swelling indignantly, his eyes flashing fire, to perceive, advancing down the aisle, a fat woman in a gigantic sunbonnet, which, however, hardly obscured her broad, creased, dimpled face, a brown calico dress wherein the waist-line must ever be a matter of conjecture, and a little shoulder-shawl of bright red-and-yellow plaid. She slowly approached him with something of steel glittering in her hands, and at his amazed and dumfounded expression of countenance the girlish cachinnation which he so resented broke forth afresh.

"Beg pardon?" he said more than once, as from his elevation he sought to catch her request. A single tooth of the upper register, so to speak, however

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ornamental, did not serve to render more distinct the fat woman's wheeze, in which she sought to articulate her desire that he should forthwith swallow her big shears, so fascinated was she by the evidence of his proficiency in the arts of the impossible.

"Certainly, with pleasure, — always anxious to oblige the ladies," he protested, with a return of his covert mockery, as he bowed after a dancing-class fashion, and received from her fat creased hands the great domestic implement with its dangling steel chain. "Ladies and gentlemen," he declared, with his hand upon his heart, as she subsided, shaking with laughter, on the front bench, "I cannot refrain from expressing my flattered sense of this mark of the confidence reposed in me by this distinguished audience, as well as by the estimable lady who is so willing to offer her shears on the altar of science. She is not satisfied with the warlike bayonet. She desires to see the same experiment, *mutatis mutandis*, on a pair of shears, which are devoted to the tender-hearted and affable uses of the work-basket, filled with the love of home and gentle fireside associations, and — and — and other domestic scraps. The rivet is a trifle loose, and I hope I may not be forced to disgorge the blades separately."

He was holding up the scissors as he spoke these words, so that all could see them; the next moment they had disappeared down his throat, as it were, and the astounded audience sat as if resolved into eyes, staring spellbound.

When, a few minutes later, with his cabalistic phrase, "Hey! Presto!" he drew from his open red mouth the shears dangling at the end of the rattling steel chain, which they had just seen him swallow, the clamor of exclamations again arose, for the accepted methods of applause had not yet penetrated to the seclusions of the Cove; but there was in this manifestation of surprise so definite a quaver of fear that certain lines of irritation and anxiety corrugated the smooth brow of the young prestidigitator. Their tumultuous amazement seemed as if it were too great to be realized all at once, and with the sight of the performance anew of the impossible feat, which should have served as reassurance, it degenerated into downright terror which held the possibilities of panic. The idea of panic suggested other possibilities. Albeit their unsophisticated state was highly favorable to the development of emotions of boundless astonishment and absolute credulity, he realized that it was not unattended by some personal danger. After the suggestion of being bound hand and foot and thrown into the river, more than once the juggler was unpleasantly reminded — for he was a man of some reading — of certain fellow craftsmen in the mists of centuries agone, whose wondrous skill in the powers of air, earth, and fire, though great enough to be deemed unlawful traffic with the devil, could not avail to prevent their own earthly elements from going up in smoke and flame, and thus contributing ethereally to the great reserves of material nature. He was here alone, far from help, among the most ignorant and lawless people he had ever seen; and if their dislocated ideas of necromancy and unlawful dealing with the devil should take a definite hold upon them, he might be summarily dealt with as an act of religion, and the world none the wiser. Such disaster had befallen better jugglers, sooth to say, in more civilized communities than Etowah Cove. He sought to put this thought from him, for his heart was sufficiently stout of fibre, but determined that he would not again be diverted from his intention of substituting less blood-curdling feats for the usual experiments with knives and swords. He preserved, however, a calm face and debonair manner, as he carefully wiped the shears free from supposititious moisture on a folded cotton sheet

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that lay on the platform, and stepped down, and with an elaborate bow presented them to their chuckling and gratified owner.

"Jane Ann Sims would n't keer if the Old Nick hisself war ter set up his staff in the Cove, ef he hed some news ter tell or a joke ter crack, or some sorter gamesome new goin's-on that she hed never hearn tell on afore," whispered a lean, towering, limp sunbonnet to its starch and squatty neighbor.

"An' *she* hard on ter fifty odd!" said the squatty sunbonnet, malignantly accurate.

As the juggler stepped back to the platform he took up the sheet and unfolded it and shook it out, that they might all be assured that there was nothing concealed in its folds.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," he said, taking heart of grace and his former manner of covert half-banter and mock politeness together, "we all know that it is by the action of the sun on the soil, and the dew and the rain, that the seeds of plants germinate and the green herb grows for the service of men. I propose to show you now a small agricultural feat which I venture to hope will be of special interest to this assembly, as most of you are engaged in the noble pursuit of tilling the soil, when other diversions cannot by any means be had."

As he clattered off his sentences, garnished now and then with trite bits of Latin, the solemn, stolid, uncomprehending faces ministered to a certain mocking humor which he had, and which was now becoming a trifle bitter with the reluctant realization of a lurking danger.

"Will any of you gentlemen come forward and tell me what kind of a seed this is?"

He held it up between his finger and thumb for a moment, but no one approached. He perceived in a sort of helpless dismay that the dread of him was growing. He was fain to step down from the platform and hand the seed to the old man on the front bench, whose bleared old eyes were glittering with delight in the greatest sensation that had ever fallen to his lot; for the juggler judged that of all the audience he was nearest the masculine counterpart of the progressive Jane Ann Sims. The old man, in his circle, was not a person of consideration nor accustomed to deference. He was all the more easily flattered to be thus singled out by the juggler, the conspicuous cynosure of all eyes, to give his judgment and pronounce upon the identity of the seed. The love of notoriety is a blasting passion, deadening all considerations of the conformable. Even in these secluded wilds, even in the presence of but a handful of his familiars, even in the lowly estate of a cumberer of the ground, lagging superfluous, it smote Josiah Cobbs. He rose to his feet, whirled briskly around, and, with a manner founded on the sprightly style of the juggler, yet compounded with the diction of the circuit rider, exclaimed, "Yea, my brethren, this hyar be a seed, — yea, it be actially a persimmon seed, though so dry I ain't so sure whether or not it 'll ever sot off ter grow like a fraish one might. Yea, my brethren, I ain't sure how long — ah — this hyar persimmon seed hev — ah — been kem out o' the persimmon. Yea" —

He progressed not beyond this point, for the audience had no mind to be entertained with the rhetoric of old Josiah Cobbs. More than one resented his usurpation of so prominent a position, and his presumption in undertaking to address the meeting. Certain people in this world are given to understand that although their estate in life be not inferior to that of their neighbors, humility becomes them, and a low seat is their appropriate station. More than one sunbonnet had rustlingly communed with another as to the fact that Josiah Cobbs would hardly be heard at an experience meeting, the state of his humble soul not interesting the community. So simulta-

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neous a storm of giggles swept the cluster of girls as to demonstrate that their gravity was of the same tenuous quality as that of their age and sex elsewhere. It was wonderful that they did not sustain some collapse, and this furnishes a pleasing commentary upon the strength of the youthful diaphragm. The men exchanged glances of grim derision, and finally one, with the air of a person not to be trifled with, rose up and stretched out his hand for the bewitched seed, forgetting for the moment all his quondam qualms of distrust.

Josiah Cobbs rendered it up without an instant's hesitation. Precious as was the opportunity in his eyes, preëmpted by his own courage, his was not the type which makes resistance. The hand to despoil him had hardly need to be strong. The will to have what he possessed was sufficient for his pillage. He hardly claimed the merits appertaining to the pioneer. He stood meekly by as the seed was passed from one set of horny finger-tips to another, and the dictum, "It 's a persimmon seed, stranger," was repeated with a decision which implied no previous examination.

"A persimmon seed, is it?" said the juggler airily, receiving it back. "Now, gentlemen, you see that there is nothing in this pail of earth but good pulverized soil." He passed his fingers through the surface, shaking them daintily free from the particles afterward, while the hands of the practical farmers went boldly grappling down to the bottom with no thought of dirt. "You see me plant this persimmon seed. There! Now I throw over the pail this empty sheet, — let it stand up in a peak so as to give the seed air; now I place the whole on the table, where you can all see it and assure yourselves that no one goes near it. While awaiting developments I will try to entertain you by singing a song. It may be unknown to you — yet why this suggestion in the presence of so much culture? — that in the days of eld the wandering troubadours were in some sort men of my profession. In the intervals of minstrelsy they entertained and astonished their audiences with feats of the miraculous, — strange exploits of legerdemain and such light pastimes, — and were therefore termed *jongleurs*, from which high source we draw the modern name of *juggler*. I shall seek to follow my distinguished Provençal predecessors in the gay science *haud passibus æquis*, and pipe up as best I may."

There was a pause while the juggler, standing at one end of the platform, seemed to run over in his mind the treasures of his *répertoire*. The mellow light shone in his reflective brown eyes, cast down as he twisted one end of the long red-brown mustache, and again thrown up as if he sought some recollection among the old rafters. These had those rich reserves of color characteristic of old wood, and the heavy beams of oak showed all their veinous possibilities in yellow and brown fibrous commingle-ments against the deep umber shadows of the high peak of the roof. The cobwebs here and there had almost the consistency of a fabric, so densely woven they were. One pendulous gauze fragment moved suddenly without a breath of air, for a light living creature had run along the beam beneath it, and now stood looking down at the audience with a glittering eye and a half-spread bat-like wing, — a flying squirrel, whose nest was secreted in the king-post and entered from the outside. So still was the audience, — the grizzled, unkempt men, the sunbonneted women, even the giggling girls in the corner, — he might have been meditating a downward plunge into the room.

Then slightly frowning, but smiling too, the jongleur, to use the archaic phrase he would fain retain, began to sing.

It was a cultivated voice that rang out in the measures of My Pretty Jane, — a

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tenor of good range, true, clear, sweet, with a certain romantic quality that was in some sort compelling and effective. He sang well. Not that the performance would have been acceptable considered as that of a high-grade professional, yet it was far too good for a mere parlor amateur. The rich, vibrant voice, without accompaniment, — grotesque inadequacy to his mind, — filled the little building with a pathetic, penetrating sweetness, and the whole method of rendering the ballad was of that elaborate simplicity and restrained precision so marked in professional circles, so different from the enthusiastic *abandon* of the reckless home talent.

It fell flat in Etowah Cove. There were people in the audience who, if they could not sing, were intimately persuaded that they could; and after all, that is the essential element of satisfaction. The modulation, the delicate shades of expression, the refinement of style, were all lost on the majority; only here and there a discerning ear was pricked up, appreciating in the concord of sweet sounds something out of the common. But there was no sign of approval, and in the dead silence which succeeded the final roulade, coming so trippingly off, the juggler showed certain symptoms of embarrassment and discomfiture. One might easily perceive from the deft assurance of his exploits of sleight of hand that the value he set upon them was far cheaper than his estimate of his singing. It was a nettling sort of vanity that could be hurt by the withheld plaudits of Etowah Cove; but vanity is a sensitive plant, and requires tender nurture. He stood silent and flushing for a moment, while still a gentle fibrous resonance seemed to pervade the room, — the memory of the song rather than its echo; then, with a sudden flouting airy whirl, he turned on his heel, and caught off the sheet that had enveloped the pail of earth containing the persimmon seed he had just planted. And lo! glossy and green and lustrous in the light, there stood a fair young shoot, some two feet in height, and with all its leaves a-rustle. It was a good trick and very cleverly done.

The little building was a Babel of sounds. The flying squirrel scrambled back to the king-post, pausing once to look down in half-frightened amazement. The window-panes reflected a kaleidoscope of bright bits of color swiftly swaying, for the audience was in a turmoil. It was not, however, the artistic excellence of the feat which swayed the spectators, but its agricultural significance. This, the old farmers realized, was indeed necromancy. Their struggles with the tough and reluctant earth, which so grudgingly responds to toil, and oft with such hard-exacted usury, taking so much more than it gives, which only the poet or the weed-loving botanist calls generous and fruitful, had served to teach them that this kind of growth must needs come only through the wiles of the deluding devil. Not even an agricultural paper — had they known of such a sophistication — could countenance such deceits. A grim, ashen-tinted face with gray hair appeared near the back of the building; a light gray homespun coat accentuated its pallor. A long finger was warningly shaken at the juggler, as he stood, triumphant, flushed, beside the flourishing shoot he had evoked from the persimmon seed, but only half smiling, for something sinister in the commingled voices had smitten his attention. Then he was arraigned by Parson Greenought with the solemn adjuration in a loud voice, "Pause, Mr. Showman, pause!"

The juggler was already petrified. The audience obeyed the earnest command, albeit not intended for them. They fell once more into their places; the heads of many turned now toward the juggler, and again back to the preacher, who, in his simplicity, had no idea that he had transgressed the canons of

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sanctification in visiting a place of worldly amusement, since indeed this was his first opportunity; and greatly had he profited by it, until this last enormity had aroused that clerical conscience, so sensitive to the faults of other people. "Mr. Showman," he demanded, "do you-uns call this religion?"

"Religion!" said Mr. Showman, with a burst of unregenerate laughter, for the limits of his patience had been nearly reached. "I call it fun."

"I call it the devices of the devil!" thundered the preacher. "An' hyar ye be," — he turned on the audience, — "ye perfessin' members, a-aggin' this man on in his conjurin' an' witchments an' Satan tricks, till fust thing ye know the Enemy will appear, horns, hoofs, an' tail, amongst ye, a-spittin' fire an'" — the juggler had a passing recollection that he too could spit fire, and had intended to make his *congé* amongst pyrotechnics of this sort, and he welcomed the thought of caution that was not, like most of its kind, *ex post facto*, — "a-spittin' fire, an' a-takin' yer souls down ter hell with him. Hyar ye be" —

"If you will allow me to interrupt you, sir," the juggler said persuasively, "you are altogether mistaken, and I should like to make a full explanation to a man of your age and experience." His eyes were grave; his face had grown a trifle pale. The danger had come very near. Rough handling might well be encountered amongst these primitive wights, inflamed by pulpit oratory and religious excitement, and abetted by their pastoral guide. "In two minutes," he went on, "I can teach you to do this simple trick which seems to you impossible to human agency. It is nothing but sleight of hand, a sort of knack."

For one moment Parson Greenought hesitated, beguiled. His eye kindled with curiosity and eagerness; he made as though he would leave the bench whereon he was ensconced, to approach the alluring juggler. Unfortunately, it was at the moment that the young man's hands, grasping the persimmon shoot near the base, drew it forth from the earth with a wrench, so firmly was it planted, and showed to the discerning bucolic gaze the fully developed root with the earth adhering to its fibres; thus proving by the eyesight of the audience, beyond all power of gainsaying, that it had sprouted from the seed and grown two feet high while this juggler — this limb of Satan — had sung his little song about his Pretty Jane.

A man rarely has to contend with an excess of faith in him and his deeds. The juggler was fiercely advised by a dark-browed man leaning forward across one of the benches, with a menacing duplication of his figure and the gesture of his clenched fist reflected in the window, not to try to lie out of it.

And Parson Greenought, with a swelling redundancy of voice and a great access of virtue, gave forth expression of his desire to abide by the will that had ordained the growth of every herb whose seed is in itself upon the yearth; he would not meddle and he would not mar, nor would he learn with unhallowed and wicked curiosity thus to pervert the laws that had been laid down while the earth was yet void and without form.

"Well, it never yet was ordained that this persimmon seed was to grow," said the juggler, still game, though with a fluctuating color. He fished the stone out from the earth, and, dusting it off with his fine white handkerchief, put it between his strong molar teeth and cracked it. He would not again invite attention to the reluctance of the audience to approach him, so he laid it down on the edge of the front bench with the remark, "You can see for yourselves the kernel is withered; that thing has no capacities for growth."

One or two looked cautiously at the withered kernel within the riven pit, and then glanced significantly at each

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other. It was shrunken, old, worthless, as he had said, but then his black art was doubtless sufficient to have withered it with the mere wish.

"I don't know a persimmon sprout from a dogwood, or a sumach, or anything else," declared the juggler. His face was hard and dogged; he was compelled in his own behoof to unmask himself and show how very insufficient were his cleverest efforts. He did it as ungraciously as he might. "This young man" — he indicated a bold bluff young mountaineer who was availing himself of the "standing-room only," to which a number of the youths were relegated — "dug up this sprout at my request this afternoon, and hunted out a last year's seed among the dead leaves on the ground."

As his eyes met those of his assistant, the twinkle of mischievous delight in the mountain fellow's big blue orbs gave him a faint zest of returning relish for the situation, albeit the primitive denizens of the Cove had been all too well humbugged even for his own comfort.

"This pocket is torn," — he thrust his hand into it, — "and has no bottom. I therefore slipped this wand into this pocket of these knickerbockers," suiting the action to the word. "You see the leaves all fold together, so that its presence does not even mar the pronounced symmetry of my garments. Then I placed the seed, thus, and threw the sheet over the pail, thus; with my left hand I slipped out the persimmon shoot, and planted it, thus; and it was beneath the sheet that I left in a peak to give it air and to conceal it while I had the honor to entertain you by singing."

He supposed that he would have satisfied even the most timorous and doubtful by this revelation of his methods and the innocuous nature of his craft, but he could not fail to note the significantly shaken heads, the disaffected whispers, the colloguing of the young mountaineers occupying "standing-room only."

"Ef he had done it that-a-way fust, I 'd hev viewed it. I viewed it plain this time," said one of these.

"He can't fool me," protested a sour-visaged woman who kept up a keen espionage on all the world within the range of her pink sunbonnet.

"One lie never mended another," said the old preacher to a presiding elder. "Potsherds, lies are, my brother; they hold no water."

The juggler could deceive them easily enough, but alack, he could not undeceive them! He debated within himself the possibility which each of his feats possessed of exciting their ire, as he hurriedly rummaged in the drawer of the table. He closed it abruptly.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "behold this paper of needles; and here also I desire to introduce to your notice this small spool of thread — Has any lady here," he continued, with the air of breaking off with a sudden thought, "any breadths of calico or other fabric which she might desire to have run up or galloped up? I am a great seamster."

Of course, although some had brought their babies, and one or two their lunch to stop the mouths of the older children, many their snuff or their tobacco, no one had brought work on this memorable outing to the show in the Cove.

"What a pity!" he cried. "Well, I can only show you how I thread needles. I swallow them all, thus," and down they went. "Then I swallow the thread," and forthwith the spool disappeared down his throat.

The audience, educated by this time to expect marvels, sat staring, stony and still. There was a longer interval than usual as he stood with one hand on the table gazing at them, half smiling, half expectant, as if he too were doubtful of the result. Suddenly he lifted his hand, and began to draw one end of the thread from his lips. On it came, longer and longer; and here and there, threaded

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and swaying on the fine filament, were the needles, of assorted sizes, beginning with the delicate and small implement, increasing grade by grade, till the descending scale commenced, and the needles dwindled as they appeared.

Parson Greenought had risen when the thread was swallowed, but he lingered till the last cambric needle was laid on the table, and the prestidigitator had made his low bow of self-flattery and triumph in conclusion. Then having witnessed it all, his forefinger shaking in the air, he cried out: "I leave this place! I pernounce these acts ter be traffickin' with the devil an' sech. Ef I be wrong, the Lord will jedge me 'cordin'; ez he hev gin me gifts I see with my eyes, an' my eyes air true, an' they war in wisdom made, an' war made ter see with. Oh, young man, pause in time! Sin hev marked ye! Temptation beguiles ye! I dunno what ye hev in mind, but beware of it! Beware of the sin that changes its face, an' shifts its name, an' juggles with the thing ez is not what it seems ter be. Beware! beware!"

As he stalked out, the juggler sought to laugh, but he winced visibly. The audience were on their feet now, having risen with the excitement of the moment of the old man's exit. There was, however, a manifest disposition to linger; for having become somewhat acclimated to miracles, their appetite for the wonder-working was whetted. But the juggler, frowning heavily, had turned around, and was shaking the sheet out, and banging about in the drawer, as if making his preparations for departure. The audience began to move slowly to the door. It was not his intention to dismiss them thus summarily and unceremoniously, and as the situation struck his attention he advanced toward the front of the platform.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began; but his voice was lost in the clatter of heavy boots on the floor, the scraping of benches moved from their proper places to liberate groups in order to precede their turn in the procession, the sudden sleepy protest of a half-awakened infant, rising in a sharp crescendo and climaxing in a hearty bawl of unbridled rage.

"Ladies and gentlemen!" he cried vainly to the dusty atmosphere, and the haggard, disheveled aspect of the half-deserted room. "Oh, go along, then," he added, dropping his voice, "and the devil take you!"

His chosen assistant had come to the side of the platform, and stood waiting, one hand on the table, while he idly eyed the juggler, who had returned to rummaging the drawer. He was a tall strong young fellow, with straight black hair that grew on his forehead in the manner denominated a "cowlick," and large contemplative blue eyes; his face showed some humor, for the lines broke readily into laughter, but more pride, and an intimation of a quick and hot temper, for his eyes kindled easily and with a sudden flame. His long boots were drawn high over his brown jeans trousers, and his blue-checked homespun shirt was open at the neck, and showed his strong throat that held his head very straight and very high.

He was compassionate at the moment. "Plumb beat out, ain't ye?" he said sympathetically.

"I 'm half dead!" cried the juggler furiously, throwing off his blazer, and wiping his hot face with his handkerchief.

The open door admitted the currents of the chill night air and the pungent odors of the dense dark woods without. Calls to the oxen in the process of gearing up sounded now and again droningly. Occasionally quick hoofbeats told of a horse's departure at full gallop. The talk of waiting groups now came mingled to the ear, then ceased and rose anew. More than once a loud yawn told of the physical stress of the late hour and the unwonted ex-

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citement. The young mountaineer was going the rounds of the room extinguishing the tallow dips laboriously; taking each down, blowing gustily at it, and replacing it in the sconce. The juggler, as he passed, with his blazer over his arm, assisted him far more expeditiously, but mechanically, as it seemed, by fanning the timorous flames out *seriatim* with his hat in quick, decisive gestures. When he stood in the door, the room dark behind him, there was no life, no motion, in the umbrageous obscurity at hand; naught gave token of the audience so lately assembled save the creak of an unoiled axle far away, and once the raucous cry of a man to his team. Then all was still. In the hush, a vague drowsy note came suddenly from a bird high amongst the budding leaves of a tulip-tree hard by. An interval, and a like dreamy response sounded from far down the slope where pendulous boughs overhung the river. Some sweet chord of sympathy had brought the thought of the one to the other in the deep dark night, — these beings so insignificant in the plan of creation, — and one must needs rouse itself with that veiled reedy query, and the other, downily dreaming, must pipe out a reassuring "All 's well."

The suggestiveness of this lyric of two tones was not lost on the juggler. He was pierced by the poignancy of exile. He could hardly realize that he was of the same species as the beings who had formed the "cultivated and intellectual audience" he had had the honor to entertain. Not one process of his mind could be divined by them; not one throb of their superstitious terrors could he share.

"The cursed fatality," he growled between his teeth, "that brought me to this God-forsaken country!"

"Waal," drawled the young mountaineer, whom he had forgotten for the moment, "they won't be so tur'ble easy skeered nex' time."

"They won't have another chance in a hurry," retorted the juggler angrily, as they walked away together in single file.

The night was very dark, although the great whorls of constellations were splendidly abloom in the clear sky. If a raylet of their light fell to earth in the forest, it was not appreciable in the sombre depths, and the juggler, with all his craft, might hardly have made shift to follow his companion but for the spark and the light luminous smoke of the mountaineer's pipe. Suddenly, as they turned a sharp edge of a series of great rocks, that like flying buttresses projected out from the steep perpendicular wall of a crag, all at once growing visible, a white flare shone before their eyes, illumining all the surrounding woods. There in an open space near the edge of the bluff was a great fire of logs burning like a funeral pyre. The juggler had paused as if spellbound. From the opposite side of the glowing mass a face, distorted, tremulous, impossibly hideous, elongated almost out of the proportion of humanity, peered at him.

"For God's sake, what 's that?" he cried out to his guide, clutching at his arm.

The slow mountaineer, surprised out of his composure, paused, and took his pipe from his mouth to stare at his companion.

"Jes' burnin' lime," he said, still staring at the terror he could not comprehend.

Their shadows, suddenly evolved, stretched far over the ground in the white flare. The Cove, not far below, for this was on a low spur of the great range, now flickered into full view, now receded into the shadows. Above the vague mountain the stars were all gone, and the sky was elusive and cloaked and dark. For all the art of the juggler, he could show naught of magic more unnatural, more ghastly, than the face of

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this man as it appeared through the medium of the heated air arising from the primitive kiln, — protean, anamorphous, distorted by every current of the night's breath, — although it was of much significance to him, and later he came to know it well to his cost. As the man caught the sound of their approach, he walked around to the side of the kiln, and his face and figure, no longer seen through the unequally refracting medium of the heated air, dwindled to normal proportions. It was not a prepossessing face in its best estate, — long, thin-lipped, grim, with small eyes set close together, and surmounted by a wide wool hat, which, being large for its wearer, was so crushed together that its crown rose up in a peak. His clothes were plentifully dusted with powdery flakes, and the scalding breath of the unslaked lime was perceptible to the throats of the new-comers.

"Ye 'pear ter be powerful late," the young mountaineer hazarded.

"Weather signs air p'intin' fur rain," replied the lime-burner. "I ain't wantin' all this lime ter git slacked by accident." He glanced down with a workman's satisfaction at the primitive process. Between the logs of the great pile layers of the broken limestone were interposed, and were gradually calcined as the wood burned. Although some of it was imperfectly consumed, and here and there lay in half-crude lumps, the quantity well burned was sufficient to warrant the laborer's anxiety to get it under shelter before it should sustain the deliquescent effects of moisture.

"Gideon Beck war a-promisin' ter kem back straight arter supper," said Peter Knowles, "an' holp me git it inter the rock house thar." He indicated a grotto in the face of the cliff, where, by the light of the fire, one might perceive that lime had already been stored. The shelving rocks above it afforded adequate protection from falling weather, and the small quantity of the commodity was evidently disproportionate to the ample spaces for its accommodation within. "I felt plumb beset an' oneasy 'bout Gid," added Knowles. "He mought hev hed a fit, or suthin' may have happened down ter his house, ter some o' the chil'n o' suthin'. He merried my sister Judy, ye know. They don't take haffen keer o' them chil'n; some o' them mought hev got sot afire o' suthin', or" —

"They *mought*, but they ain't," exclaimed Jack Ormsby, the young mountaineer, with a laugh. "Gid's been down yander ter the show, an' all the chil'n, an' yer sister Judy too."

"What show?" demanded Knowles shortly, his grim face half angry, half amazed.

"The show in the schoolhouse in the Cove. This hyar stranger-man, he gin a show," Ormsby explained. "I viewed 'em all thar, all the fambly."

There was a momentary pause, and one might hear the wind astir in the darkness of the woods below, and feel the dank breath of the clouds that invisibly were gathering on the brink of the range above. One of the sudden mountain rains was at hand.

"An' I wish I hed every one of 'em hyar now!" exclaimed Peter Knowles in fury. "I 'd kiver 'em all up in that thar quicklime, — that 's what I 'd do! An' thar would n't be hide, hawns, or taller lef' of none of 'em in the mornin'. Leave *me* hyar, — leave *me* hyar with all this medjure o' lime, an' I never see none so stubborn in burnin', the timber bein' so durned green an' sappy, the dad-burned critter promisin' an' promisin' ter kem back arter he got his supper, — an' go ter a show, a damned show! What sort'n show was it?"

The juggler burst out laughing. "Come ahead!" he cried to Ormsby. "Lend a hand here!"

He had a strong sense of commercial values. To let a marketable commodity

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lie out and be ruined by the rain was repellent to his convictions of economics. It might have been as much for the sake of the lime itself as from a sort of half-pity for the deserted lime-burner — for Peter Knowles had not the cast of countenance or of soul that preëmpted a fellow feeling — that he caught up a great shovel that lay at hand.

"I 'll undertake to learn the ropes in a trice," he declared, throwing his coat on the ground.

Knowles only stared at him in surly amazement, but Ormsby, who had often seen the process, threw aside the half-burnt-out logs and followed the lead of the juggler, who, tense, light, active, the white flare, terrible so close at hand, on his face and figure, began to shovel the lumps into the barrow or cart made to receive the lime. Then, with another warning note of the wind, Knowles too fell to work, and added the capacities of his experience to the sheer uninstructed force of the willing volunteers. They made it short work. The two neophytes found it a scorching experiment, and more than once they fell back, flinching from the inherent heat of the flying powder as they shoveled it into the mouth of the grotto.

"I had no idea," the juggler said, as he stood by the embers when it was all over, looking from one smarting hand to the other, "that quicklime is so very powerful, so corrosive an agent. I can believe you when you say that if you should put a body in that bed there it would be consumed by morning, — bones and all?" He became suddenly interrogative.

"Nare toe nor toe-nail lef'," returned Peter Knowles succinctly, as if he had often performed this feat as a scientific experiment.

The juggler lifted his eyes to the face of the man opposite. They dilated and lingered fascinated with a sort of horror; for that strange anamorphosis had once more possessed it. All at variance it was with its natural contours, as the heated air streamed up from the bed of half-calcined stone, — trembling through this shimmering medium, yet preserving the semblance of humanity, like the face of some mythical being, demon or ghoul, or spirit of the damned. A dawning significance was on his own face, of which he was unconscious, but which the other noted. How might he utilize this property of air and heat and quicklime in some of those wonders of jugglery at which he was so expert? More than once, as he walked away, he turned back to gaze anew at the phenomenon, his trim figure lightly poised, his hand in his belt, his blazer thrown over his arm, that gleam of discovery on his face.

As the encompassing rocks and foliage at last hid him from view, Peter Knowles looked down into the fire.

"That air a true word. The quicklime would eat every bone," he said slowly. "But what air *he* aimin' ter know fur?" And once more he looked curiously at the spot where the juggler had vanished, remembering the guise of discovery and elation his face had worn.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

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UTAH AS AN INDUSTRIAL OBJECT-LESSON.

THERE are lessons for the American people in the industrial system which evolved Utah from the arid soil of the desert. They speak eloquently of the possibilities of organized and associated man. They show how poor men may achieve prosperity with no tools but labor and land, and no capital save leadership. These are timely lessons for a period when population flows irresistibly to cities already perilously large, when the ranks of industry and professions are overcrowded, and when small tradesmen and small manufacturers are disappearing before the unequal competition of great stores and great factories. The economic institutions of Utah are the product of a new environment; for they have grown up in the heart of arid America, the remaining field for settlement in the United States, and the future home of a large population. The study of the Mormon achievement will reveal the industrial methods and social customs which have been developed in conformity with these conditions. Here we shall find the key to a future civilization whose influence will be reflected in the broader life of the nation.

Brigham Young was born in Vermont, and had lived in Ohio, Missouri, and Illinois. Neither he nor his followers, before they came to Utah, had ever seen a country where the rainfall did not suffice for agriculture, nor ever read of one save in the Bible. But they quickly learned that they had staked their whole future upon a region which could not produce a spear of tame grass, an ear of corn, or a kernel of wheat without skillful irrigation, — an art of which they were utterly ignorant. The need of beginning a planting, however, was urgent and pressing, for their slender stock of provisions would not long protect them from starvation. It was this emergency which caused them to cut the first irrigation canal built by white men in the United States. Mormons are taught to believe that the suggestion of this work was a revelation to the head of the church. Other traditions ascribe it to the advice of friendly Indians, and to the shrewd intuition with which the leader had met the many strange trials he had encountered in the course of his adventurous pilgrimage. Whatever the source of the inspiration, he quickly set his men at work to divert the waters of City Creek through a rude ditch, and to prepare the ground for Utah's first farm. These crystal waters now furnish the domestic supply for a city of sixty thousand inhabitants. President Wilford Woodruff, the present head of the church, who was one of the party assigned to the work of digging the first canal, relates that when the water was turned out upon the desert, the soil was so hard that the point of a plough would scarcely penetrate it. There was also much white alkali on the surface. It was, therefore, with no absolute conviction of success that the pioneers planted the last of their stock of potatoes, and awaited the result of the experiment. But the crop prospered in spite of all obstacles, and demonstrated that a living could be wrung from the forbidding soil of the desert, when men should learn to adapt their industry to the strange conditions.

Such was the humble beginning of agriculture in arid America. The success of this desperate expedient to preserve the existence of a hunted people in the vast solitude has made Utah our great example of irrigation, and has given the Mormons their just claim as the pioneer irrigators of the United States. It is a distinction which they proudly treasure, and which their fellow citizens of the great West have always

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generously acknowledged. It was not, however, until they had survived other hardships, including the devastation of their first crop by swarms of crickets, that the hardy settlers were able to celebrate a genuine harvest-home and to feel sure of the future. Then began that long era of material prosperity which will never cease until the people depart from the industrial system established by Brigham Young.

It is this industrial system which makes the Mormons well worthy of study at this time. Nothing just like it exists elsewhere upon any considerable scale, yet its leading principles are certainly capable of general application. Mormons regard the system, together with all their blessings, as a direct revelation of God. But when it is studied in connection with Mormon colonization, it is plain that the system was born of the necessities of the place and time, — that it is the legitimate result of the peculiar environment of the arid region. The forces that have made the civilization of Utah will make the civilization of western America. It is in this view of the matter that we shall find our justification for a careful study of the Mormon structure of industry and society.

The economic life of Utah is founded on the general ownership of land. Speaking broadly, all are proprietors, none are tenants. Land monopoly was discountenanced from the beginning. All were encouraged to take so much land as they could apply to a beneficial purpose. None were permitted to secure land merely to hold it out of use for speculation. The corner-stone of the system was industrialism, — the theory that all should work for what they are to have, and that all should have what they have worked for. In order to realize this result, it was necessary that each family should own as much land as it could use to advantage, and no more. The adoption of this principle was plainly due to the peculiar conditions which the leader saw about him. He instantly realized that value resided in the water rather than in the land; that there was much more land than water; that water could be conserved and distributed only at great expense. If he had settled in the Red River Valley of Dakota, for instance, it is entirely improbable that he would have set such severe limitations upon the amount of land which individuals should take. In that case, he would perhaps have thought it well for his people to take all the land they could possibly obtain under the law, and thus enjoy large speculative possibilities. But if he had pursued this policy in Utah, he could not have accommodated the thousands whom he expected to follow him in the early future. He thus found it necessary to restrict the amount of land which each family should acquire, suiting it to their actual needs. He came from a country which had been settled in farms ranging from two hundred to four hundred acres in size. The reduction in the farm unit which he now proposed must have seemed nothing less than startling to his followers. It is plain that, in proposing such an innovation, he not only comprehended the social necessities of the situation, but anticipated the possibilities of intensive agriculture by means of irrigation.

The first settlement which he planned was, of course, Salt Lake City and its neighborhood. This became the model of all future settlements. It was laid out in such a way as to secure an equitable division of land values among all the inhabitants. The city blocks consist of ten acres each, divided into eight lots of one and a quarter acres: these lots were assigned to professional and business men. Next, there was a tier of five-acre lots: these were assigned to mechanics. Then there were tiers of ten-acre and twenty-acre lots: these went to farmers, according to the size of their families. Under this arrangement every colonist was a small landed pro-

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prietor, owning a certain amount of irrigated soil from which he could readily produce the necessities of life. The division of land values was singularly even, for what one man lacked in area of his possessions he gained in location. The small lots were close to the business centre. As the place grew, in course of years, from an emigrant's camp to a populous city, with paved streets, domestic water, electric lights and railways, the inevitable rise in values was distributed very evenly. Not a single family or individual failed to share in the great fund of unearned increment which arose from increasing population and growing public improvements. This principle of general land ownership, of careful division according to location, and of differing needs of various classes has been followed throughout the Mormon settlements of Utah and surrounding States, and is being duplicated to-day in the latest colonies among the Uintah Mountains.

It is important to note that the Mormon land system rested upon individual proprietorship. There never was any attempt at community ownership. The unit of the State was the family and the home. But the moment we pass from the sphere of individual labor we encounter another principle, which has always been applied, though not always by the same methods, to public utilities. This is the principle of public ownership and control. If the Mormon leaders had desired to organize their industrial life in a way to make large private fortunes for themselves, no single item in the long list of Utah's natural resources would have offered a better chance for speculation than the water-supply. It was perfectly feasible, under the law, for private individuals or companies to appropriate the waters, construct canals, sell water-rights, and collect an annual rental. By adopting this method, which prevails widely in other Western States, they could have laid every field, orchard, and garden, every individual and family, under tribute to them and their descendants forever. Neither in law nor in practice is it any more a moral and economic wrong privately to appropriate and hold against the public the natural wealth of the streams than it is to do the same thing with the natural wealth of the mineral belts on government land. Probably the Mormons owed their escape from the misfortune of private irrigation works mainly to the fact that this feature of their institutions was established at a time when none of their people possessed sufficient private capital to engage in costly enterprises. They started upon a basis of equality, for they were equally poor. They could buy water-rights only with their labor. This labor they applied in coöperation, and canal stock was issued to each man in proportion to the amount of work he had contributed to the construction. This, in turn, was determined by the amount of land he owned, the owner of twenty acres doing just twice as much work as the owner of ten. Here we see the influence of aridity not only favoring, but compelling the adoption of the principle of associative enterprise. As in Holland men found it necessary to combine their labor in order to reclaim the land from the sea, so in Utah they did the same in order to reclaim the land from the desert. In both instances, this fundamental necessity of coöperation and organization at the beginning became the most powerful influence in shaping industrial habits and social customs, and in forming the character of institutions.

Brigham Young had made twenty acres the maximum size of farms in the Salt Lake settlement. He now proceeded to lay down a philosophy very different from that which prevailed on the large farms of the wheat and corn country whence he came. He urged that each family should realize the nearest possible approach to absolute industrial independence within the boundaries of

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its own small farm. His sermons in the Tabernacle dealt less in theology than in worldly common sense. The result is an agricultural system peculiar to Utah. Just as we have the cotton belt in Texas, the corn belt in Nebraska, the wheat belt in Dakota, and the orange district in California, so in Utah we have the land of the diversified farm. This is the first and one of the most precious fruits of the industrialism which had been so deeply rooted in the plan of universal land ownership. Much of the misfortune which the settlers of the Mississippi Valley have endured during the last decade is due to the fact that their industrial system was founded on speculation. They acquired large farms because they hoped to get rich out of the rise in land. They engaged in the production of single crops because they were gambling on the hope of great prices for these staples. They mortgaged their homesteads to make costly improvements because they had the utmost faith in future high prices for the land and its product. It is very easy to comprehend the virtues of Utah industrialism when we make use of a Texas cotton plantation or a Dakota wheat farm for comparison. In the one case we see the little unmortgaged farm, its crops insured by irrigation, systematically producing the variety of things required for the family consumption. A generous living is within the control of the proprietor of such a home. In the other case we see the single crop exposed to the mercy of the weather and the markets, its owner employing many hired hands, and going to the town to buy with cash nearly all that is necessary to feed his family and laborers. The Utah system was clearly the outgrowth of the peculiar conditions with which the Mormons dealt. They were so far removed from all centres of production as to make self-sufficiency an imperative condition of existence. Hence they were taught the gospel of industrial independence in its purest and most primitive terms. And self-sufficiency is the most striking characteristic of Mormon civilization to-day. Wars and panics have swept the country since the Mormon pioneers built their homes in Salt Lake Valley, but they and theirs have not gone hungry for a day. Nor need they do so while water runs downhill and the earth yields its increase.

The conquest of Utah began with the establishment of agriculture, which is everywhere the foundation of civilization. Brigham Young realized, as the American people may well do to-day, that there can be no prosperity when agriculture languishes. He realized that whatever the Mormon people might have in the future — whatever of factories, stores, and banks, whatever of churches, temples, and tabernacles — must come primarily from the surplus profits of the farmer. As soon as his people had been supplied with food and shelter, he turned his attention to the development of a broader industrial life. Workshops, stores, and banks were necessary to furnish facilities for manufacture, distribution, and exchange. All these enterprises were undertaken in a coöperative way, under the familiar form of the joint stock company. Those who were unwilling to engage in them upon these terms generally left the church and set up for themselves. At the beginning there was no capital for such undertakings except the capital which resided in every man's land and labor, — no wealth but the common wealth. As all had started on a basis of equality, so all were given an equal chance to participate in the new industrial, mercantile, and banking enterprises of the Territory. When a factory or a store was to be started, subscription papers were circulated, and everybody was urged to take some of the stock. Payments were made sometimes in cash, more often in products, not infrequently in labor. Of one thing there has never been a scarcity in Utah: this is the chance to work. Labor has al-

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ways been exchangeable there for other commodities, including bank and mercantile stock; otherwise it would not have been possible to secure the wide distribution of these stocks which now exists.

In the early years the industries were of a crude sort. Everything had to be hauled in ox-teams over a thousand miles of deserts, plains, and mountains. The people used almost no money in their daily transactions. As a medium of exchange they had printed slips of paper known as "tithing-house scrip." This answered the purpose of exchange money, while the prices of commodities were regulated by the standard of values which prevailed elsewhere. While the local scrip did very well for all home purposes, it did not enable the people to purchase the supplies of machinery which they needed from abroad. The process of equipping their factories was therefore necessarily slow, but they rapidly developed an army of skilled artisans, which was constantly augmented by immigration. But even without assistance from the great world which lay so far beyond the borders of their own valleys, marvelous progress was achieved in the arts and industries. Brigham Young was strenuously opposed to the development of the mines by his people, believing that what they might gain in wealth from that source would be much more than offset by the demoralization which would come to his industrial forces with the rise of the speculative spirit. Above all other virtues he placed that of sober industry, earning its bread in the sweat of men's faces. That the mines would some day be worked by Gentiles he had no doubt, and he rightly calculated that his own people would enjoy more prosperity by feeding the miners than by working the mines. Nevertheless, a few of the many millions afterwards taken from the mountains around Salt Lake would have facilitated the growth and equipment of the Mormon industries immensely during the early years. Time and patience accomplished in the end all that an abundance of original capital might have done, — perhaps more. Nearly all the industries essential to a complex and symmetrical business economy have been established for many years. Every important settlement has its coöperative store and bank. From the great beet-sugar factory at Lehi down to the smallest mercantile enterprise in the smallest hamlet, the business is owned by a multitude of stockholders. The capital represents the surplus profits of the many. The system bears no likeness to Socialism. Nothing is owned by virtue of citizenship or of membership in the church. No one owns a dollar's worth of stock who has not earned and paid for it. The system is nothing but the joint stock company with what may be called a generous and friendly interpretation. That is to say, it is really desired that everybody shall have an interest, and that all shall share the benefits. To endeavor to "corner" the stock for the benefit of a favored few would be considered unpopular, if not immoral. It should not be understood, by any means, that all have an equal ownership in these various enterprises, for the Mormon system has not resulted in making men equally successful. All have had an equal chance, however, and the weak have been watched over and assisted by the strong. Indeed, this is one of the few good things to be credited to the exercise of church authority in secular affairs.

It would be quite impracticable to attempt to follow the history of any considerable number of the many coöperative enterprises of Utah. Nor are figures available for a satisfactory generalization of results. But the whole system is typified in the experience of one monumental enterprise, — Zion's Coöperative Mercantile Institution. This great house is, in a sense, the mother and the model of all the Mormon stores in Utah

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and surrounding States. I quote from a letter of Mr. Thomas G. Webber, the successful superintendent of "Z. C. M. I.," as it is familiarly called: —

"The institution was organized October 16, 1868; commenced business March 1, 1869; and was incorporated for twenty-five years from October 5, 1870, and the capital then was $220,000. It was reincorporated for fifty years September 30, 1895, with a capital stock of $1,077,000. During the life of our first incorporation period we have sold $76,352,686 worth of merchandise, and paid to the railroad and express companies for freight $6,908,630. We have paid out in cash dividends $1,990,943.55, and in stock dividends $414,944.77. During the panic in 1873, for prudential reasons, we passed our dividends, and continued to do so until 1877, but during the whole of the period we have been in business, some twenty-seven years, we have paid to our stockholders an average dividend of nine and one third per cent for each and every year, or two hundred and forty-three per cent in all: $1000 invested in our capital stock on the first of March, 1869, at the end of September, 1895, when our incorporation ran out, had accumulated to $2014.30; and in addition to this we have paid upon this $1000 in cash dividends the sum of $4218.05. We have turned out in our manufacturing departments boots and shoes to the value of $2,053,294.43, and in our duck clothing and shirt factory upwards of $80,000 worth. Last year (1895) it was an off year with our manufacturing departments, but we turned out 75,400 pairs of boots and shoes, and 15,648 dozen overalls, shirts, etc."

This is the history of Utah's largest coöperative undertaking. It is a history which no friend of coöperative effort will blush to read, for it proves that a great business can be as successfully administered in the interest of the many as in the interest of a few. The latest and the largest Mormon industrial enterprise is the beet-sugar factory, owned by seven hundred stockholders, which in 1895 produced considerably more than seven hundred million pounds of sugar, and paid a cash dividend of ten per cent. It also furnished a profitable market for the products of many irrigated fields. While the most satisfactory results of coöperative enterprise have been obtained in the last two decades, much was achieved in the early days. Even in 1850, when Salt Lake Valley had been settled less than three years, the industrial products amounted to only a little less than three hundred thousand dollars. Ten years later they had mounted nearly to the million mark, and in 1870 they considerably exceeded two and a quarter millions. In 1895 the total was close to six millions. The growth of these hard-won industries has naturally fostered a feeling of intense loyalty to home products.

Let us look now at the broader results of the Mormon labor in the wilderness. I have asked the church historian, Mr. A. Milton Musser, to make a careful estimate of the financial results which may fairly be credited to the irrigation industry in Utah. It must be remembered that the Mormons began in poverty, having almost nothing to invest except the labor of their hands and brains. Hence, all they have expended in a period of nearly fifty years came primarily from the soil. In responding to my request, Mr. Musser communicated with church leaders throughout the State, and compiled the results of his correspondence with the utmost care. As during most of the period covered the church was practically the state, he has included the cost of schools, roads, bridges, Indian wars, and the sustenance of the poor, as well as the cost of the purely religious and commercial enterprises. He has made a careful computation of the expense involved in establishing ten thousand farms and the cost of living

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for the entire people. He has very properly included large sums wasted by early experiments in making iron, sugar, paper, nails, leather, and cotton. An interesting item is that which records the expenditure of three million dollars for "defense against anti-polygamy legislation believed to be unconstitutional." The expenditure of eight million dollars in assisting poor immigrants throws a strong light on the wonderfully successful methods of colonization. The historian's statement is very comprehensive, and comes with the indorsement of the highest church authorities. It accounts for a total expenditure of nearly five hundred and sixty-three millions, all of which, excepting twenty millions credited to "personal property brought into Utah by immigrants," was wrung from arid soil by the patient labor of an industrious people.

In a private letter accompanying these statistics, Mr. Musser directed attention to the fact that upon this showing each Mormon farmer enjoyed an average income of four hundred and eighty-two dollars *above* the cost of living for each of the more than forty years which the statement covers. This is a considerably higher return than the *gross* amount averaged by wage-earners in the United States. To my mind, the statement seems to confirm the impression of a vast material achievement which comes to any person upon visiting Utah and looking about him. For the present purpose, the precise statistical facts are of less consequence than the economic principles which have produced what everybody acknowledges to be a very wonderful result. These principles are as follows: —

General land ownership, limited to the amount which families and individuals could apply to a useful purpose.

Self-sufficiency in agriculture, aiming at the complete economic independence of the people, individually and collectively.

The public ownership of public utilities, such as water for irrigation and domestic uses.

The coöperative, or associative, ownership and administration of stores, factories, and banks through the medium of the joint stock company.

These are the underlying principles of the Mormon commonwealth. They are vindicated by the successful experience of the last half-century. Nowhere else do so large a percentage of the people own their homes free from incumbrance. Nowhere else has labor received so fair a share of what it has created. Nowhere else has the common prosperity been reared upon firmer foundations. Nowhere else are institutions more firmly buttressed, or more capable of resisting violent economic revolutions. The thunder-cloud which passed over the land in 1893, leaving a path of commercial ruin from the Atlantic to the Pacific, was powerless to close the door of a single Mormon store, factory, or bank. Strong in prosperity, the coöperative industrial and commercial system stood immovable in the hour of widespread disaster. The solvency of these industries is scarcely more striking than the solvency of the farmers from whom they draw their strength. No other governor, whether in the West or in the East, is able to say what the Honorable Heber M. Wells said, in assuming the chief magistracy of the new State in January, 1896: "We have in Utah 19,916 farms, and 17,684 of them are absolutely free of incumbrance." A higher percentage in school attendance and a lower percentage of illiterates, even, than in the State of Massachusetts, is another of Utah's proud records.

It would be unfair to leave the Mormon industrial system without considering the strong and often bitter criticisms which have been passed upon it. Many visitors and many resident Gentiles either have seen no virtues in the system, or have believed that the evils

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outweigh the virtues. The Reverend Joseph Cook summed up the whole case against the Mormon leaders and the system of industry they established in a brilliant phrase of seven words. Standing on Brigham Street in Salt Lake City, and gazing at the famous Eagle Gate, with its figure of an eagle perched upon a beehive, he exclaimed, "A fit emblem, — rapacity preying upon industry." It has been charged that the Mormon workers were the slaves of a tyrannical hierarchy, which ruthlessly absorbed the profits of their patient industry, and applied them, in a proportion which no man could fathom, to church purposes and private bank accounts. The single item of solid evidence which can be quoted to sustain the charge of plunder is the tithing system, under which all members of the church pay one tenth of their income into the revenues of the organization. There never has been any secret about this. Tithing houses and tithing officers exist throughout the Mormon dominions, and all church members in good standing pay the assessment of ten per cent regularly. Many of them pay in cash, and many in products of farms or shops. When they can pay in neither cash nor products, they contribute one tenth of their labor, and it is largely in this manner that the beautiful temples have been built. If Mormons are willing to pay tithings, either as a tribute to their religion, or as a return for the material benefit they have received through their association with the church, it is difficult to understand why they have not a perfect right to do so. Ten per cent is, indeed, a severe tax. But until recent times this amount practically included all assessments for public purposes of a local character, as these were administered through the church.

It is common for those who belittle the value of the Mormon experience to declare that its success was wholly due to the element of religious fanaticism, and that such results would have been impossible without the wonderful church organization. From this widely accepted conclusion I emphatically dissent. To my mind it seems perfectly plain that it was not the church which sustained the industrial system, but the industrial system which sustained the church. Brigham Young won the undying affection and obedience of his followers, not because he taught them how to pray, but because he taught them how to work and to live. He survives in their memories to-day, not as the prophet of religion, but as the wonderful organizer of prosperity. To the outside world, also, his true interest consists, not in his character as ecclesiastical leader and seer, but in that of captain of industry and architect of the commonwealth.

In studying Brigham Young, I have not sought to know the man as he lives in Mormon literature, with a glowing religious halo about his eminently businesslike brow. I have sought rather to find him through conversations with some of his favorite captains, and through the letters he wrote them when they were engaged in perilous missions to wild districts in the West. None of these men has told me of any striking religious thought which he uttered from the pulpit, but all have said that he insisted that it always paid to plough deep and plant alfalfa. They have related with especial pride their talks with "the president" at evening camp-fires, when he would plan, with wonderful accuracy, irrigation canals and village sites to be made in connection with the conquest of some new valley they had explored. The plans which he traced on the ground with his cane by the firelight generally anticipated very closely the later results of surveys. His letters to these captains were full of instructions about provisions, coming emigrant parties, and the treatment of the Indians. They always closed with a devout reference to divine Providence, but the underlying spirit was that of the sturdy in-

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dustrial chieftain aiming at the conquest of the waste places.

This man's dream was of empire. In every fibre of his body, in every beat of his brain and heart, he was a materialist. All his buildings, like all his philosophies, were fashioned on strong and simple lines. They were made, not to look beautiful, but to serve useful purposes and to last long. That he used the power of the church relentlessly to accomplish his ends cannot be denied. But the church, however much it may have meant to others, was with him only one of the means, and not the great object of his ambition. His first act in Utah was to raise the American flag and proclaim himself governor of "the State of Deseret," — land of the working bee. To have made of the whole intermountain West one mighty nation, himself at the head of it, would have filled the real measure of his ambition.

It should not be inferred from what has been said of the industrial virtues of the Mormon people that there is no ground for criticism. On the contrary, the people have by no means realized their best possibilities. It is not in Utah that we find the best examples of intensive cultivation, the most advanced irrigation methods, or the highest social standards. We find the crudeness that might be expected in a country developed without much cash capital, at the hands of a rather simple and unimaginative people. In the larger cities, such as Salt Lake and Ogden, the best Eastern standards are fully realized, but in scores of small settlements, which constitute the real Utah of which I have been speaking, the case is different. Farms are frequently ill kept and untidy; orchards are not generally guarded against common pests; fruit is not nicely sorted, graded, and packed for market. These towns and homes might be beautiful, monuments to thrift and good taste. When they are not so, it is because the people lack taste rather than opportunity. They enjoy simple prosperity and take solid comfort in their village life, but do not crave finer things.

No study of the Utah of to-day would be worthy of the name which failed to take into account the influence exerted in recent years by the large infusion of Gentile population. The fact that Utah stands erect — a State among States — is very largely due to those who went there to make their homes and fight the church. Through many stormy years they waged a tireless war upon polygamy and church control of state affairs. Democrats and Republicans forgot their partisanship while they united in opposing forces which they deemed inimical to American institutions. When in 1890 Salt Lake City was finally won by the Liberals, the morning of a great day had dawned in Utah. This event portended the dissolution of the old church party, the division of the Mormons on national lines, the early realization of statehood, and, finally, the merging of Mormon and Gentile until they shall become indistinguishable parts of one great people. The rise of the Liberal power brought with it a wonderful era of modern improvement, accompanied by a magnificent municipal debt; for the Mormons had applied to the affairs of their capital city the simple philosophy in vogue on their small irrigated farms. Neither in the city nor on the farms would they have anything that involved going into debt. The new schoolhouses, the city and county buildings, the sewerage system, the domestic waterplant, the modern street pavements of Utah asphalt, the electric lights and railways, — these are the landmarks of Gentile public spirit in the Salt Lake City of to-day. If the Mormon industrial system has suffered somewhat by the shock, the effect is as nothing when compared with the vast moral and civic gain conferred by the new conditions.

William E. Smythe.

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MARM LISA.[1]

XI.

RHODA FREES HER MIND.

MORNING dawned, and Mistress Mary and Rhoda went up the flight of broad steps rather earlier than usual, — so early that the janitress, who had been awake half the night with an ailing baby, was just going in to dust the rooms.

It was she who first caught sight of the old sofa and its occupant, and her exclamation drew Mary and Rhoda to the spot. There lay poor Marm Lisa in the dead sleep of exhaustion, her dress torn and wrinkled, her shoes travel-stained, her hair tangled and matted. Their first idea was that the dreaded foe might have descended upon her, and that she had had some terrible seizure with no one near to aid and relieve her. But the longer they looked, the less they feared this: her face, though white and tear-stained, was tranquil, her lips only slightly pale, and her breathing calm and steady. Mary finally noted the pathetic grouping of little objects in the red chair, and, touched by this, began to apprehend the significance of her own white apron close clasped in the child's loyal arms, and fell a-weeping softly on Rhoda's shoulder. "She needed me, Rhoda," she said. "I do not know for what, but I am sure she needed me."

"I see it all," said Rhoda, administering soft strokes of consolation: "it is something to do with those little beasts; yes, I will call them beasts, and if you don't let me, I 'll call them brutes. They lost themselves yesterday, of course, and dear old Lisa searched for them all the afternoon and half the night, for aught we know, and then came here to be comforted, I suppose, — the blessed thing!"

"Hush! don't touch her," Mary whispered as Rhoda went impetuously down on her knees by the sofa; "and we must not talk in this room, for fear of waking her. Suppose you go at once to Mrs. Grubb's, dear, and whatever you learn about the twins there, I shall meanwhile call a carriage and take Lisa home to my own bed. The janitress can send Edith to me as soon as she comes, and I will leave her with Lisa while I run back here to consult with you and Helen. I shall telegraph for Dr. Thorne, too, to be sure that this sleep is as natural and healing a thing as it appears to be."

Mrs. Grubb was surprised, even amused, at Rhoda's exciting piece of news, but she was perfectly tranquil.

"Well, don't they beat all!" she exclaimed, leaning against the door-frame and taking her side hair out of waving-pins as she talked. "No, I have n't seen them since noon yesterday. I was out to a picnic supper at the Army Headquarters at night, and did n't get home till later than usual, so I did n't go up to their room. I thought they were in bed; they always have been in bed when it was bedtime, ever since they were born." Here she removed the last pin, and put it with the others in the bosom of her dress for safe-keeping. "This morning, when they did n't turn up, I thought some of you girls had taken a fancy to keep them over night; I did n't worry, supposing that Lisa was with them."

"Nobody on earth could take a fancy to the twins or keep them an hour longer than necessary, and you know it, Mrs. Grubb," said Rhoda, who seldom minced matters; "and in case no one should ever have the bad manners to tell you the whole truth, I want to say here and now that you neglect everything good and sensible and practical, — all the plain simple duties that stare you

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directly in the face, — and waste yourself on matters that are of no earthly use to anybody. Those children would have been missed last night if you had one drop of mother's blood in your veins! You have three helpless children under what you are pleased to call your care" (and here Rhoda's lip curled so scornfully that Mrs. Grubb was tempted to stab her with a curling-pin), "and you went to sleep without knowing to a certainty whether they had had supper or bed! I don't believe you are a woman at all, — you are just a vague abstraction; and the only things you 've ever borne or nursed or brooded in your life have been your miserable bloodless little clubs and bands and unions!"

Rhoda's eyes flashed summer lightning, her nostrils quivered, her cheeks flamed scarlet, and Mrs. Grubb sat down suddenly and heavily on the front stairs and gasped for breath. According to her own belief, her whole life had been passed in a search for truth, but it is safe to say she had never before met it in so uncompromising and disagreeable a shape.

"Perhaps when you are quite through with your billingsgate," she finally said, "you will take yourself off my steps before you are ejected. You! to presume to criticise me! You, that are so low in the scale of being you can no more understand my feelings and motives than a jellyfish can comprehend a star! Go back and tell Miss Mary," she went on majestically, as she gained confidence and breath, "that it is her duty and business to find the children, since they were last seen with her, and unless she proves more trustworthy they will not be allowed to return to her. Tell her, too, that when she wishes to communicate with me, she must choose some other messenger besides you, you impudent, groveling little earthworm! Get out of my sight, or you will unfit me for my classes!"

Mrs. Grubb was fairly superb as she launched these thunderbolts of invective; the staircase her rostrum, her left hand poised impressively on the baluster, and the three snaky strands of brown hair that had writhed out of the waving-pins hissing Medusa-wise on each side of her head.

Rhoda was considerably taken aback by the sudden and violent slamming of the door of number one Eden Place, and she felt an unwelcome misgiving as to her wisdom in bringing Mrs. Grubb face to face with truth. Her rage had somewhat subsided by the time she reached Mistress Mary's side, for she had stopped on the way to ask a policeman to telephone to the various stations for news of the two lost children, and report at once to her. "There is one good thing," she thought: "wherever they may be, their light cannot be hid any more than that of a city that is set on a hill. There will be plenty of traces of their journey, for once seen they are never forgotten. Nobody but a hero would think of kidnapping them, and nobody but an idiot would expect a ransom for them!"

"I hope you did n't upbraid Mrs. Grubb," said Mary, divining from Rhoda's clouded brow that her interview had not been a pleasant one. "You know our only peaceful way of rescuing Lisa from her hold is to make a friend of her and convert her to our way of thinking. Was she much disturbed about the children?"

"Disturbed!" sniffed Rhoda disdainfully. "Imagine Mrs. Grubb disturbed about anything so trivial as a lost child! If it had been a lost amendment, she might have been ruffled!"

"What is she doing about it, and in what direction is she searching?"

"She is doing nothing, and she will do nothing; she has gone to a Theosophy lecture, and we are to find the twins; and she says it 's your fault, anyway, and unless you prove more trustworthy the seraphs will be removed from your care; and you are not to send me again as a messenger, if you please, because I

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am an impudent, groveling little earthworm!"

"Rhoda!"

"Yes 'm!"

"Did she call you that?"

"Yes 'm, and a jellyfish besides; in fact, she dragged me through the entire animal kingdom; but she is a stellar being, — she said so."

"What did you say to her to provoke that, Rhoda? She is thoroughly illogical and perverse, but she is very amiable."

"Yes, when you don't interfere with her. You should catch her with her hair in waving-pins, just after she has imbibed apple sauce! Oh, I can't remember exactly what I said, for I confess I was a little heated, and at the moment I thought only of freeing my mind. Let me see: I told her she neglected all the practical duties that stared her directly in the face, and squandered herself on useless fads and vagaries, — that 's about all. No-o, now that I come to think of it, I did say that the children would have been missed and found last night, if she had had a drop of mother's blood in her veins."

"That 's terse and strong — and tactful," said Mary; "anything more?"

"No, I don't think so. Oh yes! now that I reflect, I said I did n't believe she was a woman at all. That seemed to enrage her beyond anything, somehow; and when I explained it, and tried to modify it by saying I meant that she had never borne or loved or brooded anything in her life but her nasty little clubs, she was white with anger, and told me I was too low in the scale of being to understand her. Good gracious! I wish she understood herself half as well as I understand her!"

Mary gave a hysterical laugh. "I can't pretend you did n't speak the truth, Rhoda, but I am sadly afraid it was ill advised to wound Mrs. Grubb's vanity. Do you feel a good deal better?"

"No," confessed Rhoda penitently. "I did for fifteen minutes, — yes, nearly half an hour; but now I feel worse than ever."

"That is one of the commonest symptoms of freeing one's mind," observed Mary quietly.

It was scarcely an hour later when Atlantic and Pacific were brought in by an officer, very dirty and disheveled, but gay and irresponsible as larks, nonchalant, amiable, and unrepentant. As Rhoda had prophesied, there had been no difficulty in finding them; and as everybody had prophesied, once found there had not been a second's delay in delivery. Moved by fiery hatred of the police matron, who had illustrated justice more than mercy, and illustrated it with the back of a hair-brush on their reversed persons; lured also by two popcorn balls, a jumping-jack, and a tin horse, they accepted the municipal escort with alacrity; and nothing was ever jauntier than the manner in which Pacific, all smiles and molasses, held up her sticky lips for an expected salute, — an unusual offer which was respectfully declined as a matter of discipline.

Mary longed for Rhoda's young minister in the next half-hour, which she devoted to private spiritual instruction. Psychology proved wholly unequal to the task of fathoming the twins, and she fancied that theology might have been more helpful. Their idea seemed to be — if the rudimentary thing she unearthed from their consciousness could be called an idea — that they would not mind repenting if they could see anything of which to repent. Of sin, as sin, they had no apparent knowledge, either by sight, by hearsay, or by actual acquaintance. They sat stolidly in their little chairs, eyes roving to the windows, the blackboard, the pictures; they clubbed together and fished a pin from a crack in the floor during one of Mary's most thrilling appeals; finally, they appeared so bored by the whole proceeding that she felt a certain sense of embarrassment in the

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midst of her despair. She took them home herself at noon, apologized to the injured Mrs. Grubb for Rhoda's unfortunate remarks, and told that lady, gently but firmly, that Lisa could not be moved until she was decidedly better.

"She was wandering about the streets searching for the twins from noon till long after dark, Mrs. Grubb, — there can be no doubt of it; and she bears unmistakable signs of having suffered deeply. I have called in a physician, and we must all abide by his advice."

"That 's well enough for the present," agreed Mrs. Grubb reluctantly, "but I cannot continue to have my studies broken in upon by these excitements, I really cannot. I thought I had made an arrangement with Madame Goldmarker to relieve me, but she has just served me a most unladylike and deceitful trick, and the outcome of it will be that I shall have to send Lisa to the asylum. I can get her examined by the commissioners some time before Christmas, and if they decide she 's imbecile they 'll take her off my hands. I did n't want to part with her till the twins got older, but I 've just found a possible home for them if I can endure their actions until New Year's. Our Army of Present Perfection is n't progressing as it ought to, and it 's going to found a colony down in San Diego County, and advertise for children to bring up in the faith. A certain number of men and women have agreed to go and start the thing, and I 'm sure my sister, if she was alive, would be glad to donate her children to such a splendid enterprise. If the commissioners won't take Lisa, she can go to Soul Haven, too, —that 's the name of the place; but no, of course they would n't want any but bright children, that would grow up and spread the light." (Mary smiled at the thought of the twins engaged in the occupation of spreading light.) "I shall not join the community myself, though I believe it's a good thing; but a very different future is unveiling itself before me" (her tone was full of mystery here), "and some time, if I can ever pursue my investigations in peace, you will knock at this door and I shall have vanished! But I shall know of your visit, and the very sound of your footfall will reach my ear, even if I am inhabiting some remote mountain fastness!"

When Lisa awoke that night, she heard the crackling of a wood fire on the hearth; she felt the touch of soft linen under her aching body, and the pressure of something cool and fragrant on her forehead. Her right hand, feebly groping the white counterpane, felt a flower in its grasp. Opening her eyes, she saw the firelight dancing on tinted walls, and an angel of deliverance sitting by her bedside, — a dear familiar woman angel, whose fair crowned head rose from a cloud of white, and whose sweet downward gaze held all of benignant motherhood that God could put into woman's eyes.

Marm Lisa looked up dumbly and wonderingly at first, but the mind stirred, thought flowed in upon it, a wave of pain broke over her heart, and she remembered all; for remembrance, alas, is the price of reason.

"Lost! my twinnies, all lost and gone!" she whispered brokenly, with long, shuddering sobs between the words. "I look — look — look; never, never find!"

"No, no, dear," Mary answered, stroking the lines from her forehead, "not lost any more; found, Lisa, — do you understand? They are found, they are safe and well, and nobody blames you; and you are safe, too, your new self, your best self unharmed, thank God; so go to sleep, little sister, and dream happy dreams!"

Glad tears rushed from the poor child's eyes, tears of conscious happiness, and yesterday's burden rolled away from her heart as the whirring shuttles in her brain had been hushed into silence

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by her long sleep. She raised her swimming eyes to Mistress Mary's with a look of unspeakable trust. "I love you!" she whispered, and, holding the flower close to her breast, she breathed a sigh of sweet content, and sank again into quiet slumber.

XII.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

It may be said in justice to Mrs. Grubb that she was more than usually harassed just at this time.

Mrs. Sylvester, her voluble next-door neighbor, who had lifted many sordid cares from her shoulders, had suddenly become tired of the "new method of mental healing," and during a brief absence of Mrs. Grubb from the city had issued a thousand embossed gilt-edged cards, announcing herself as a Hand Reader in the following terms: —

TO THE ELITE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE CITY!

I take this method of introducing myself to your kind consideration as a Hand Reader of *rare* and *genuine merit;* catering merely to the Creme du le Creme of this city. No others need apply.

Having been educated carefully and refinedly, speaking French fluently, therefore I only wish to deal with the elite of the bon-ton.

I do not advertise in papers nor at residence.

Ladies $1.50. Gents $2.

Yours truly,

MRS. PANSY SYLVESTER,
3 Eden Place near 4th,
Lower bell.

P. S. Pupil of S. CORA GRUBB.

Inasmuch as Mrs. Sylvester had imbibed all her knowledge from Mrs. Grubb, that prophet and scholar thought, not unnaturally, that she might have been consulted about the enterprise, particularly as the cards were of a nature to prejudice the better class of patients, and lower the social tone of the temple of healing.

As if this were not vexatious enough, her plans were disarranged in another and more important particular. Mrs. Sylvester's manicure had set up a small establishment for herself, and admitted as partner a certain chiropodist named Boone. The two artists felt that by sharing expenses they might increase profits, and there was a sleeping thought in both their minds that the partnership might ripen into marriage, if the financial returns of the business were satisfactory. It was destined, however, to be a failure in both respects; for Dr. Boone looked upon Madame Goldmarker, the vocal teacher in number thirteen Eden Place, and to look upon her was to love her madly, since she earned seventy-five dollars a month, while the little manicure could barely eke out a slender and uncertain twenty. In such crises the heart can be trusted to leap in the right direction and beat at the proper rate.

Mrs. Grubb would have had small interest in these sordid romances had it not been that Madame Goldmarker had faithfully promised to look after Lisa and the twins, so that Mrs. Grubb might be free to hold classes in the adjoining towns. The little blind god had now overturned all these well-laid plans, and Mrs. Grubb was for the moment the victim of inexorable circumstances.

Dr. Boone fitted up princely apartments next his office, and Madame Goldmarker-Boone celebrated her nuptials and her desertion of Eden Place by making a formal début at a concert in Pocahontas Hall. The next morning, the neighborhood that knew them best, and many other neighborhoods that knew them not at all, received neat printed circulars thrust under the front door. Upon one side of the paper were printed the words and music of Home, Sweet Home "as sung by Madame Goldmarker-Boone at her late concert in Pocahontas Hall." On the reverse side appeared a picture of the doctor, a neat cut of a human foot, a schedule of prices, and the alluring promise that the Madame's vocal pupils

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would receive treatment at half the regular rates.

Many small disputes and quarrels were consequent upon these business, emotional and social convulsions, and each of the parties concerned, from Mrs. Grubb to the chiropodist, consulted Mistress Mary and solicited her advice and interference.

This seemed a little strange, but Mistress Mary's garden was the sort of place to act as a magnet to reformers, eccentrics, professional philanthropists, and cranks. She never quite understood the reason, and for that matter nobody else did, unless it were simply that the place was a trifle out of the common, and she herself a person full of ideas, and eminently sympathetic with those of other people. Anybody could "drop in," and as a consequence everybody did,—grandmothers, mothers with babes in arms, teachers, ministers, photographers, travelers, and journalists. A Russian gentleman who had escaped from Siberia was a frequent visitor. He wanted to marry Edith and open a boarding-house for Russian exiles, and was perfectly confident of making her happy, as he spoke seven languages and had been a good husband to two Russian ladies now deceased. An Alaskan missionary, home on a short leave, called periodically and attempted to persuade Mary to return with him to his heathen. These suitors were disposed of summarily when they made their desires known, but there were other visitors, part of the flotsam and jetsam of a great city, who appeared and disappeared mysteriously,—ships passing Mistress Mary in the night of sorrow, and, after some despairing, half-comprehended signal, vanishing into the shadows out of which they had come. Sometimes, indeed, inspired by the good cheer of the place, they departed looking a little less gloomy; sometimes, too, they grew into a kind of active if transitory relation with the busy little world, and became, for the time, a part of it.

Mistress Mary went down to the street corner with the children one noon to see them safely over the crossing. There was generally a genial policeman who made it a part of his duty to stand guard there, and guide the reckless and stupid and bewildered ones among the youngsters over the difficulties that lay in their path. Sometimes he would devote himself to Atlantic and Pacific Simonson, who really desired death, though they were not spiritually fitted for it, and bent all their energies toward getting under trucks rather than away from them. Marm Lisa never approached the spot without a nervous trembling and a look of terror in her eyes, and before the advent of the helpful officer had always taken a twin by each arm, and they had gone over thus as a solid body, no matter how strong the resistance.

On this special morning there was no guardian of the peace in evidence, but standing on the crossing was a bearded man of perhaps forty years. Rather handsome he was, and well though carelessly dressed, but he stood irresolutely, with his hands in his pockets, as if quite undecided what to do next. Mary simply noted him as an altogether strange figure in the neighborhood, but the unexpected appearance of a large dog on the scene scattered the babies, and they fell on her in a weeping phalanx.

"Will you kindly help a little?" she asked after a moment's waiting, in which any chivalrous gentleman, she thought, should have flung himself into the breach.

"I?" he asked vaguely. "How do you mean? What shall I do?"

She longed to say, "Wake up, and perhaps an idea will come to you;" but she did say, with some spirit, "Almost anything, thank you. Drive the dog away, and help some of the smallest children across the street, please. You can have these two" (indicating the twins smilingly), "or the other ninety-eight,—whichever you like."

He obeyed orders, though not in a very

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alert fashion, but showed a sense of humor in choosing the ninety-eight rather than the two, and Mary left him on the corner with a pleasant word of thanks and a cheery remark.

The next morning he appeared at the door of the house, and asked if he might sit awhile. He was made welcome; but it was a busy morning, and he was so silent a visitor that everybody forgot his existence.

He made a curious impression, which can hardly be described, save that any student of human nature would say at once, "He is out of relation to the world." He had something of the expression one sees in a recluse or a hermit. If you have ever wandered up a mountain side, you may have come suddenly upon a hut, a rude bed within it, and in the door a man reading, or smoking, or gazing into vacancy. You remember the look you met in that man's eyes. He has tasted life and found it bitter; has sounded the world and found it hollow; has known man or woman and found them false. Friendship to him is without savor, and love without hope.

After watching the children for an hour, the stranger slipped out quietly. Mistress Mary followed him to the door, abashed at her unintentional discourtesy in allowing him to go without a "good-morning." She saw him stand at the foot of the steps, look first up, then down the street, then walk aimlessly to the corner. There, with hands in pockets, he paused again, glancing four ways; then, with a shrug and a gait that seemed to say, "It makes no difference," he slouched away.

"He is simply a stranger in a strange city, pining for his home," thought Mary, "or else he is a stranger in every city, and has nowhere a home."

He came again a few days later, and then again, apologizing for the frequency of his visits, but giving no special reason for them. The neophytes called him "the Solitary," but the children christened him after a fashion of their own, and began to ask small favors of him. "Thread my needle, please, Mr. Man!" "More beads" or "More paper, Mr. Man, please."

It is impossible to keep out of relation with little children. One of these mites of humanity would make a man out of your mountain hermit, resist as he might. They set up a claim on one whether it exists or not, and one has to allow it, and respond to it at least in some perfunctory fashion. More than once, as Mr. Man sat silently near the circle, the chubby Baker baby would fall over his feet, and he would involuntarily stoop to pick her up, straighten her dress, and soothe her woe. There was no hearty pleasure in his service even now. Nobody was certain that he felt any pleasure at all. His helpfulness was not spontaneous; it seemed a kind of reflex action, a survival of some former state of mind or heart; for he did his favors in a dream, nor heard any thanks; yet the elixir was working in his veins.

"He is dreadfully in the way," grumbled Edith; "he is more ever-present than my ardent Russian."

"So long as he insists on coming, let us make him supply the paternal element," suggested Rhoda. "It may be a degrading confession, but we could afford to part with several women here if we could only secure a really fatherly man. The Solitary cannot indulge in any day-dreams or trances, if we accept him as the Patriarch of the institution."

Whereupon they boldly asked him, on his subsequent visits, to go upon errands, and open barrels of apples, and order intoxicated gentlemen off the steps, and mend locks and window-fastenings, and sharpen lead-pencils, and put on coal, and tell the lady in the rear that her parrot interfered with their morning prayers by shrieking the hymns in impossible keys. He accepted these tasks without protest, and performed them conscientiously, save in the parrot difficulty, in which case he

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gave one look at the lady, and fled without opening the subject.

It could not be said that he appeared more cheerful, the sole sign of any increased exhilaration of spirits being the occasional straightening of his cravat and the smoothing of his hair, — refinements of toilet that had heretofore been much neglected, though he always looked unmistakably the gentleman.

He seemed more attracted by Marm Lisa than by any of the smaller children; but that may have been because Mary had told him her story, thinking that other people's stories were a useful sort of thing to tell people who had possible stories of their own.

Lisa was now developing a curious and unexpected facility and talent in the musical games. She played the tambourine, the triangle, the drum, as nobody else could, and in accompanying the marches she invented all sorts of unusual beats and accents. It grew to be the natural thing to give her difficult parts in the little dramas of child life: the cock that crowed in the morn to wake the sleeping birds and babies, the mother bird in the nest, the spreading willow-tree in the pond where the frogs congregated, — these rôles she delighted in and played with all her soul.

It would have been laughable, had it not been pathetic, to watch her drag Mr. Man into the games, and to see him succumb to her persuasions with his face hanging out flaming signals of embarrassment. In the "Carrier Doves" the little pigeons flew with an imaginary letter to him, and this meant that he was to stand and read it aloud, as Mary and Edith had done before him.

"It seems to be a letter from a child," he faltered, and then began stammeringly, "'My dear Mr. Man'" — There was a sudden stop. That there was a letter in his mind nobody could doubt, but he was too greatly moved to read it. Rhoda quickly reached out her hand for the paper, covering his discomfiture by exclaiming, "The pigeons have brought Mr. Man a letter from some children in his fatherland! Yes" (reading), "they hope that we will be good to him, because he is far away from home, and they send their love to all Mistress Mary's children. Was n't it pretty of the doves to remember that Mr. Man is a stranger here?"

The Solitary appeared for the last time a week before Thanksgiving Day, and he opened the door on a scene of jollity that warmed him to the heart.

In the middle of the floor was a mimic boat, crowded from stem to stern with little Pilgrim fathers and mothers trying to land on Plymouth Rock, in a high state of excitement and an equally high sea. Pat Higgins was a chieftain commanding a large force of tolerably peaceful Indians on the shore, and Massasoit himself never exhibited more dignity; while Marm Lisa was the proud mother of the baby Oceanus born on the eventful voyage of the Mayflower.

Then Mistress Mary told the story of the festival very simply and sweetly, and all the tiny Pilgrims sang a hymn of thanksgiving. The Solitary listened, with his heart in his eyes and a sob in his throat; then, Heaven knows under the inspiration of what memory, he brushed Edith from the piano-stool, and seating himself in her place, played as if he were impelled by some irresistible force. The hand of a master had never swept those keys before, and he held his hearers spellbound.

There was a silence that could be felt. The major part of the audience were not of an age to appreciate high art, but the youngsters were awed by the strange spectacle of Mr. Man at the piano, and with gaping mouth and strained ear listened to the divine harmonies he evoked. On and on he played, weaving the story of his past into the music, so it seemed to Mistress Mary. The theme came brokenly and uncertainly at first, as his thoughts strove for expression. Then out of the bitterness and gall, the suffer-

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ing and the struggle, — and was it remorse? — was born a sweet, resolute, triumphant strain that carried the listeners from height to height of sympathy and emotion. It had not a hint of serenity; it was new-born courage, aspiration, and self-mastery, — the song of "him that overcometh."

When he paused, there was a deep-drawn breath, a sigh from hearts surcharged with feeling, and Marm Lisa, who had drawn closer and closer to the piano, stood there now, one hand leaning on Mr. Man's shoulder and the tears chasing one another down her cheeks. "It hurts me here," she sighed, pressing her hand to her heart.

He rose presently and left the room without a word, while the children prepared for home-going with a subdued air of having assisted at some solemn rite.

When Mistress Mary went out on the steps, a little later, he was still there.

"It is the last time! Auf wiedersehen!" he said.

"Auf wiedersehen," she answered gently, giving him her hand.

"Have you no Thanksgiving sermon for me?" he asked, holding her fingers lingeringly. "No child in all your flock needs it so much."

"Yes," said Mary, "I have a sermon, but it is one with a trumpet-call, and little balm in it. Unto whomsoever anything is given, of him something shall be required."

When he reached the corner of the street he stopped, but instead of glancing four ways, as usual, he looked back at the porch where Mistress Mary stood. She carried Jenny Baker, a rosy sprig of babyhood, in the lovely curve of her arm, Bobby Baxter clasped her neck from behind in a strangling embrace, Johnny and Meg and Billy were tugging at her apron, and Marm Lisa was standing on tiptoe trying to put a rose in her hair. Then the Solitary passed into the crowd, and they saw him in the old places no more.

XIII.

LEAVES FROM MISTRESS MARY'S GARDEN.

"We have an unknown benefactor. A fortnight ago came three bushels of flowers: two hundred little nosegays marked 'For the children,' half a dozen knots of pink roses for the 'little mothers,' a dozen scarlet carnations for Lisa, while one great bunch of white lilies bore the inscription 'For the Mother Superior.' Last week a barrel of apples and another of oranges appeared mysteriously, and to-day comes a note, written in a hand we do not recognize, saying we are not to buy holly, mistletoe, evergreens, Christmas tree, or baubles of any kind, as they will be sent to us on December 22. We have inquired of our friends, but have no clue as yet, further than it must be somebody who knows our needs and desires very thoroughly. We have certainly entertained an angel unawares, but which among the crowd of visitors is it most likely to be? The Solitary, I wonder? I should never have thought it, were it not for the memory of that last day, the scene at the piano, 'the song of him that overcometh,' and the backward glance from the corner as he sprang, absolutely sprang, on the car. There was purpose in it, or I am greatly mistaken. Mr. Man's eyes would be worth looking into, if one could find purpose in their brown depths! Moreover, though I am too notorious a dreamer of dreams to be trusted, I can't help fancying he went *back* to something; it was not a mere forward move, not a sudden determination to find some new duty to do that life might grow nobler and sweeter, but a return to an old duty grown hateful. That was what I saw in his face as he stood on the crossing, with the noon sunshine caught in his tawny hair and beard. Rhoda, Edith, and I have each made a story about him, and each of us would vouch for the truth of her particular

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version. I will not tell mine, but this is Rhoda's; and while it differs from my own in several important particulars, it yet bears an astonishing resemblance to it. It is rather romantic; but if one is to make any sort of story out of the Solitary it must be a romantic one, for he suggests no other.

"Rhoda began her tale with a thrilling introduction that set us all laughing (we smile here when the tears are close at hand; indeed, we must smile, or we could not live): the prelude something about a lonely castle in the heart of the Hartz Mountains, and a prattling golden-haired babe stretching its arms across a ruined moat in the direction of its absent father. This was in the nature of an absurd prologue, but when she finally came to the Solitary she grew serious; for she made him in the bygone days a sensitive child and a dreamy, impetuous youth, with a domineering, ill-tempered father who was utterly unable and unwilling to understand or to sympathize with him. His younger brother (for Rhoda insists on a younger brother) lived at home, while he, the elder, spent, or misspent, his youth and early manhood in a German university. As the years went on, the relations between himself and his father grew more and more strained. Do as the son might, he could never please, either in his line of thought and study or in his practical pursuits. The father hated his books, his music, his poetry, and his artist friends, while he on his part found nothing to stimulate or content him in his father's tasks and manner of life. His mother pined and died in the effort to keep peace between them, but the younger brother's schemes were quite in an opposite direction. At this time Mr. Man flung himself into a foolish marriage, one that promised little in the shape of the happiness he craved so eagerly. (Rhoda insists on this unhappy marriage; I am in doubt about it.) Finally his father died, and on being summoned home, as he supposed, to take his rightful place and assume the management of the estate, he found himself disinherited. He could have borne the loss of fortune and broad acres better than this convincing proof of his father's dislike and distrust, and he could have endured even that had it not befallen him through the perfidy of his brother. When, therefore, he was met by his wife's bitter reproaches and persistent coldness, he closed his heart against all the world, shook the dust of home from off his feet, left his own small fortune behind him, kissed his little son, and became a wanderer on the face of the earth.

"This is substantially Rhoda's story, but it does not satisfy her completely. She says, in her whimsical way, that it needs another villain to account properly for Mr. Man's expression.

"Would it not be strange if by any chance we have brought him to a happier frame of mind? Would it not be a lovely tribute to the secret power of this place, to the healing atmosphere of love that we try to create, — that atmosphere in which we bathe our own tired spirits day by day, re-creating ourselves with every new dawn? But whether our benefactor be the Solitary or not, some heart has been brought into new relation with us and with the world. It only confirms my opinion that everybody is at his or her best in the presence of children. In what does the magic of their influence consist? This morning I was riding down in the horse-cars, and a poor ragged Italian woman entered, a baby in her arms, and two other children following close behind. The girl was a mite of a thing, prematurely grave, serious, pretty, and she led a boy just old enough to toddle. She lifted him carefully up to the seat (she who should have been lifted herself!), took his hat, smoothed his damp curly hair, and tucked his head down on her shoulder, a shoulder that had begun its life-work full early, poor tot! The boy was a feeble, frail, ill-nourished, dirty little urchin,

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who fell asleep as soon as his head touched her arm. His child nurse, having made him comfortable, gave a sigh of relief, and looked up and down the car with a radiant smile of content. Presto, change! All the railroad magnates and clerks had been watching her over their newspapers, and in one instant she had captured the car. I saw tears in many eyes, and might have seen more had not my own been full. There was apparently no reason for the gay, winsome, enchanting smile that curved the red mouth, brought two dimples into the brown cheeks, and sunny gleams into two dark eyes. True, she was riding instead of walking, and her charge was sleeping instead of waking and wailing; but these surely were trifling matters on which to base such rare content. Yet there it was shining in her face as she met a dozen pairs of eyes, and saw in each of them love for her sweet motherly little self, and love for the 'eternal womanly' of which she was the visible expression. There was a general exodus at Brett Street, and every man slipped a piece of silver furtively into the child's lap as he left the car; each, I think, trying to hide his action from the others.

"It is of threads such as these that I weave the fabric of my daily happiness, — a happiness that my friends never seem able to comprehend; the blindest of them pity me, indeed, but I consider myself, like Mary of old, 'blessed among women.'"

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Another day. — "God means all sorts of things when he sends men and women into the world. That he means marriage, and that it is the chiefest good, I have no doubt, but it is the love forces in it that make it so. I may, perhaps, reach my highest point of development without marriage, but I can never do it unless I truly and deeply love somebody or something. I am not sure, but it seems to me God intends me for other people's children, not for my own. My heart is so entirely in my work that I fancy I have none left for a possible husband. If ever a man comes who is strong enough and determined enough to sweep things aside and make a place for himself, willy-nilly, I shall ask him to come in and rest; but that seems very unlikely. What man have I ever seen who would help me to be the woman my work helps me to be? Of course there are such, but the Lord keeps them safely away from my humble notice, lest I should die of love or be guilty of hero-worship.

"Men are so dull, for the most part! They are often tender and often loyal, but they seldom put any spiritual leaven into their tenderness, and their loyalty is apt to be rather unimaginative. Heigho! I wish we could make lovers as the book-writers do, by rolling the virtues and graces of two or three men into one! I'd almost like to be a man in this decade, a young, strong man, for there are such splendid giants to slay! To be sure, a woman can always buckle on the sword, and that is rather a delightful avocation, after all; but somehow there are comparatively few men nowadays who care greatly to wear swords or have them buckled on. There is no inspiration in trying to buckle on the sword of a man who never saw one, and who uses it wrong end foremost, and falls down on it, and entangles his legs in it, and scratches his ladye's hand with it whenever he kisses her! And therefore, these things, for aught I see, being unalterably so, I will take children's love, woman's love, and man's friendship; man's friendship, which, if it is not life's poetry, is credible prose, says George Meredith, — 'a land of low undulations, instead of Alps, beyond the terrors and deceptions.' That will fill to overflowing my life, already so full, and in time I shall grow from everybody's Mistress Mary into everybody's Mother Mary, and that will be the end of me in my present state of being."

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Another day. — "My beloved work! How beautiful it is! Toniella has not brought little Nino this week. She says he is ill, but that he sits every day in the orchard, singing our songs and modeling birds from the lump of clay we sent him. When I heard that phrase 'in the orchard,' I felt a curious sensation, for I know they live in a tenement house; but I said nothing, and went to visit them.

"The orchard is a few plants in pots and pans on a projecting window-sill!

"My heart went down on its knees when I saw it. The divine spark is in those children; it will be a moving power, helping them to struggle out of their present environment into a wider, sunnier one, — the one of the real orchards. How fresh, how full of possibilities, is the world to the people who can keep the child heart, and above all to the people who are able to see orchards in window-boxes!"

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Another day. — "Lisa's daily lesson is just finished. It was in arithmetic, and I should have lost patience had it not been for her musical achievements this morning. Edith played the airs of twenty or thirty games, and without a word of help from us she associated the right memory with each, and illustrated it with pantomime. In some cases, she invented gestures of her own that showed deeper intuition than ours; and when, last of all, the air of the Carrier Doves was played, a vision of our Solitary must have come before her mind. Her lip trembling, she held an imaginary letter in her fingers, and, brushing back the hair from her forehead (his very gesture!), she passed her hand across her eyes, laid the make-believe note in Rhoda's apron, and slipped out of the door without a word.

"'Mr. Man! Mr. Man! It is Mr. Man when he could n't read his letter!' cried the children. 'Why does n't he come to see us any more, Miss Rhoda?'

"'He is doing some work for Miss Mary, I think,' answered Rhoda, with a teasing look at me.

"Lisa came back just then, and rubbed her cheek against my arm. 'I went to the corner,' she whispered, 'but he was n't there; he is never there now!'

"It was the remembrance of this astonishing morning that gave me courage in the later lesson. She seems to have no idea of numbers, — there will be great difficulty there, — but she reads well, and the marvel of it is that she has various talents! She is weak, uneducated; many things are either latent or altogether missing in her as yet, and I do not know how many of them will appear, nor how long a process it will be; but her mind is full of compensations, and that is the last thing I expected. It is only with infinite struggle that she *learns* anything, though she is capable of struggle, and that is a good deal to say; but she has besides a precious heritage of instincts and insights, hitherto unsuspected and never drawn upon. It is precisely as if there had been a bundle of possibilities folded away somewhere in her brain, but hidden by an intervening veil, or crushed by some alien weight. We seem to have drawn away that curtain or lifted that weight, and the faculties so long obscured are stretching themselves and growing with their new freedom. It reminds me of the weak, stunted grass blades under a stone. I am always lifting it and rolling it away, sentimentally trying to give the struggling shoots a chance. One can see for many a long day where the stone has been, but the grass forgets it after a while, when it breathes the air and sunshine, tastes the dew and rain, and feels the miracle of growth within its veins."

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Another day. — "The twins are certainly improving a trifle. They are by no means angelic, but they are at least growing human; and if ever their tremendous energy — a very whirlwind — is once turned in the right direction, we shall see things move, I warrant you!

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Rhoda says truly that the improvement cannot be seen with the naked eye; but the naked eye is not in use with us, in our work, nor indeed with the Father of Lights, who teaches us all to see truly if we will.

"The young minister has spent a morning with us. He came to make my acquaintance, shook me warmly by the hand, and — that was the last I saw of him, for he kept as close to Rhoda's side as circumstances would permit! The naked eye is all one needs to discern his motives! Psychological observations, indeed! Child study, forsooth! It was lovely to see Rhoda's freshness, spontaneity, and unconsciousness, as she flitted about like a pretty cardinal-bird. Poor young minister, whose heart is dangling at the strings of her scarlet apron! Lucky young minister, if his arm ever goes about that slender red-ribboned waist, and his lips ever touch that glowing cheek! But poor me! what will the garden be without our crimson rose?"

XIV.

MORE LEAVES.

"It has been one of the discouraging days. Lisa was willful; the twins had a moral relapse; the young minister came again, and oh, the interminable length of time he held Rhoda's hand at parting! Is it not strange that, with the whole universe to choose from, his predatory eye must fall upon my blooming Rhoda? I wonder whether the fragrance she will shed upon that one small parsonage will be as widely disseminated as the sweetness she exhales here, day by day, among our 'little people all in a row'? I am not sure; I hope so; at any rate, selfishness must not be suffered to eclipse my common sense, and the young minister seems a promising, manly fellow.

"When we have had a difficult day, I go home and sit down in my cosy corner in the twilight, the time and place where I always repeat my *credo*, which is this:

"It is the children of this year, of every new year, who are to bring the full dawn, that dawn that has been growing since first the world began. It is not only that children re-create the world year by year, decade by decade, by making over human nature; by transforming trivial, thoughtless men and women into serious, earnest ones; by waking in arid natures slumbering seeds of generosity, self-sacrifice, and helpfulness. It is not alone in this way that children are bringing the dawn of the perfect day. It is the children (bless them! how naughty they were to-day!) who are going to do all we have left undone, all we have failed to do, all we would have done had we been wise enough, all we have been too weak and stupid to do.

"Among the thousands of tiny things growing up all over the land, some of them under my very wing, — watched and tended, unwatched and untended, loved, unloved, protected from danger, thrust into temptation, — among them somewhere is the child who will write a great poem that will live for ever and ever, kindling every generation to a loftier ideal. There is the child who will write the novel that is to stir men's hearts to nobler issues and incite them to better deeds. There is the child (perhaps it is Nino) who will paint the greatest picture or carve the greatest statue of the age; another who will deliver his country in an hour of peril; another who will give his life for a great principle; and another, born more of the spirit than the flesh, who will live continually on the heights of moral being, and dying, draw men after him. It may be I shall preserve one of these children to the race, — who knows? It is a peg big enough on which to hang a hope, for every child born into the world is a new incarnate thought of God, an ever fresh and radiant possibility."

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Another day. — "Would I had the gift to capture Mrs. Grubb and put her between the covers of a book!

"It tickles Rhoda's fancy mightily that the Vague Lady (as we call her) should take Lisa before the Commissioners of Lunacy! Rhoda says that if she has an opportunity to talk freely with them, they will inevitably jump at the conclusion that Lisa has brought *her* for examination, as she is so much the more irrational of the two! Rhoda facetiously imagines a scene in which a reverend member of the body takes Lisa aside and says solemnly, 'My dear child, you have been wise beyond your years in bringing us your guardian, and we cannot allow her to be at large another day, lest she become suddenly violent.'

"Of late I have noticed that she has gradually dropped one club and society after another, concentrating her attention more and more upon Theosophy. Every strange weed and sucker that can grow anywhere flourishes in the soil of her mind, and if a germ of truth or common sense does chance to exist in any absurd theory, it is choked by the time it has lain there among the underbrush for a little space; so that when she begins her harvesting (which is always a long while before anything is ripe), one can never tell precisely what sort of crop was planted.

"It seems that the Theosophists are considering the establishment of a colony of Mahatmas at Mojave, on the summit of the Tehachapi Mountains. Their present habitat is the Himalayas, but there is no reason why we should not encourage them to settle in this country. The Tehachapis would give as complete retirement as the Himalayas, while the spiritual advantages to be derived from an infusion of Mahatmas into our population is self-evident. 'Think, my sisters,' Mrs. Grubb would say, 'think, that our mountain ranges may some time be peopled by omniscient beings thousands of years old and still growing!' Up to this last aberration I have had some hope of Grubb o' Dreams. Her giving up so many societies and meetings I thought a good sign. The house is not any tidier, but at least she stays in it occasionally. In the privacy of my own mind I have been ascribing this slight reformation to the most ordinary cause, — namely, a Particular Man. It would never have occurred to me in her case had not Edith received confidential advices from Mrs. Sylvester.

"'We 're going to lose her, I feel it!' said Mrs. Sylvester. 'I feel it, and she alludes to it herself. There ain't but two ways of her classes losing her, death and marriage; and as she looks too healthy to die, it must be the other one. She 's never accepted any special attentions till about a month ago, when the Improved Order of Red Men held their Great Council here. You see she used to be Worthy Wenonah of Pocahontas Lodge years ago, when my husband was Great Keeper of the Wampum, but she has n't attended regularly; a woman is so handicapped, when it comes to any kind of public work, by her home and her children. I do hope I shall live long enough to see all those kind of harassing duties performed in public, coöperative institutions. She went to the Council to keep me company, mostly, but the very first evening I could see that William Burkhardt, of Bald Eagle No. 62, was struck with her; she lights up splendidly, Mrs. Grubb does. He stayed with her every chance he got during the week; but I did n't see her give him any encouragement, and I should never have thought of it again if she had n't come home late from one of the Council Fires at the Wigwam. I was just shutting my bedroom blinds. I tried not to listen, for I despise eavesdropping, of all things, but I could n't help hearing her say, "No, Mr. Burkhardt, you are only a Junior Sagamore, and I am ambitious. When you are a Great Sachem it will be time enough to consider the matter."'

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"Mrs. Sylvester, Edith, and I agreed that this was most significant, but we may have been mistaken, according to her latest development. The 'passing away' so feelingly alluded to by Mrs. Sylvester is to be of a different sort. She has spoken mysteriously to me before of her reasons for denying herself luxuries; of the goal she expected to reach through rigid denial of the body and training of the spirit; of her longing to come less in contact with the foul magnetism of the common herd, so detrimental to her growth; but she formally announced to me in strict confidence today her ambition to be a Mahatma. Of course she has been so many things that there are comparatively few left; still, say whatever we like, she has the spirit of all the Argonauts, that woman! She has been an Initiate for some time, and considers herself quite ready for the next step, which is to be a Chela. It is unnecessary to state that she climbs the ladder of evolution much faster than the ordinary Theosophist, who is somewhat slow in his movements, and often deals in centuries, or even æons.

"I did not know that there were female Mahatmas, reasoning unconsciously from the fact that an Adept is supposed to hold his peace for many years before he can even contemplate the possibility of being a Mahatma. (The idea of Grubb o' Dreams holding her peace is too absurd for argument.) There are many grades of Adepts, it seems, ranging from the 'topmost' Mahatmas down. The highest of all, the Nirmanakayas, are self-conscious without the body, traveling hither and thither with but one object, that of helping humanity. As we descend the scale, we find Adepts (and a few second-class Mahatmas) living in the body, for the wheel of Karma has not entirely revolved for them; but they have a key to their 'prison' (that is what Mrs. Grubb calls her nice, pretty body!), and can emerge from it at pleasure. That is, any really capable and energetic Adept can project his soul from its prison to any place that he pleases, with the rapidity of thought. I may have my personal doubts as to the possibilities of this gymnastic feat, but Mrs. Grubb's intellectual somersaults have been of such thoroughness and frequency that I am sure, if anybody can perform the gyration, she can! Meantime, there are decades of retirement, meditation, and preparation necessary, and she can endure nothing of that sort in this present incarnation, so the parting does not seem imminent!

"She came to consult me about Soul Haven for the twins. I don't think it a wholly bad plan. The country is better for them than the city; we can manage to get occasional news of their welfare; it will tide over the brief interval of time needed by Mrs. Grubb for growing into a Chela; and in any event, they are sure to run away from the Haven as soon as they become at all conscious of their souls, a moment which I think will be considerably delayed.

"Mrs. Grubb will not yield Lisa until she is certain that the Soul Haven colonists will accept the twins without a caretaker, but unless the matter is quietly settled by the new year I shall find some heroic means of changing her mind. I have considered the matter earnestly for many months without knowing precisely how to find sufficient money for the undertaking. My own income can be stretched to cover her maintenance, but it is not sufficient to give her the proper sort of education. She is beyond my powers now, and perhaps — nay, of a certainty, if her health continues to improve — five years of skillful teaching will make her — What it will make her no one can prophesy, but it is sure to be something worth working for. No doubt I can get the money by a public appeal, and if it were for a dozen children I would willingly do it, as indeed I have done it many times in the past.

"That was a beautiful thought of Pas-

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tor Von Bodelschwingh, of the Colony of Mercy in Germany. 'Mr. Man' told me about him in one of the very few long talks we had together. He had a home for adults and children of ailing mind and body, and when he wanted a new house for the little ones, and there was no money to build or equip it, he asked every parent in Germany for a thank-offering to the Lord of one penny for each well child. Within a short fortnight four hundred thousand pennies flowed in, — four hundred thousand thank-offerings for children strong and well. The good pastor's wish was realized, and his Baby Castle an accomplished fact. Not only did the four hundred thousand pennies come, but the appeal for them stimulated a new sense of gratitude among all the parents who responded, so that there came pretty, touching messages from all sides, such as: 'Four pennies for four living children; for a child in heaven, two.' 'Six pennies for a happy home.' 'One penny for the child we never had.' 'Five pennies for a good wife.'

"Ah! never, surely, was a Baby Castle framed of such lovely timber as this! It seems as if heaven's sweet air must play about the towers, and heaven's sunshine stream in at every window, of a house built from turret to foundation-stone of such royal material. The Castle might look like other castles, but every enchanted brick and stone and block of wood, every grain of mortar, every bit of glass and marble, unlike all others of its kind, would be transformed by the thought it represented and thrilled with the message it bore.

"Such an appeal I could make for my whole great family, but somehow this seems almost a private matter, and I am sensitive about giving it publicity. My love and hope for Lisa are so great I cannot bear to describe her 'case,' nor paint her unhappy childhood in the hues it deserves, for the sake of gaining sympathy and aid. I may have to do it, but would I were the little Crœsus of a day! Still, Christmas is coming, and who knows?

> 'Everywhere the Feast o' the Babe,
> Joy upon earth, peace and good-will to men!
> We are baptized.'

Merry Christmas is coming. Everybody's hand-grasp is warmer because of it, though of course it is the children whose merriment rings truest.

"There are just one or two things, grown up as I am, that I should like to find in the toe of my stocking on Christmas morning; only they are impalpable things that could neither be put in nor taken out of real stockings.

"Old as we are, we are most of us mere children in this, that we go on hoping that next Christmas all the delicious happenings we have missed in other Christmases may descend upon us by the old and reliable chimney route! A Santa Claus that had any bowels of compassion would rush down the narrowest and sootiest chimney in the world to give me my simple wishes. It is n't as if I were petitioning nightly for a grand house, a yacht, a four-in-hand, a diamond necklace, and a particular man for a husband; but I don't see that modesty finds any special favor with St. Nick. Now and then I harbor a rascally suspicion that he is an indolent, time-serving person, who slips down the widest, cleanest chimneys to the people who clamor the loudest; but this abominable cynicism melts into thin air the moment that I look at his jolly visage on the cover of a picture-book. Dear, fat, rosy, radiant Being! Surely he is incapable of any but the highest motives! I am twenty-eight years old, but age shall never make any difference in the number or extent of my absurdities. I am going to write a letter and send it up the chimney! It never used to fail in the long-ago; but ah! then there were two dear faithful go-betweens to interpret my childish messages of longing to Santa Claus and jog his memory at the critical time!"

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XV.

"THE FEAST O' THE BABE."

It was sure to be a green Christmas in that sunny land, but not the sort of "green Yule" that makes the "fat kirkyard." If the New Englanders who had been transplanted to that shore of the Pacific ever longed for a bracing snowstorm, for frost pictures on the windowpanes, for the breath of a crystal air blown over ice-fields, — an air that nipped the ears, but sent the blood coursing through the veins, and made the turkey and cranberry sauce worth eating, — the happy children felt no lack, and basked contentedly in the soft December sunshine. Still farther south there were mothers who sighed even more for the sound of merry sleigh-bells, the snapping of logs on the hearth, the cosy snugness of a firelit room made all the snugger by the fierce wind without: that, if you like, was a place to hang a row of little red and brown woolen stockings! And when those children on the eastern side of the Rockies, tired with resisting the Sand Man, had snuggled under the great down comforters and dropped off to sleep, they dreamed, of course, of the proper Christmas things, — of the tiny feet of reindeer pattering over the frozen crust, the tinkle of silver bells on their collars, the real Santa Claus with icicles in his beard, with red cheeks, and a cold nose, and a powder of snow on his bearskin coat, and with big fur mittens never too clumsy to take the toys from his pack.

Here the air blew across orange groves and came laden with the sweetness of opening buds; here, if it were a sunny Christmas Day, as well it might be, the children came in to dinner tired with playing in the garden; but the same sort of joyous cries that rent the air three thousand miles away at sight of hot plum pudding woke the echoes here because of fresh strawberries and loquats; and although, in the minds of the elders, who had been born in snowdrifts and bred upon icicles, this union of balmy air, singing birds, and fragrant bloom might strike a false note at Christmastide, it brought nothing but joy to the children. After all, if it were not for old association's sake, it would seem that one might fitly celebrate the birthday of the Christ-child under sunshine as warm, and skies of the same blue as those that sheltered the heavenly Babe in old Judæa.

During the late days of October and the early days of November the long drought of summer had been broken, and it had rained steadily, copiously, refreshingly. Since then there had been day after day of brilliant, cloudless sunshine, and the moist earth, warmed gratefully through to the marrow, stirred and trembled and pushed forth myriads of tender shoots from the seeds that were hidden in its bosom; and the tender shoots themselves looked up to the sun, and, with their roots nestled in sweet, fragrant beds of richness, thought only of growing tall and green, dreamed only of the time when pink pimpernels would bloom between their waving blades, and when tribes of laughing children would come to ramble over the hillsides. The streets of the city were full of the fragrance of violets, for the flower-venders had great baskets of them over their arms, and on every corner tempted the passers-by with the big odorous purple bunches that offered a royal gift of sweetness for every penny invested.

Atlantic and Pacific Simonson had previously known little, and Marm Lisa less, of Christmas time, but the whole month of December in Mistress Mary's garden was a continual feast of the new-born Babe. There was an almost oppressive atmosphere of secrecy abroad. Each family of children, working in the retirement of its particular corner, would shriek, "Oh, don't come!" and hide small objects under pinafores and tables when Mary, Rhoda, Edith, or Helen appeared.

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The neophyte in charge was always in the attitude of a surprised hen, extending her great apron to its utmost area as a screen to hide these wonderful preparations. Edith's group was slaving over Helen's gift, Rhoda's over Edith's, and so on, while all the groups had some marvelous bit of coöperative work in hand for Mistress Mary. At the afternoon council, the neophytes were obliged to labor conscientiously on presents destined for themselves, rubbing stains off, disentangling knots, joining threads, filling up wrong holes and punching right ones, surreptitiously getting the offerings of love into a condition where the energetic infants could work on them again. It was somewhat difficult to glow and pale with surprise when they received these well-known trophies of skill from the tree at the proper time, but they managed to achieve it.

Never at any other season was there such scrubbing of paws, and in spite of the most devoted sacrifices to the Moloch of cleanliness the excited little hands grew first moist, and then grimy, nobody knew how. "It must leak out of the inside of me," wailed Bobby Baxter when sent to the pump for the third time, one morning; but he went more or less cheerfully, for his was the splendid honor of weaving a frame for Lisa's picture, and he was not the man to grudge an inch or two of skin if thereby he might gain a glorious immortality.

The principal conversation during this festival time consisted of phrases like: "I know what you 're goin' to have, Miss Edith, but I won't tell!" "Miss Mary, Sally 'most told Miss Rhoda what she was makin' for her." "Miss Helen, Pat Higgins went right up to Miss Edith and asked her to help him mend the leg of his clay frog, and it 's his own Christmas present for her!"

The children could not for the life of them play birds, or butterflies, or carpenter, or scissors-grinder, for they wanted to shout the livelong day, —

"Christmas bells are ringing sweet,
We too the happy day must greet;"

or, —

"Under the holly, now,
Sing and be jolly, now,
Christmas has come and the children are glad;"

or, —

"Hurrah for Santa Claus!
Long may he live at his castle in Somewhereland!"

There was much whispering and discussion about evergreens and garlands and wreaths that were soon to come, and much serious planning with regard to something to be made for mother, father, sister, brother, and the baby; something, too, now and then, for a grandpapa in Sweden, a grandmamma in Scotland, a Norwegian uncle, an Irish aunt, and an Italian cousin; but there was never by chance any cogitation as to what the little workers themselves might get. In the happier homes among them, there was doubtless the usual legitimate speculation as to doll or drum, but here in this enchanted spot, this materialized Altruria, the talk was all of giving, when the Wonderful Tree bloomed in their midst, — the Wonderful Tree they sang about every morning, with the sweet voice

"telling its branches among
Of shepherd's watch and of angel's song,
Of lovely Babe in manger low, —
The beautiful story of long ago,
When a radiant star threw its beams so wide
To herald the earliest Christmastide."

The Tree was coming, — Mistress Mary said so; and bless my heart, you might possibly meddle with the revolution of the earth around the sun, or induce some weak-minded planet to go the wrong way, but you would be helpless to reverse one of Mistress Mary's promises! They were as fixed and as unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, and there was a record of their fulfillment indelibly written in the memories of two hundred small personages, — personages in whom adult caprice and flexibility of conduct had bred a tendency to

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suspicion. The Tree, therefore, had been coming for a fortnight, and on the 22d It came! Neither did it come alone, for it was accompanied by a forest of holly and mistletoe, and ropes of evergreen, and wreaths and garlands of laurel, and green stars by the dozen. And in a great box, at present hidden from the children, were heaps of candles, silver and crystal baubles, powdered snowflakes, glass icicles, gilded nuts, party-colored spheres, cornucopias full of goodies, and, above all, two wonderful Christmas angels and a snow-white dove!

Neither tree, nor garlands, nor box had any hint of the donor, to the great disappointment of the neophytes. Rhoda had an idea, for Cupid had "clapped her i' the shoulder," and her intuitions were preternaturally keen just now. Mary almost knew, though she had never been in love in her life, and her faculties were working only in their every-day fashion; but she was not in the least surprised when she drew a letter from under the white dove's wing; seeing that it was addressed to her, she waited until everybody had gone, and sat under the pepper-tree in the deserted playground where she might read it in solitude.

"Dear Mistress Mary," it said, "do you care to hear of my life?

'Das Ewig-Weibliche,
Zieht uns hinan,'

and I am growing olives. Do you remember what the Spanish monk said to the tree that he pruned, and that cried out under his hook? 'It is not beauty that is wanted of you, nor shade, but olives.' The sun is hot, and it has not rained for many a long week, it seems to me, but the dew of your influence falls ever sweet and fresh on the dust of my daily task.

"Inclosed please find the wherewithal for Lisa's next step higher. As she needs more it will come. I give it for sheer gratitude, as the good folk gave their pennies to Pastor Von Bodelschwingh. Why am I grateful? For your existence, to be sure! I had lived my life haunted by the feeling that there was such a woman, and finally the mysterious wind of destiny blew me to her, 'as the tempest brings the rose-tree to the pollard willow.'

"Do not be troubled about me, little mother-of-many! There was once upon a time a common mallow by the roadside, and being touched by Mohammed's garment as he passed it was changed at once into a geranium; and best of all, it remained a geranium forever after.

"YOUR SOLITARY."

XVI.

CLEANSING FIRES.

It was the afternoon of the day before Christmas, and all the little people had gone home, leaving the room vacant for the decking of the Wonderful Tree. Edith, Helen, and others were perched on step-ladders, festooning garlands and wreaths from window to window, and post to post. Mary and Rhoda were hanging burdens of joy among the green branches of the tree.

The room began to look more and more lovely as the evergreen stars were hung by scarlet ribbons in each of the twelve windows, and the picture-frames were crowned with holly branches. Then Mistress Mary was elevated to a great height on a pyramid of tables and chairs, and suspended the two Christmas angels by invisible wires from the ceiling. When the chorus of admiration had subsided, she took the white dove tenderly from Rhoda's upstretched hands (and what a charming Christmas picture they made, — the eager upturned rosy face of the one, the gracious fairness of the other!), and laying its soft breast against her cheek for a moment, perched it on the topmost branch of waving green with a thought of "Mr. Man," and a hope that the blessed day might bring him a

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tithe of the cheer he had given them. The effect of the dove and the angels was so electrical that all the fresh young voices burst into the chorus of the children's hymn : —

> He was born upon this day
> In David's town so far away,
> He the good and loving One,
> Mary's ever-blessèd Son.
> Let us all our voices lend,
> For He was the children's Friend,
> He so lovely, He so mild,
> Jesus, blessed Christmas Child!

As the last line of the chorus floated out of the open windows, an alarm of fire sounded, followed by a jangle of bells and a rumble of patrol wagons. On going to the west window, Edith saw a blaze of red light against the sky, far in the distance, in the direction of Lone Mountain. Soon after, almost on the heels of the first, came another alarm, with its attendant clangings, its cries of "Fire!" its chatterings and conjectures, its rushing of small boys in all directions, its tread of hurrying policemen, its hasty flinging up of windows and grouping of heads therein.

The girls were too busy labeling the children's gifts to listen attentively to the confused clamor in the streets, — fires were common enough in a city built of wood; but when, half an hour after the first and second alarms, a third sounded, they concluded it must be a conflagration, and Rhoda, dropping her nuts and cornucopias, ran to the corner for news. She was back again almost immediately, excited and breathless.

"Oh, Mary!" she exclaimed, her hand on her panting side, "unless they are mistaken, it is three separate fires: one, a livery-stable and carriage-house out towards Lone Mountain; another fearful one on Telegraph Hill, — a whole block of houses, and they have n't had enough help there because of the Lone Mountain fire; now there 's a third alarm, and they say it 's at the corner of Sixth and Dutch streets. If it is, we have a tenement house next door; is n't that clothing-place on the corner? Yes, I know it is; come along. Edith and Helen will watch the Christmas things."

Mary did not need to be told to "come along." She had her hat in her hand and was on the sidewalk before Rhoda had fairly finished her sentence.

They hurried through the streets, guided by the cloud of smoke that gushed from the top of a building in the near distance. Almost everybody was running in the opposite direction, attracted by the Telegraph Hill fire that flamed vermilion and gold against the gray sky, looking from its elevation like a mammoth bonfire, or like a hundred sunsets massed in one lurid pile of color.

"Is it the Golden Gate tenement house?" they asked of the neighborhood locksmith, who was walking rapidly towards them.

"No, it 's the coat factory next door," he answered. "'T would n't be so much of a blaze if they could get the fire company here to put it out before it gets headway; but it 's one o' those blind fires that 's been sizzling away inside the walls for an hour. The folks did n't know they was afire till a girl run in and told 'em, — your Lisa it was, — and they did n't believe her at first; but it warn't a minute before the flames burst right through the plastering in half a dozen places to once. I tell you, they just dropped everything where it was and run for their lives. There warn't but one man on the premises, and he was such a blamed fool he wasted five minutes trying to turn the alarm into the letter-box on the lamp-post, 'stead of the right one alongside. I 'm going home for some tools — Hullo! there 's the flames coming through one corner o' the roof; that 's the last o' the factory, I guess. But it ain't much loss, anyway; it 's a reg'lar sweatin'-shop. They 'll let it go now, and try to save the buildings each side of it, — that 's what they 'll do."

That is what they were doing when

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Mary and Rhoda broke away from the voluble locksmith in the middle of his discourse and neared the scene of excitement. The firemen had not yet come, though it was rumored that a detachment was on the way. All the occupants of the tenement house were taking their goods and chattels out, — running down the narrow stairways with feather-beds, dropping clocks and china ornaments from the windows, and endangering their lives by crawling down the fire-escapes with small articles of no value. Men were scarce at that hour in that locality, but there was a good contingent of small shopkeepers, gentlemen-of-steady-leisure, who were on the roof pouring water over wet blankets and comforters and carpets. A crazy-looking woman in the fourth story kept dipping a child's handkerchief in and out of a bowl of water and wrapping it about a tomato-can with a rosebush planted in it. Another, very much intoxicated, leaned from her window, and, regarding the whole matter as an agreeable entertainment, called down humorous remarks and ribald jokes to the oblivious audience. There was an improvised hook-and-ladder company pouring water where it was least needed, and a zealous self-appointed commanding officer who did nothing but shout contradictory orders; but as nobody obeyed them, and every man did just as he was inclined, it did not make any substantial difference in the result.

Mary and Rhoda made their way through the mass of interested spectators, not so many here as on the cooler side of the street. There was a Babel of confusion, but nothing like the uproar that would have been heard had not part of the district's population fled to the more interesting fire, and had not the whole thing been so quiet and so lightning-quick in its progress. The whole scene now burst upon their view. A few harassed policemen had stretched ropes across the street, and were trying to keep back the rebellious ones in the crowd who ever and anon would struggle under the line and have to be beaten back by force.

As Mary and Rhoda approached, a group on the outskirts cried out, "Here she is! 'T ain't more 'n a minute sence they went to tell her! Here she is now!"

The expected fire brigade could hardly be called "she," Mary thought, as she glanced over her shoulder, but she took advantage of the parting of the crowd, and as she made her way she heard, as in a waking dream, disjointed sentences that had no meaning at first, but being pieced together grew finally into an awful whole.

"Why did n't the factory girls bring 'em out? Did n't know they was there?"

"Say, one of 'em was saved, warn't it?"

"Which one of 'em did she get down before the roof caught?"

"No, 't ain't no such thing; the manager 's across the bay; she gave the alarm herself."

"She did n't know they was in there; I bet yer they 'd run and hid, and she was hunting 'em when she seen the smoke."

"Yes, she did; she dropped the girl twin out the second-story window into Abe Isaac's arms, but she did n't know the boy was in the building till just now, and they can't hardly hold her."

"She 's foolish, anyhow, ain't she?"

Mary staggered beyond Rhoda to the front of the crowd.

"Let me under the rope!" she cried, with a mother's very wail in her tone, — "let me under the rope, for God's sake! They 're my children!"

And at this moment she heard a stentorian voice call to some one, "Wait a minute till the firemen get here, and they 'll go for him! Come back, girl, d—n you! you shan't go!"

"Wait? No! *Not* wait!" cried Lisa, tearing herself dexterously from the policeman's clutches, and dashing like a whirlwind up the tottering stairway be-

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fore any one else gathered presence of mind to seize and detain her.

Pacific was safe on the pavement, but her terrified shrieks rent the air. The crowd gave a long-drawn groan, and mothers turned their eyes away and shivered. Nobody followed Marm Lisa up that flaming path of death and duty; it was no use flinging a good life after a worthless one.

"Fool! crazy fool!" people ejaculated, with tears of reverence in their eyes.

"Darling, splendid fool!" cried Mary. "Fool worth all the wise ones among us!"

"He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it!" said a pious Methodist cobbler with a patched boot under his arm.

In the eternity of waiting that was numbered really but in seconds, a burly policeman beckoned four men and gave them a big old-fashioned counterpane that some one had offered, telling them to stand ready for whatever might happen.

"Come closer, boys," said one of them, wetting his hat in a tub of water; "if we take a little scorchin' doin' this now, we may git it a little cooler in the next world!"

"Amen! Trust the Lord!" said the cobbler; and just then Marm Lisa appeared at one of the top windows with a child in her arms. No one else could have recognized Atlantic in the smoke, but Rhoda and Mary knew the round cropped head and the familiar blue gingham apron.

Lisa stood in the empty window-frame, a trembling figure on a background of flame. Her post was not at the moment in absolute danger. There was hope yet, though to the onlookers there seemed none.

"Throw him!" "Drop him!" "Le' go of him!" shouted the crowd.

"Hold your jaws, and let me do the talking!" roared the policeman. "Stop your noise, if you don't want two dead children on your consciences! Keep back, you brutes, keep back o' the rope, or I'll club you!"

It was not so much the officer's threats as simple, honest awe that caused a sudden hush to fall. There were whisperings, sighs, tears, murmurings, but all so subdued that it seemed like silence in the midst of the fierce crackling of the flames.

"Drop him! We'll ketch him in the quilt!" called the policeman, standing as near as he dared.

Lisa looked shudderingly at the desperate means of salvation so far below, and, turning her face away as much as she could, unclasped her arms despairingly, and Atlantic came swooping down from their shelter, down, down into the counterpane; stunned, stifled, choked by smoke, but uninjured, as Lisa knew by the cheers that greeted his safe descent.

A tongue of fire curled round the corner of the building and ran up to the roof towards another that was licking its way along the top of the window.

"Jump now yourself!" called the policeman, while two more men joined the four holding the corners of the quilt. Every eye was fixed on the motionless figure of Marm Lisa, who had drawn her shawl over her head, as if just conscious of nearer heat.

The wind changed, and blew the smoke away from her figure. The men on the roof stopped work, not caring for the moment whether they saved the tenement house or not, since a human life was hanging in the balance. The intoxicated woman threw a beer-bottle into the street, and her son ran up from the crowd and locked her safely in her kitchen at the back of the house.

"Jump this minute, or you 're a dead girl!" shouted the officer, hoarse with emotion. "God A'mighty, she ain't goin' to jump, — she 's terror-struck! She 'll burn right there before our eyes, when we could climb up and drag her down if we had a long enough ladder!"

"They 've found another ladder, and are tying two together," somebody said.

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"The fire company 's comin'! I hear 'em!" cried somebody else.

"They 'll be too late," moaned Rhoda, "too late! Oh, Mary, make her jump!"

Lisa had felt no fear while she darted through smoke and over charred floors in pursuit of Atlantic, — no fear, nothing but joy when she dragged him out from under a bench and climbed to the window-sill with him, — but now that he was saved she seemed paralyzed. So still she was she might have been a carven statue save for the fluttering of the garments about her thin childish legs. The distance to the ground looked impassable, and she could not collect her thoughts for the hissing of the flame as it ate up the floor in the room behind her. Horrible as it was, she thought it would be easier to let it steal behind her and wrap her in its burning embrace than to drop from these dizzy heights down through that terrible distance, to hear her own bones snap as she touched the quilt.

"She 'll burn, sure," said a man. "Well, she 's half-witted, — that 's one comfort!"

Mary started as if she were stung, and forced her way still nearer to the window, hoping to gain a position where she could be more plainly seen.

Everybody thought something was going to happen. Mary had dozens of friends and more acquaintances in that motley assemblage, and somehow they felt that there were dramatic possibilities in the situation. Unless she could think of something, Marm Lisa's last chance was gone: that was the sentiment of the crowd, and Mary agreed in it.

Her cape had long since dropped from her shoulders, her hat was trampled under foot, the fair coil of hair had loosened and was falling on her neck, and the steel fillet blazed in the firelight. She stepped to the quilt and made a despairing movement to attract Lisa's attention.

"Li-sa!" she called in that sweet, carrying woman's voice that goes so much farther than a man's.

The child started, and, pushing back the shawl, looked out from under its cover, her head raised, her eyes brightening.

Mary chanced all on that one electrical moment of recognition, and, with a mien half commanding and half appealing, she stretched out both her arms and called again, while the crowd held its breath: "Come to me, darling! Jump, little sister! *Now!*"

Not one second did Marm Lisa hesitate. She would have sprung into the fire at that dear mandate, and, closing her eyes, she leaped into the air as the roof above her head fell in with a crash.

Just then the beating of hoofs and jangling of bells in the distance announced the coming of the belated firemen; not so long belated actually, for all the emotions, heartbeats, terrors, and despairs that go to make up tragedy can be lived through in a few brief moments.

In that sudden plunge from window to earth Marm Lisa seemed to die consciously. The gray world, the sad world, vanished, "and the immortal light, all young and joyful, million-orbed, million-colored," beamed on her darkness. She kept on falling, falling, falling, till she reached the abysmal depths of space, — then she knew no more; and Mary, though prone on the earth, kept falling, falling, falling with her into so deep a swoon that she woke only to find herself on a friendly bed, with Rhoda, and Lisa herself, weeping over her.

At five o'clock, Mrs. Grubb, forcibly torn from a meeting and acquainted with the afternoon's proceedings, entered a lower room in the tenement house, where Mary, Rhoda, and the three children were gathered for a time. There were still a hundred people in the street, but they showed their respect by keeping four or five feet away from the windows.

The twins sat on a sofa, more quiet than anything save death itself. They had been rocked to the very centre of

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their being, and looked like nothing so much as a couple of faded photographs of themselves. Lisa lay on a cot, sleeping restlessly; Mary looked pale and wan, and there were dark circles under her eyes.

As Mrs. Grubb opened the door softly, Mary rose to meet her.

"Have you heard all?" she asked.

"Yes, everything!" faltered Mrs. Grubb, with quivering lips and downcast eyelids.

Mary turned towards Lisa's bed. "Mrs. Grubb," she said, looking straight into that lady's clear, shallow eyes, "I think Lisa has earned her freedom, and I the right to ask a Christmas gift of you. Stand on the other side of the cot, and put your hand in mine. I ask you for the last time, will you give this unfinished, imperfect life into my keeping, if I promise to be faithful to it unto the end, whatever it may be?"

I suppose that every human creature, be he ever so paltry, has his hour of effulgence, an hour when the mortal veil grows thin and the divine image stands revealed, endowing him, for a brief space at least, with a kind of awful beauty and majesty.

It was Mistress Mary's hour. Her pure, unswerving spirit shone with a white and steady radiance that illuminated Mrs. Grubb's soul to its very depths, showing her in a flash the feeble flickerings and waverings of her own trivial purposes. At that moment her eye was fitted with a new lens, through which the road to the summit of the Tehachapi Mountains and Mahatmadom suddenly looked long, weary, and profitless, and by means of which the twins were transferred from the comfortable middle distance they had previously occupied to the immediate foreground of duty. The lens might slip, but while it was in place she saw as clearly as another woman.

"Will you?" repeated Mistress Mary, wondering at her silence.

Mrs. Grubb gave one last glance at the still reproach of Lisa's face, and one more at the twins, who seemed to loom more formidably each time she regarded them; then drawing a deep breath, she said, "Yes, I will; I *will*, no matter what happens; — but it is n't enough to give up, and you need n't suppose I think it is." And taking a passive twin by either hand, she passed out of the door into the crowded thoroughfare, and disappeared in the narrow streets that led to Eden Place.

Kate Douglas Wiggin.

DUST.

"Let the Bodhisattva look upon all things as having the nature of space, — as permanently equal to space; without essence, without substantiality." — SADDHARMA-PUNDARÎKA.

I HAVE wandered to the verge of the town; and the street I followed has roughened into a country road, and begins to curve away through rice-fields toward a hamlet at the foot of the hills. Between town and rice-fields a vague unoccupied stretch of land makes a favorite playground for children. There are trees, and spaces of grass to roll on, and many butterflies, and plenty of little stones. I stop to look at the children.

By the roadside some are amusing themselves with wet clay, making tiny models of mountains and rivers and rice-fields; tiny mud villages, also, — imitations of peasants' huts, — and little mud temples, and mud gardens with ponds and humped bridges and imitations of stone-lanterns (*tōrō*); likewise miniature cemeteries, with bits of broken stone

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for monuments. And they play at funerals, — burying corpses of butterflies and *semi* (cicadæ), and pretending to repeat Buddhist sutras over the grave. To-morrow they will not dare to do this; for to-morrow will be the first day of the festival of the Dead. During that festival it is strictly forbidden to molest insects, especially semi, some of which have on their heads little red characters, said to be names of Souls.

Children in all countries play at death. Before the sense of personal identity comes, death cannot be seriously considered; and childhood thinks in this regard more correctly, perhaps, than self-conscious maturity. Of course, if these little ones were to find, some bright morning, that a playfellow had gone away forever, — gone away to be reborn elsewhere, — there would be a very real though vague sense of loss, and wiping of childish eyes with many-colored sleeves; but presently the loss would be forgotten, and the playing resumed. The idea of ceasing to be could not possibly enter a child-mind: the butterflies and birds, the flowers, the foliage, even the sweet summer itself, only play at dying; they seem to go, but they all come back again after the snow is gone. The real sorrow and fear of death arise in us only through slow accumulation of experience with doubt and pain; and these little boys and girls, being Japanese and Buddhists, will never, in any event, feel about death just as you or I do. They will find reason to fear it for somebody else's sake, but not for their own, because they will learn that they have died millions of times already, and have forgotten the trouble of it, much as one forgets the pain of successive toothaches. In the strangely penetrant light of their creed, teaching the ghostliness of all substance, granite or gossamer, — just as those lately found X-rays make visible the ghostliness of flesh, — this their present world, with its bigger mountains and rivers and rice-fields, will not appear to them much more real than the mud landscapes which they made in childhood. And much more real it probably is not.

At which thought I am conscious of a sudden soft shock, a familiar shock, and know myself seized by the idea of Substance as Non-Reality.

This sense of the voidness of things comes only when the temperature of the air is so equably related to the temperature of life that I can forget having a body. Cold compels painful notions of solidity; cold sharpens the delusion of personality; cold quickens egotism; cold numbs thought, and shrivels up the little wings of dreams.

To-day is one of those warm, hushed days when it is possible to think of things as they are, — when ocean, peak, and plain seem no more real than the arching of blue emptiness above them. All is mirage, — my physical self, and the sunlit road, and the slow rippling of the grain under a sleepy wind, and the thatched roofs beyond the haze of the rice-fields, and the blue crumpling of the naked hills behind everything. I have the double sensation of being myself a ghost and of being haunted, — haunted by the prodigious luminous Spectre of the World.

There are men and women working in those fields. Colored moving shadows they are; and the earth under them — out of which they rose, and back to which they will go — is equally shadow. Only the Forces behind the shadow, that make and unmake, are real, — therefore viewless.

Somewhat as Night devours all lesser shadow will this phantasmal earth swallow us at last, and itself thereafter vanish away. But the little shadows and the Shadow-Eater must as certainly reappear, — must rematerialize somewhere and somehow. This ground beneath me is old as the Milky Way. Call it what

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you please, — clay, soil, dust: its names are but symbols of human sensations having nothing in common with it. Really it is nameless and unnamable, being a mass of energies, tendencies, infinite possibilities; for it was made by the beating of that shoreless Sea of Birth and Death whose surges billow unseen out of eternal Night to burst in foam of stars. Lifeless it is not: it feeds upon life, and visible life grows out of it. Dust it is of Karma, waiting to enter into novel combinations, — dust of elder Being in that state between birth and birth which the Buddhist calls *Chū-Ū*. It is made of forces, and of nothing else; and those forces are not of this planet only, but of vanished spheres innumerable.

Is there aught visible, tangible, measurable, that has never been mixed with sentiency? atom that has never vibrated to pleasure or to pain? air that has never been cry or speech? drop that has never been a tear? Assuredly this dust has felt. It has been everything we know; also much that we cannot know. It has been nebula and star, planet and moon, times unspeakable. Deity also it has been, — the Sun-God of worlds that circled and worshiped in other æons. "*Remember, Man, thou art but dust!*" — a saying profound only as materialism, which stops short at surfaces. For what is dust? "Remember, Dust, thou hast been Sun, and Sun thou shalt become again! . . . Thou hast been Light, Life, Love, and into all these, by ceaseless cosmic magic, thou shalt many times be turned again!"

For this Cosmic Apparition is more than evolution alternating with dissolution: it is infinite metempsychosis; it is perpetual palingenesis. Those old predictions of a bodily resurrection were not falsehoods; they were rather foreshadowings of a truth vaster than all myths and deeper than all religions. Suns yield up their ghosts of flame; but out of their graves new suns rush into being. Corpses of worlds pass all to some solar funeral pyre; but out of their own ashes they are born again. This earth must die; her seas shall be Saharas. But those seas once existed in the sun; and their dead tides, revived by fire, will wash the coasts of another and a younger world. Transmigration — *transmutation*: these are not fables! What is impossible? Not the dreams of alchemists and poets; dross may indeed be changed to gold, the jewel to the living eye, the flower into flesh. What is impossible? If seas can pass from world to sun, from sun to world again, what of the dust of dead selves, — dust of memory and thought? Resurrection there is, but a resurrection more stupendous than any dreamed of by Western creeds. Dead emotions will revive as surely as dead suns and moons. Only, so far as we can just now discern, there will be no return of identical individualities. The reapparition will always be a recombination of the preëxisting, a readjustment of affinities, a reintegration of being informed with the experience of anterior being. The Cosmos is a Karma.

Merely by reason of illusion and folly do we shrink from the notion of self-instability. For what is our individuality? Most certainly it is not individuality at all: it is multiplicity incalculable. What is the human body? A form built up out of billions of living entities, an impermanent agglomeration of individuals called cells. And the human soul? A composite of quintillions of souls. We are, each and all, infinite compounds of fragments of anterior lives. And the universal process that continually dissolves and continually constructs personality has always been going on, and is even at this moment going on, in every one of us. What being ever had a totally new feeling, an absolutely new

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idea? All our emotions and thoughts and wishes, however changing and growing through the varying seasons of life, are only compositions and recompositions of the sensations and ideas and desires of other folk, mostly of dead people, — millions of billions of dead people. Cells and souls are themselves recombinations, present aggregations of past knittings of forces, — forces about which nothing is known save that they belong to the Shadow-Makers of universes.

Whether you (by *you* I mean any other agglomeration of souls) really wish for immortality as an agglomeration, I cannot tell. But I confess that "my mind to me a kingdom is" — not! Rather it is a fantastical republic, daily troubled by more revolutions than ever occurred in South America; and the nominal government, supposed to be rational, declares that an eternity of such anarchy is not desirable. I have souls wanting to soar in air, and souls wanting to swim in water (sea-water, I think), and souls wanting to live in woods or on mountain tops. I have souls longing for the tumult of great cities, and souls longing to dwell in tropical solitude; souls, also, in various stages of naked savagery; souls demanding nomad freedom without tribute; souls conservative, delicate, loyal to empire and to feudal tradition, and souls that are Nihilists, deserving Siberia; sleepless souls, hating inaction, and hermit souls, dwelling in such meditative isolation that only at intervals of years can I feel them moving about; souls that have faith in fetishes; polytheistic souls; souls proclaiming Islam; and souls mediæval, loving cloister shadow and incense and glimmer of tapers and the awful altitude of Gothic glooms. Cooperation among all these is not to be thought of: always there is trouble, — revolt, confusion, civil war. The majority detest this state of things; multitudes would gladly emigrate. And the wiser minority feel that they need never hope for better conditions until after the total demolition of the existing social structure.

I an individual, — an individual soul! Nay, I am a population, — a population unthinkable for multitude, even by groups of a thousand millions! Generations of generations I am, æons of æons! Countless times the concourse now making me has been scattered, and mixed with other scattering. Of what concern, then, the next disintegration? Perhaps, after trillions of ages of burning in different dynasties of suns, the very best of me may come together again.

If one could only imagine some explanation of the Why! The questions of the Whence and the Whither are much less troublesome, since the Present assures us, even though vaguely, of Future and Past. But the Why!

The cooing voice of a little girl dissolves my reverie. She is trying to teach a child brother how to make the Chinese character for Man, — I mean Man with a big M. First she draws in the dust a stroke sloping downwards from right to left, so: —

then she draws another curving downwards from left to right, thus: —

joining the two so as to form the perfect *ji*, or character, *hito*, meaning a person of either sex, or mankind: —

Then she tries to impress the idea of this shape on the baby memory by help of a practical illustration, — probably learned at school. She breaks a slip of wood in two pieces, and manages to balance the pieces against each other at about the same angle as that made by the two strokes of the character.

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"Now see," she says: "each stands only by help of the other. One by itself cannot stand. Therefore the ji is like mankind. Without help one person cannot live in this world; but by getting help and giving help everybody can live. If nobody helped anybody, all people would die."

This explanation is not philologically exact; the two strokes evolutionally standing for a pair of legs, — all that survives in the modern ideograph of the whole man figured in the primitive picture-writing. But the pretty moral fancy is much more important than the scientific fact. It is also one charming example of that old-fashioned method of teaching which invested every form and every incident with ethical signification. Besides, as a mere item of moral information, it contains the essence of all earthly religion, and the best part of all earthly philosophy. A world priestess she is, this dear little maid, with her dove's voice and her innocent gospel of one letter! Verily in that gospel lies the only possible present answer to ultimate problems. Were its whole meaning universally felt, were its whole suggestion of the spiritual and material law of love and help universally obeyed, forthwith, according to the Idealists, this seemingly solid visible world would vanish away like smoke! For it has been written that in whatsoever time all human minds accord in thought and will with the mind of the Teacher, *there shall not remain even one particle of dust that does not enter into Buddhahood.*

Lafcadio Hearn.

SONG.

If love were not, the wilding rose
Would in its leafy heart inclose
No chalice of perfume.

By mossy bank, in glen or grot,
No bird would build, if love were not,
No flower complacent bloom.

The sunset clouds would lose their dyes,
The light would fade from beauty's eyes,
The stars their fires consume,

And something missed from hall and cot
Would leave the world, if love were not,
A wilderness of gloom!

Florence Earle Coates.

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A NIGHT AND A DAY IN SPAIN.

I.

AT THE SEVILLE FAIR.

THERE is a great family likeness in fairs. "Who pleasure follows, pleasure slays." The attempt to be amused is too bald, the machinery used too cheap; the methods are amateur methods, and not skilled ones. Certainly they have been at it generations enough in Seville to have made their fête an industry of the place, but they have not succeeded in taking it out of the family of fairs and making it something *sui generis*.

Seville is flat and hot, — they call it the frying-pan of Europe; but the fair occurs in April, when the fire may be said scarcely to have begun to crackle. I have no objection to Seville in fair-time, but to Seville's fair as a fair I have a great objection. It is nothing that prices are doubled during the time, for trams and cabs and hotels; if all this made people happy, one would not mind for once. Sixty francs a day for two people in one small room at the Hôtel de Madrid would be well spent in promoting the happiness of a nation or furthering their welfare even for three days, if they were amused. But they are not. They come year after year, and they always think they are going to be amused, I am sure. The love of such pleasure seems inborn, and the belief in its attainment dies hard.

The fair-grounds at Seville are of immense extent, — almost miles, I think. There are acres and acres of bullocks and sheep and horses, and this quarter, of course, smells very nasty, and is not picturesque, as there are no trees, but instead there is a great deal of stifling dust and trampled mud. There are several great avenues laid out, and actually built upon every year. One is a sort of mercantile quarter, where are booths and restaurants and shows. Another is devoted to the children; cheap toys of every kind are for sale, and hundreds of whistles and trumpets wail the disappointments of as many little *bourgeois* Spaniards. There is nothing else to be bought that I heard of, nothing characteristic except things to eat, and they are of a character you do not want to eat, and naturally cannot keep.

The principal show of the place is the grand avenue where the high fashion of Seville elects to spend the afternoons and evenings of the three fair-days. Here are hundreds of what look like pasteboard houses painted yellow, without doors or glass in the windows, — decidedly pretty in design for the purpose. They vary in size, but are rather monotonous in color and form. Some of them have balconies, where pots of flowers stand and where vines have been hastily nailed up. Many of the entrances and the windows are draped with pretty chintzes, and the interiors are sometimes gracefully arranged with furniture brought out from the town, pianos, lamps, clocks, vases of flowers, etc. It must be untold trouble. Contractors put up the booths, and take them down at the end of the fair and store them till the next year, but the furniture seems to be brought by the family who lease or own the booth. We drove through the grounds the day before the fair opened, and saw men and maid servants superintending the unloading of carts, and an occasional head of a family casting anxious looks around, and evidently not enjoying *that* part of it.

All the booths are numbered; one walks along block after block of monotonous edifices where nothing seems to be going on, people sitting about and looking bored, — no *élan*, no dash, no any-

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thing. Several large and handsome structures, all in the same style of architecture and colored in the same manner, are put up or rented by the fashionable clubs of the city. These are quite the centres of gayety and fashion, they say. I did not see the gayety; the fashion was probably incorporated in the persons of a few *petits maîtres* who talked with languid voices to some smartly dressed but not beaming women on sofas.

The floor of each booth is some feet above the level of the ground, so that the occupants are on a stage in full view of the masses who drive and walk past all day long, and in the evening crowd up to the very steps to look on at the "enjoyment" of their betters. The booth of the Infanta was in no sense more private than those of less important people. The publicity of the whole thing seemed to me odious, and the stereotyped machine-made houses took away all possibility of picturesqueness. I had fancied tents put up on a green field gay with flags and hangings, — Andalusian, individual, characteristic; dark-haired beauties in mantillas flitting from one to the other; Spanish lovers with lustrous eyes touching the strings of guitar, mandolin, or zither; the sound of castanets half heard; the rhythm of half-seen dancers from within; the scent of jasmine and rose filling the air; the soft glow of hanging lamps mixing with the pale light of stars; the moonbeams flickering through the trees. Seville, the home of dance and song! Ay de mi Sevillia! One more illusion gone. I have been to the home of dance and song, and what have I seen?

Our visits in the day had been depressing, but we made light of that, thinking perhaps an evening view would do away with this impression. We all alighted from the tram, and entered what I must acknowledge was a magnificent avenue of lanterns. The street was very broad and of enormous length, and it was entirely arched by strings of lamps; you walked under a canopy that glowed, and a multitude walked with you. But in such silence! You heard the tramp of feet on the pavement as it is heard at St. Peter's on Good Friday after vespers, when there is no music, and of course no speech. A most decorous crowd it was. I admit I should have liked a little indecorum, — a street fight, even, to vary the monotony. The people were generally of the lower and middle classes, — fathers carrying babies, women trudging on behind, lads marching sulkily along, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left. I do not know how the *grand monde* got to their booths; evidently not by this splendid path of light, which we thought the best thing at the fair. The peasants did not wear costumes: the women had print skirts, and shawls and handkerchiefs over their heads; the men, the worst made common coats and trousers. Too often the girls wore cheap and gaudy hats and jackets that might have been bought in Third Avenue or the Bowery; in the length and breadth of the place, not a white cap, not a bodice, not a sabot. Two or three black Canton crape shawls, embroidered richly in old rose or yellow, worn with an air of inheritance by bareheaded peasant women, were the only suggestions of a costume that I saw. Of course the women of the better class wore mantillas, but one always counts on the peasants for color and picturesqueness in a crowd.

Well, this sad-faced multitude were only on their way to the fair. When they were actually there, perhaps they would wake up and be jocund. Not in the least. They never woke up, or did anything but pace from end to end of the long avenues, looking as if their legs ached, and as if they wished that it were time to go home. I went drearily from one tent to another, and at last I resolved to stop and centre my powers of analysis upon one booth which seemed to me about an average example of its

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class. There was dancing going on, and a good many people were collected outside, looking in. So while the rest of the party moved along I sat down in a chair, for which a man promptly invited me to pay twenty centimes. Having satisfied his claims, I tried to indemnify myself by studying the Seville fair in an individual development.

The scene in the booth before me was really pathetic. What an heroic attempt to be gay, to realize the traditions of the fair! Around the sides of the room, on sofas and chairs, sat several elderly women, whose well-worn plain black silk gowns, thin hair, and awkward pose showed them to be no longer of a world where song and dance prevailed. It seemed a cruelty to bring them out of the obscure domesticity into which they fitted, and place them under this garish light. Some ungainly boys, compelled by the solemnity of the function, were wriggling uncomfortably on their chairs and casting furtive glances out at the crowd. Two pretty young girls in deep mourning sat just by the entrance; they did not disguise their ennui, for not a cavalier of any kind had come near them. Before this inspiriting domestic group a dance was going on. At the piano was a woman, whose round and aged back only was presented to us, playing with vigor and spirit and in excellent time one of the Spanish dances. What vim, what determination, she put into it! They should dance, their booth should be gay. Another, of heroic mould like herself, was dancing, a woman of about thirty-five, — in her youth no doubt "a fine figger of a woman," now, alas, rather stout; and with her a somewhat pretty little girl of twelve in white muslin. The elder dancer wore a well-fitting gown of black satin and a white lace mantilla admirably put on, fastened with a red rose in the hair and three or four on the breast. She danced remarkably well, clapping her castanets with sharp precision, moving with all the grace possible to such pronounced *embonpoint*, and catching the very spirit of the music. With eye and murmured admonition she kept her rather lax little partner up to her work. But it was such hard work, — such swimming against the current of fate, of feeling, of years! It was misplaced valor, a magnificent charge against the inevitable. It was a storming of the fortress of Pleasure, which never has been and never can be carried. Dear lady, if the gates open to you of themselves, go in and thank the gŏds.

> "I only know 't is fair and sweet,
> 'T is wandering on enchanted ground
> With dizzy brow and tottering feet."

But all must be in the nature of a gift, and not a conquest. I wanted to put my arms around that middle-aged dancer of the Malagueñas, to take the castanets out of her hand and tell her to go and do something that would give her some enjoyment, and I yearned to escort back to shelter those poor old black silk gowns which looked so "out of it" under the electric light. I wanted, too, to turn the boys adrift, and give them some money to buy whistles and trumpets to make all the noise they lusted, in the humbler quarters of the fair. As to the two pretty girls in black, who sat like Sally Waters, "a-wishin' and a-waitin' for a young man," I longed to whisper to them to go home and sit in the chimney-corner, — or whatever answers to the chimney-corner in Andalusian homes, — and to assure them that it was down in the book of Fate he would surely come to them there.

I have never been more depressed by the mistaken efforts of my kind to be happy than I was that damp, warm night at Seville, sitting under the trees, and watching first the dancing in the booths, and then the crowd dragging past me, as if it were Weary-Foot Common they were crossing, and not the land of Beulah.

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II.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

The dust lay thick on the properties of the bull-ring in Malaga, the March day on which we went through it. As the bulls do not fight their best till the spring fires their blood, it is generally late April or early May when they are brought from their wide sunny pastures to be penned in the dark *toril* for a night and a day before they are let loose in the arena. They are driven in by night from the farm where they are bred, a few miles out of the city. I am told by people who live in the Caleta (the pretty suburb of Malaga, where by the sea are many charming villas) that it is quite a thrilling sensation to hear, in the dead of night, the ringing of the bells that announce the approach of the bulls for the next day's fight. First, far in advance of the cortége, come men on horseback, carrying torches and ringing bells, to clear the way and to warn of danger. Then on a wild gallop come the bulls, — each one guarded on either side by a tame bull, — detachments of mounted picadors flanking them. The rushing cavalcade, the ringing of the bells, the torches flaring in the darkness, the shaking of the ground under the many rapid-beating hoofs, they tell me, is quite dramatic. When the bull-ring is reached, — it stands beside the sea, just outside the city limits, — there are fences which contract gradually up to the gate that leads into the toril. The wild creatures find their midnight gallop suddenly ended at this converging barrier. There is rarely any trouble in getting them in, I believe, for their guardians, the tame bulls, exert the same influence over them that shepherd dogs do over the flocks they guard. The intelligence of these animals is wonderful, and the submission of the untamed brutes of the mountains no less so. In the rare cases when a bull has to be brought out of the arena, or when anything has gone wrong in the ring, one of these bulls will trot in and bring its refractory charge off the field in the "gently firm" manner recommended by Miss Edgeworth. He seems to need only a cap and an apron to look an old *bonne* sent to bring a kicking, mutinous child back to the nursery. It is a pity that such intelligence should be slaughtered in the shambles or sacrificed in the ring; for I suppose tame bulls and wild ones are recruited from the same ranks and are capable of the same education.

Once in the toril, they must be incarcerated in their several cells, and this I should think would be the least easy part of the programme. There are eight cells, perfectly dark but for a small latticed trap at the top. Through this, which opens on the bridge above, their keepers deal with them at a safe distance, after they are got in. The door of each is opened by a rope when his hour of fate has struck and he is to be loosed into the ring. From this bridge the keepers let down his food during the night and day that he is in his "condemned cell;" and from here, reaching down, they plunge into him the cruel long dart bearing a gay flaunting rosette which is to decorate him for his début, and to pique him into greater vivacity when he makes his entrée. I fancy the rosette is just now out of fashion: it is perhaps as bad form for a bull to wear a rosette as it was a year ago for a girl to wear a necklace. None of the bulls I saw at Seville a month later had rosettes; and a Seville bull is the glass of fashion and the mould of form.

We saw the many stalls for the poor doomed horses, and the infirmaries for the wounded ones who have escaped death at the horns of the bull in their first encounter, and who are being nursed up for a second, and it is to be hoped final one. For the managers are thrifty, and use up every shred of horseflesh

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left over from fight to fight. Therefore it is best for the poor beast to be dead and done with it when once he is enlisted. We also went through the many rooms in which the properties are kept. The plumed hats of the picadors were dusty and shabby, and I hope were renovated before the season opened; the ponderous saddles and the armor of the picadors were hanging in dusty rows from the walls. The weight of one stirrup was as much as I could lift; the spears were like Goliath's, each heavy as a weaver's beam. I scarcely remember all the paraphernalia we saw, roomful after roomful. Afterward we went to the little hospital on the first floor, with its sickening array of cot-beds and medicine-chests and stretchers. Except that human nature gets used to everything, I should think it would take the heart out of all the actors on the scene to see this preparation for the possible.

But there was one provision that touched me very much: it was the chapel. A chapel in a bull-ring, — what could be more incongruous? And yet when one comes to think of it, what could be more humane, more Christian, if you will? The Church of Rome does all it can to suppress the bull-ring; it has a distinct quarrel with it. Any priest in Spain attending a bull-fight does it under penalty of excommunication. He is willfully committing a deadly sin. The best and most devout of the Catholic laity absolutely refuse to assist at these brutal scenes. But the multitude, the careless, the go-as-near-to-perdition-as-you-can-and-be-saved multitude go, and will go till Spain ceases to be Spain and the world is made over. The Church knows this, and might as well issue an edict against earthquakes as against bull-fights. But she yearns over these poor small-souled children of hers, and with a motherly care provides for them what she can of eternal safety. There shall always be a priest in attendance behind the scene at every bull-fight, to absolve the dying, to administer the last rites, to say a word of hope, to hear a word of repentance. One remembers the hopeful epitaph on the tomb of the fox-hunting squire cut off in his sins: —

> "Between the stirrup and the ground
> He mercy sought and mercy found."

I suppose the same charitable hope may cover the Andalusian as the Anglo-Saxon pleasure-seeker.

I wanted to go through the chapel, into which I could only look from the staircase leading along the bridge above the toril to the infirmary. The keeper, however, tried the door and found it locked. The chaplain, he said, had the key. It was but a poor sort of place, looking down from the stairway. There was a wooden altar, now bare of everything, and above it, in a ruddy haze, the fair face of the Blessed Virgin shone through a transparency. Poor wounded, careless liver, brought in bleeding from the arena to breathe his last breath here, how that face would shine upon him from his far-past innocent youth; how the "church-blest things" about him would bring back days of first communion and confirmation and his mother's knee! Perhaps the time between those happy days and this awful last one may not have been so very sinful as it looks to us virtuous men and women of a more enlightened sphere. There may be good-living toreadors, perhaps, according to their lights, and salvable picadors, it is even possible. Heredity and surroundings count for a great deal in a world where not more than one in sixty thousand lives up to his highest possibility

III.

IN THE RING.

The Seville bull-ring is over two hundred years old, very well built, and whitewashed, like most things made by man's device in Spain. The bull-fight

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that I saw in Seville was, I believe, the best thing that Spain could do in the way of a bull-fight. It was the third and last day of the fair. Seville is the social centre of Spain. The three days of the fair are the culmination of the social year in Seville, and the last fight is the culmination of the fair. So, logically, it was the climax of a climax, and as such it was well to have been there, if one wanted to judge favorably of bull-fights. The day was perfect. April is the loveliest month in Seville, like early June at home; neither too hot nor too cold. The whole town was gay with the fair, and all the gayest of the crowd seemed pushing their way toward the Plaza de Toros with us. There were open carriages with black-eyed women in the conventional bull-fight dress, yellow satin trimmed with black chenille fringe, and a mantilla of the same chenille on the head; there were drags and dogcarts driven by Spanish *élégants*, and filled with the *haute noblesse* of Seville; there were cabs with eager tourists in them; there were trams stopping before the entrance and disgorging crowds of flushed and hurried heads of families shepherding troops of little children in their holiday clothes; there were dark peasants, oily mechanics, servant-maids, hotel porters, pressing in at the gate where all have to enter, dividing, some above and some below, as indicated by the green or red or blue ticket that each held. There was a zeal about it all. The air and the sunshine, even, were zealous. The light breeze was full of anticipatory thrills.

We struggled up to our places in one of the best boxes; we had felt keenly afraid we were to be cheated out of it by some mysterious Spanish method. I do not know why, but travelers always are suspicious of the good faith of Spaniards; whereas generally I have found they are as dependable as other people who get their living out of the traveling public, — perhaps more so. Their methods are stupid, and they are hot tempered and stubborn, but they seem to me honest. When we had got into our box and settled ourselves in our places, we looked around with delight. What a *coup d'œil!* Imagine the vast white rim of the building against a deep blue sky, and all the amphitheatre down to the barrier that shuts off the arena ablaze with the color that goes to the clothing and the flesh of twelve thousand people: gay fans, parasols, dresses, hats; the white shirt-fronts of men, the dark hair and pink cheeks of girls, — all with the slight movement and vibration of a living mass. And the great arena itself, what a glorious circle of color! It was a tawny, smooth ring of yellow sand of a rich and singular tint, brought from the neighboring mountains.

The wide, empty arena so resplendently colored, the massed brilliance of the throng that filled the amphitheatre from top to bottom, the white rim above that framed it, and over all the vivid blue of a cloudless sky struck me as unapproachably fine. No wonder that the Spaniard loves his bull-fight. So far it is to the credit of his eye and his taste that he does; and one extends the credit a little further. The *entrada* is beautiful. When all are wrought up to the highest point of expectancy, the gates in the barrier opposite the royal box open, and the gayly trapped procession winds in. Men on horseback with plumed hats; the matadors in their beautiful dresses; the picadors, carrying spears, riding their blindfolded horses; the gayly decorated mules, with their bells jangling; the troop of men who manage them, dressed in snow-white blouses, — all this cortége winds through the dark gateway, and delights the eyes of the throng by passing two or three times around the ring. Then a horseman rides forward out of the procession, and, with a deep obeisance, pauses before the royal box and asks for the key of the toril. The key is thrown down to him, and he

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catches it in his plumed hat, which he holds out. This is the sign for all to withdraw from the ring but those who are to take part in the baiting of the bull. The mules trot off, shaking their bells, followed by their running drivers; the men on horseback withdraw, and the gates close behind them. There is a sensational silence; all eyes are fixed on the door of the toril, which differs in no way from the other doors of exit and entrance but by having a bull's head carved over it. A man goes up to it and unlocks it, and saves himself by jumping over the barrier as the wild creature rushes out from the dark cell in which he has been incarcerated for twenty-four hours. The door is quickly pulled shut from behind the barrier. Poor beast, he looks very bewildered for a moment. He tosses up his head, gazes around amazed at the strange scene and the glare of light. He catches sight of a picador across the ring, sitting motionless on his blinded horse, always headed one way. All the side of the man toward the bull is plated with armor. It is a dastardly sort of business all through. The other side is never presented to the bull, nor does the bull have the least chance to get at it. He always goes straight for the horse, with his head down, plunges his horns into the bowels of the creature, and tosses him over. The *chulos* (the apprentices) then rush forward, and, by waving flags before him, draw off his attention from the prostrate horse and the picador floundering in his heavy armor. A few moments, and this doughty knight is helped upon his legs, and if his horse is still alive and able to stand, he is put upon it and obliged to ride around the ring, to be ready for another attack as soon as the bull has dispatched the second horse, upon which he is now engaged. Something like fifteen minutes, I believe, is allotted to this part of the taurine drama. Some bulls do more rapid work than others, of course, but one may be sure the thrifty manager will never allow more than the allotted time for the slaughter of the horses he has bought and paid for. There were fourteen killed that day, and that was rather below the average.

At the end of the fifteen minutes a bugle is sounded: some of the picadors ride away on their surviving steeds; those whose horses are killed limp away on their feet. The matadors saunter in, dainty in silk and velvet, the chulos, with their banderillas in their hands, come forward, and then the bull takes his chance of five minutes more or less of life at the hands of these tormentors. One's sympathies are all with the horses in the first act, and with the bull in the second and third acts. The skill of the men is perfect and their courage admirable, but they are twelve to one, and brain thrown in. Poor bull! He has but a sorry chance for the few minutes' longer existence that he fights for. He is doomed, but then he does not know it, *grâce à Dieu.* We saw six killed, that sunny April afternoon, — six splendid bulls, black and glossy, and with courage and intelligence that deserved a better fate.

As each is killed, the mules trot merrily in, shaking their gay bells and the red tassels with which they are bedecked, their white-bloused drivers running behind them, and the dead bull is dragged off the field, as are the dead horses. These last look such pitiful shapes when the life is gone out of them. They are generally poor beasts to begin with, but the unknown attribute which we describe as life makes them such different objects. In a moment, a rack of bones, a heap of hoofs and ribs. The bulls, too, look so poor and shapeless. What is life, after all? How much longer before the philosophers, who will not let us believe anything that we cannot understand, tell us what it is that goes out, the absence of which glazes in an instant the dead monster's eye, and

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dulls the gloss of his coat, and turns the glorious contour of his limbs into deformity? We ought to know such a simple thing as that, and to understand it thoroughly, thoroughly, before we believe it.

Of the skill of the matadors one cannot say too much in praise. The hero on this occasion was Espartero. The two others, quite as skillful, perhaps, were Guerrita and Bombita. All three were the foremost men in their profession. Their nerve and their skill were as perfect as their dress, their bearing, and their grace. Guerrita was rather my favorite. He is a slender, well-made, perfectly-proportioned man of thirty-five or forty, agile as a deer, and with a deliberate grace of movement that seems to redeem the bloody work he does from some of its horrors. His features are regular, his expression is thoughtful, his face clean-shaven like a priest's. One scarcely knows whether to admire him most when vaulting over a bull in mid-career, or planting to a hair's-breadth the hidden knife in the furious creature's spine, or standing, with his *gorra de torero* in his hand, calmly bowing to the vociferous and excited multitude crowding to look down at him.

One of the dramatic moments at a bull-fight is when the matador "pledges" the bull to the chief person present. On the first day of the fair the personage was the Comtesse de Paris, and to her Espartero "pledged" the three bulls which came to his share to slaughter. He killed them all, *à merveille*, with one stab each, and there was great acclaim. It was said the comtesse would surely send him "something very handsome." I hope she did, and that his family have it now to console themselves with, for in less than five weeks from that day he was instantly killed in the Madrid ring. People had assured me the whole thing was reduced to such a science that there was literally no danger; that the courage of the matadors was a laughable fiction; that a man was in about as much danger from a bull as a telegraph operator is from the electric current he works with. This is a very comfortable thought as you watch a bull-fight, but it is about as near to truth as a good many other thoughts with which we solace ourselves. That Espartero, the great master of his craft, died weltering in his blood in the ring where he had had so many triumphs, proves the fallacy of such a theory. Your bull is an unknown quantity. You take your chance. One brute differs from another brute in fury. The wild creatures of the mountains cannot be trained to suit your game. You have to take them as they come. Some time ago a picador was gored to death by a bull who went for *him* instead of the horse, the body of which always seems his objective point. It was found that the beast had some defect of vision, which caused him to plant his horns a foot or two higher than he meant to do. Therefore the matador takes his chance, and no doubt it adds subtly to the pleasure of the crowd to know it is so grave a one.

Miriam Coles Harris.

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THE GERMAN AND THE GERMAN-AMERICAN.

I.

It is a more or less popular belief in Germany, among the well-to-do classes, that only those Germans come to our country who are incompetent to succeed at home. These classes have a happy faculty of thinking, or rather of making themselves think, that the Fatherland is in the best condition possible, and those who do not agree with them, and leave it, they consider, if not exactly *Taugenichtse,* at any rate inconsiderate grumblers. In German novels it is always the ne'er-do-well and villain who emigrate to "Amerika," and the impression they leave on the reader is that we are a nation of vagabonds and criminals. In actual life, if a man has done anything dishonorable, it is said that the only thing for him to do is to put two pistols to his head, or smuggle himself into some ship bound for our shores. A little while ago a very eminent instance of this way of looking at disgrace came up for comment. One of the main leaders in the Conservative party got himself into very serious trouble, and when the facts were made public it was discovered that, long before his arrest, at least one of his party friends had advised him to commit suicide or run away to the United States. In other words, death and exile to this country mean pretty much the same thing to the well-situated German; and in the press and in daily conversation so much is made of those who choose the latter alternative that, among people who pay no attention to what goes on in the world of the peasant and the workingman, it has become customary to look upon America as the dumping-ground of Europe's refuse population. It is useless to deny that some of our German immigrants belong to this class of people, perhaps more than we know anything about; but the great majority of them — and they constitute the largest single foreign element we have — are not ne'er-do-wells, and they have not come to us because they were failures through their own fault at home.

A few years ago I took a steerage berth in the steamer Lahn, and crossed from Bremerhaven to New York with about seven hundred fellow steerage passengers. Excepting a few Russians and Poles they were all Germans, and they came from various parts of the empire. We were more than eight days at sea, and I had a very fair opportunity to get acquainted with them.

About a third of these people were without any specific occupation or trade, and called themselves *Arbeiter,* simple workmen. A few had their families with them, but the majority were strong young fellows between twenty and thirty years of age. They were leaving Germany because they believed there was a better outlook for them on this side of the water. When I asked them how much better they expected to do here than at home, they said they were looking forward to a dollar and a dollar and a half a day if they worked as common laborers, and to something like fifteen dollars and eighteen dollars a month if they went on farms, which not a few of them intended to do. They assured me that out of these wages they could save and eventually become independent, which had been impossible in the Fatherland. There they had worked for wages ranging from eighty pfennigs to a mark and three pfennigs a day, and only a few had been able to save much more than a hundred marks (twenty-five dollars) to begin life with in the New World.

More than a hundred were peasants and their families. They all had relatives and friends in this country, and

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were coming to them. Each family had money enough and to spare to pay all railway expenses as well as to buy the necessary farm tools. They had left Germany because where they had farmed, mainly in the provinces of east and west Prussia, it did not pay so well as they thought it should, and they hoped to secure better farms, which their children might inherit. They were sorry that they had felt forced to leave *das liebe Vaterland*, but they were sure that it was the best thing both for them and for their children.

About a hundred and fifty were artisans and skilled laborers, such as bakers, butchers, brewers, tailors, carpenters, bookbinders, drivers, miners, locksmiths, barbers, and the like. They also were leaving Germany to better their financial condition. This was probably the main reason, but some of them were obviously too liberal minded for home institutions, and I fancy that this had something to do with their emigration. Indeed, several were loud mouthed with rebellion, calling Germany a *Polizeistaat*, and showing plainly that they were looking forward to America as a place where the police could not regulate everything they did. The most of them came from large towns; and since it is in these towns that Social Democracy is strongest, I take it that some of them had already come under its influence. I do not report this as anything to their disgrace, — for a great many so-called Social Democrats are no more Socialists, in the strict sense of the word, than the Liberals are, — but merely to show that it is not exclusively the economic cause which impels them to leave the Fatherland.

The rest of my fellow passengers were small tradespeople, servants, and a few young fellows who were runaways from the army and adventurers making their first trip into the world at large. Except the last they were all desirable immigrants, and were planning to cast in their lot for better or worse with the people they found here. The tradespeople intended to set up shop in German communities, and the servants, mainly women and girls, were going "to work out" wherever the opportunity presented itself. The deserters and adventurers numbered only about twenty, and they had just enough money to land and live for a few days, until something turned up. The former hoped that they could get into our army, but they were determined "not to let any one bluff them;" the latter intended to look about a bit, and then go somewhere else. All they wanted was to get out into *die Ferne*, and as long as it attracted them they expected to keep moving.

The Socialist leader, Herr Bebel, remarked to me lately that our country was filling up so rapidly there would soon be no inducement for a man to come over simply to benefit his material welfare; but I feel sure that so long as Germany labors under the burdens, military and monarchical, that it does to-day, the United States can but be attractive to the poor man, and he is likely to keep on coming to us so long as we will receive him.

It is often asked, Why do we not get more educated Germans? There is a learned proletariat in Germany as well as a proletariat of common people, and one wonders at times why more of its members do not emigrate. A number of reasons account for this, and probably the main one is the greater attachment of the educated man to home institutions, but I think the risk involved in such a change keeps a great many away. There is an immense bureaucracy in the Fatherland, and if a man can once get into it he is pretty sure of at least his bread and butter for the rest of his life. I know, for instance, a school-teacher who is working in a most forlorn community in Germany for $250 a year. Some time ago he was offered by a German community in Ohio $750 a year and six months' notice before dismissal, if he would come over; but he did not dare to accept, be-

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cause there was no chance of a pension. If he remained at home, he was sure, he said, of an annuity after he had served a certain number of years, and he preferred this certainty to the uncertainty in Ohio, although the latter might have brought him in a short time all that he would ever receive from his pension. The same thing is true in all professions in any way connected with the government. Every man looks forward to a pension, and if in the mean time he can save a little money his old age is likely to be more or less comfortable. The common workingman lacks this incentive to stay at home. Since the Bismarck insurance laws of 1890, he has, to be sure, the chance to insure himself, — indeed, he is compelled to do so; but the pension he receives is too paltry to keep him from emigrating, and that for old age is paid only after he has passed his seventieth year.

II.

To appreciate what the Germans do for our life, and we for them, it is necessary first to take note of the characteristics which are common to them in their own country. The minute they set foot on the steamer, bound for our shores, and realize that they are cut loose from all home restraints and customs, some of these characteristics are modified, and to secure a trustworthy standard of comparison one must know what they were before this change set in.

Perhaps, to an American, the most striking feature in the character of the Germans at home is their respect for law and authority. For a naturally liberal-minded people, — and their history certainly proves them to be this, — they bow down before government with a resignation that will hardly be found in any other country governed by constitutional principles, and they grant the police a power over them which to the Anglo-Saxon would be slavery. There is hardly anything that a man can do in Germany which does not bring him in contact with the *Polizei*, and from birth to death his life is practically under their supervision and direction. This has been the custom so long that to-day it comes as easy to the Germans, while still at home, to conform to police surveillance as it does to us to fight shy of it, and only the direst provocation can array them against the powers that be. In the little revolution which took place in Berlin in 1893, for instance, when some unemployed workmen and boys went parading through the town crying for bread, their first thought was not, as it would have been with us, to take the bread where it could be found. No; they must first go to their Kaiser and tell him their woes, and so off they started for his palace. On arriving there, they cried up to his window: "O Kaiser, we are starving! Give us bread." There is something pitiful in thus crouching down before a one-man power, and it does not appeal to people on this side of the water; but I venture to say that Germany is what it is to-day, probably the least politically corrupt country in all Europe, very much because of this veneration for government and its representatives. This is what keeps the army together, the bureaucracy clean and pure, and the people governable.

Patience and perseverance are the next prominent characteristics. Germans stick to a thing that they have begun, if it is in the least practicable, until it is done, and the necessary waiting for results seems merely to confirm their resolution. The story of the philologian, who regretted on his death-bed that he had not devoted his life to the dative case, applies to the entire race. In this particular they are very different from the Irish. I have in mind an Irishman, who, after he had tried various things for about thirty-five years, suddenly made up his mind that he would be a lawyer. His education had been very

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meagre, and I asked him whether he thought he was fitted for such a profession. "Oh, I guess so," he said; "my friends tell me that I 've got a sarcastic tongue, and I suppose that 's the main thing." He went West, and the next thing I knew he was practicing law. For a German to take up law merely because he has a sharp tongue is almost unthinkable. He does not always use good judgment in choosing a calling, nor does he often have the chance to choose it for himself, his parents managing all that in his earliest years; but when the choice is made, he sits down and grinds until he has mastered at least a specialty in his profession. It is the same among the common people. Every artisan must go through a long and tiresome apprenticeship before he can set up for himself, and even the waiter has three years to serve before he dares to take a *Quartier* of his own in the café. I remember once telling a waiter how, with us, poor lads often earn their way through college by waiting on table at summer resorts. He was dumfounded. "Why, I should think they would break everything they got hold of," he said. "I should, I know."

The Germans are also an industrious people. They work at something, men, women, and children, the whole day long; and although it is often mere puttering, they have the satisfaction of knowing that they are not idle. Even in fairly well-to-do families, if the daughter cannot marry, she goes out as governess, ladies' companion, *Kindergärtnerinn*, or the like; and the day laborer simply will not marry at all unless he can rely on his wife to bring her share of money into the family exchequer. Of the laborer it is often said that he lacks intelligence to direct his industry, and much has been written about the great gulf which separates his class from those above him; but the gulf is not so much one of intelligence as of artificial class arrangement. He is wanting, it is true, in much of the general knowledge which comes so easily to the American workingman, and he is by no means so quick and acute as the latter, but his class is certainly an intelligent one. Indeed, I believe that the German is one of the very best educated workingmen that we receive from Europe, and I have still to meet one unable to read and write. There are, I know, some illiterates in Germany, but they are steadily becoming fewer, and must ultimately disappear; for German law requires that every boy and girl shall attend school from the sixth to the fourteenth year, and the officials see to it that this law is rigorously enforced.

The Germans are, furthermore, an honest people. They tell, to be sure, the same conventional little lies that are told in every European country, but at heart they mean to do the right thing: and I can say this after nearly ten years' intimate experience with them in their own country. During the late unpleasantness between our country and Germany in regard to certain insurance companies, a great deal was written in the German press about the comparative honesty of German and American business men, and a German-American, who claimed to know both very well, said publicly that the simple word of the former was worth as much in every-day life as was a written contract of the latter; but this is an exaggeration. It is true that, officially, a man's word does not go so far as it does with us, but this is because the Germans have become accustomed to have everything put down in black and white. The government sets them this example, and it is the fashion to require a lawyer's affidavit in the most trivial matters. If one rents a house, for instance, a most laborious contract is drawn up, and the lessee must promise not even to introduce a dog into the house without the landlord's permission; and pretty much the same strictness prevails in all other dealings. The contract settled, however, German law punishes very se-

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verely any deviation from it, and the foreigner is as thoroughly protected as the native.

Finally, the Germans are a healthy people. The men are well built and strong, and the women vigorous and energetic. Taking them as a race, I think they are better fitted for life, physically, than we are, and they seldom have to rely so much on nervous power to do their work. They are not pugilists, it is true, and they abhor our summary way of settling serious quarrels, but they are great athletes, and we are indebted to them for many of our gymnastic theories and applications. As students they endure more than we can. It is the fashion to laugh at the German student, and the Fliegende Blätter has made his bad points notorious; but when it comes to sitting down and grinding, as it does even to him, he has more staying power than our students can boast of; not, however, because his will or intentions are any better, but because he has a physique that permits him almost incredible concentration of mind.

Thus much for the good qualities of the Germans. If I have read them aright, the most striking are, respect for law and order, intelligence, thoroughness, perseverance, industry, honesty, and general good health. Theoretically, the German immigrants whom we get ought to have these characteristics, and in so far as they are intelligently retained here they help to make our life better. With these, however, they bring others which are not so desirable, and I must note them too.

The first characteristic, and it is the worst of all, is their view of women and the treatment they apply to them. It is said that a great many years ago, probably in the proverbial "golden age," German women enjoyed all the respect and privileges that any woman could possibly demand, and there are a number of passages in German literature which commemorate this ideal period; but no such conditions exist to-day. As I write these words, the women throughout the Fatherland are petitioning the Reichstag, just now busied with the revision of the civil laws, to grant them privileges which American women have long enjoyed as a matter of course, but which in Germany are looked upon as dangerous innovations. The trouble is that Germany is so much a military state, and so dependent upon the maintenance of the martial spirit, that man has come to be the all-important factor in its affairs. He goes to war, and, if necessary, gives up his life for the country, and consequently, so the argument runs, must remain supreme in home and state. The woman exists merely to bear his children and keep his home in order. To think of her as the equal half in the human unit, as she is likely to become with us, is beyond his ability, and he sneers at our country as the place where men are "under the slippers" of their wives. Among the common workingmen the situation is even worse. They look upon their wives as beasts of burden, which they are entitled to work and punish at discretion; and it is not so very long ago that German law actually prescribed what punishment a man should inflict on his wife for certain offenses. An entire chapter might be written on the consequences of this low valuation of woman, but suffice it to say here that in the higher classes it makes her but little better than the dull wife that Ibsen's Nora represents before her revolt, and in the lower classes but little better than a woman of the street. An illegitimate child in the so-called proletariat of Germany is regarded in as commonplace a manner as a legitimate one.

It is probably also the military spirit which makes the Germans such a rough people. Taking them as a whole, there is no nation in western Europe with so little grace and gentleness, and so much clamor and boisterousness. The aristocracy has, to be sure, a certain veneer and finish, and all the world knows how

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the German officer bows and scrapes, and kisses the hand of his whilom hostess; but *das Volk* — the people — are to-day what they have ever been, "shouters in battle." I can write from a full experience on this point, for I have worked and tramped with the German workingman on his own heath, and he takes the palm for unnecessary and blatant noise. At heart he is a good fellow and capable of sentiments which his outward manners belie, but he talks so loud and handles one so roughly that until one knows him well it is almost impossible to have to do with him.

The Germans are also somewhat inclined to be petty and small. They are so crowded together, and so afraid that some one will trample on their rights, that it is fairly impossible for them to overlook little things. Even to-day, with their empire united, they snap and bite at one another nearly as badly as in the days of their disintegration; and it is no hazardous prophecy to say that unless they stop it, their mighty organization will again be divided. It is in business and social life that one sees the most of this failing. When one asks them why they press small points so closely, they look indignant, and say, "Would you have me give up my rights?" It ill becomes the Germans to start a movement against the Jews, as some of them are now trying to do. There is no Gentile who possesses a greater talent for dealing with the Jews as one of them than the German.

Finally, the German is a *Gemüthsmensch;* he lives pretty much for and by his feelings. This is both a good trait and a bad one, and the German people show both sides. When it comes to a matter of justice, the German generally acts according to his feelings rather than his sense of practicality, whereas the Anglo-Saxon is more inclined to let cool judgment settle things. This is one of the main differences between these two nationalities, — the German is impulsive, and the Anglo-Saxon practical. Where the German's impulsiveness does harm is where he allows it to govern his prejudices. He has a great many of these, and once formed they become an integral part of his feelings. To let one go is like parting with one of his senses.

These are the main characteristics of the Germans which, in my opinion, do not make for good in the people of our country, and in so far as they are brought over and perpetuated they have a baneful influence upon our life. Both the good traits and the bad, however, undergo a change in our civilization. It would be interesting to consider this change with a view to age and place of settlement, for these are two very important factors; but the most that I will do here is to indicate roughly some of the more noticeable general variations in character.

III.

Perhaps the most striking change of all, and one that may be observed in its beginnings, while the immigrants are still huddled together in the steerage of the ships that brought them here, is the different feeling they have about government. They have all heard that there are no legally recognized class distinctions in our country, that all men are equal before the law; and for the educated among them this change means freedom, for the laborer release and escape. In Germany they were subjects; here they hope to become citizens.

Fortunately for us, for it is not easy to manage people so suddenly transplanted from a monarchical to a republican country, they retain for a long time some of the submissiveness which was common to them in the Fatherland. They themselves express this trait by a more euphemistic term, — *Gutmüthigkeit*, good-naturedness, — but it does not meet the case. They are by training a submissive people, and the first generation of

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them in a new country cannot overcome this characteristic. They try to conform to our laws, and I have failed to find among them, as a class, the vulgarly leveling democracy that is so prominent among the Irish. Although the Germans accept with eagerness our dictum that "one man is as good as another," they, more than any other of our immigrants, believe in an aristocracy of feeling; and it is this which saves them from the impertinence and self-assumption of so many who make their home with us. I have yet to meet the German-American who, because he is a free citizen, believes that no one is above him, in any sense of the word. He does not, to be sure, retain the slavish respect for *Herrschaften* that he had in his own land, and when he votes he is glad, if possible, to carry his point; but position well earned and government liberally executed impress him as much as they did in the Fatherland. Indeed, I should say that they impress him more, for he appreciates them from an entirely different point of view. At home he was compelled to bow down to them; with us he is free to reason and compromise. As a result, I think he is more of a man in our country than he was at home; he acts more on his own responsibility and intelligence, and is consequently more independent.

There are many Germans in Germany who say that their countrymen here have degenerated politically, that they have become wild and disrespectful; but I cannot agree with them. It is true that they do not kneel before Kaiser and Kaiserinn, as they did in the Fatherland, and that a great many of them would like to see these decorative figures abolished; but this is a natural consequence of contact with our institutions. Paternal governments are not desired on this side of the water, and I can see no degeneration of our German citizens in their acceptance of the general opinion.

German women are also more independent in this country than they were at home. The man is not the almighty creature to them that he was formerly, and they think and act more on their own initiative. Indeed, I have seen them call their husbands to order in a way that in Teutonic homes would be considered treason. They also take a great deal more interest in public questions. They are still *Hausfrauen*, and consider the home their distinct field of activity, but they appreciate as they did not before the value of keeping track of things which influence it both directly and indirectly.

Physically, however, — and now I am thinking particularly of the second generation, — they are not what they were in the Fatherland. A great many of them are much handsomer, and their intelligence is often keener, but they are not so well built and vigorous. In Mr. Havelock Ellis's book on Man and Woman there is a good illustration of the change that comes over them. He gives a picture of a German peasant woman alongside that of an American, and the difference observable approaches what I would call attention to in the case of German-American women born and brought up in this country. As a class they continue more energetic than American women and can do more work, but compared with their counterparts in Germany they seem to me to have degenerated physically. The same, in a way, can be said of the men of the second generation. They lack the carriage and strength of their countrymen trained in the German army, and frequently find it necessary to rely on mere nervous energy to accomplish their work. I ought to say, however, that, as a rule, they accomplish more in a given time than men do in Germany; they are quicker and less clumsy.

Their better financial condition, furthermore, makes them less inclined to petty and small devices. This applies to men, women, and children. They are still close at times, and the Pennsylvania Dutch are notorious for this charac-

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teristic; but as a race they press small points less vigorously than they did a generation or two ago. The ease with which they earn money here probably makes them also less industrious. I have not found them as keen, in America, to use every minute as they were at home, yet our greatest temptation, I think, is to rest too little. The Germans eventually ought to have a good influence on our life in this respect. There is much incentive for them to take life more easily and less seriously here than they did in the older country. Temporary failure to young men of German parentage in the United States does not mean at all what it means to the same class in Germany, where, during certain examination seasons, there is a regular epidemic of suicides simply because of failure to pass. Climate doubtless has something to do with this, but the main cause is fear that a single failure means everlasting failure. Not many Germans commit suicide in this country merely because they are plucked in a school contest. They acquire too quickly the Yankee's easy-going nature, and often to their harm. They are not so thorough and painstaking as formerly, and there is often a slouchiness in their manner which is deterioration not to be excused on the ground of Yankee simplicity. It is probably the reaction against the stiff and stereotyped deportment which was demanded of them in their own land. With all their roughness in Germany, they nevertheless must observe certain set rules of etiquette which in this country are not of first necessity, and the most of them are so anxious to become a part of us that they often overdo our freedom and joviality of manner. In Germany, for example, it is the custom among all classes for men to take off their hats to one another in the street; here this is not generally the case; and I am sorry to say that even before our German immigrants have landed they are taught manners which no country ought to allow, least of all on the part of its officials.

Morally our Germans are a distinct improvement on those in Germany. Perhaps they are not more honest, but they are just as honest, and they are decidedly more virtuous. I have already said that the position of the women is higher, but the men are likewise purer and more respectful of sex relations. The Germans are still inferior to the Irish in this particular, and the native Americans also, I believe, but they have improved on their past to a remarkable degree. In large cities, like New York and Chicago, where they are herded together by the thousands, one may still find the laxness that is characteristic of them at home; but in the country and in all places where local influences rule they are more respectful of women and marriage than they were before they came to us. This point ought to be emphasized, for one frequently hears the remark that Germans degenerate in every way on this side of the water. Perhaps they do physically, but morally and intellectually they gain more than they lose. One notices this advance most among those who come here as children and in those who are born here. A German boy born and brought up in this country has more general ability than his prototype in the Fatherland; and although he may not learn as much as the latter, he knows better how to manipulate and turn to profit the knowledge that he does acquire. He is also more ingenious, — equal to a trying situation. In Germany the boy is always at a loss what to do when his given rules and maxims fail to meet a particular case, and he has but little talent for acting freely and independently. In this respect the German-American boy acquires superior ability to his cousins at home, and he is consequently quicker, sharper, and more versatile.

The striking thing, however, in German children born in this country is the ease and almost eagerness with which they

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throw off their nationality. Except possibly the Irish, there is no other race which so quickly becomes American and anti-European. In a way the Pennsylvania Dutch are an exception to this rule, but their case is unique. Outside of Pennsylvania and in all communities where American influences predominate, the second generation of Germans give up their nationality; and in a great many instances it is impossible, try as the parents will, to have them learn their mother tongue. Indeed, there are large towns where they are ashamed, provided they have learned it, to speak German in public. It is the latest German immigrants who make up our so-called "German quarters" and wards, and it is they also whom we hear speaking German in the street.

German writers in the Fatherland complain that their countrymen thus "go back on their nationality," and claim that Germans on other soil become mere fertilizers of other races; but America gives them a better chance than this. The Pennsylvania Dutch afford pitiful evidence of what they all might have become had they refused to adapt themselves to local institutions and customs, and it is to their credit that they have made the best of the situation in which they find themselves. There is little likelihood that this situation will change; the Anglo-Saxon is supreme in America. Now and then one reads that the Germans are trying to introduce their language into schools, and it is taught even now, in certain German communities, almost on a par with English; but this effort can never lastingly influence our civilization. The time for the Germans to carry the day has passed forever, and while politicians may talk about "the German vote" or any other foreign vote, the native Americans can and will vote it down whenever they combine interests and overlook petty jealousies.

Summing up, then, the profit and loss of the Germans in our civilization, we find the balance leans largely to substantial gains: they have greatly benefited their material welfare; they are freer and better fitted to stand alone, unpropped by paternal government; they are more practically intelligent, able, and available; and they have a development before them which in Germany could never be realized. As to their losses, they have been compelled to give up their nationality; they have lost sight of a certain refinement, which, say what we will against the Old World Germans, is characteristic of them; they pay less attention to manners and etiquette than they formerly did; and finally, they tend to value life and its winnings by a standard which, if not entirely financial, is certainly not so influenced by the ideal spirit as is noticeable in Germany.

As our country settles down more and more to a serious way of living, they will change with it, I believe, making its best qualities theirs, and reducing loss to an insignificant minimum. The benefits conferred, however, and the losses sustained have not been all on one side. We are indebted to them for good, and we have suffered from them harm, and these points deserve careful note and comment.

IV.

Our first and greatest debt to the Germans is for their help in developing our country. It is said of the common German laborer that the minute he lands he is worth to the country fully one thousand dollars. Multiply this figure by the hundreds of thousands who have come over, and it is easy to see how valuable this class alone has been to us. There are trades, such as those of the lithographer, photographer, gardener, locksmith, tailor, carpenter, and baker, in which the Germans in this country comprise fifty per cent of all who are engaged in them. As a people the Germans work more slowly than we do, and in certain branches

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where quickness is necessary they are not equal to the demand, but they have contributed a steadying element to our working classes which has been most salutary. They are plodding men and women as their fathers were before them, and emigration has not revolutionized them. They have a settled expectation of lines of labor, and this tempers ambition and checks the haste to be rich which does so much to spoil not only our foreigners, but our own people.

The German peasants have also helped to make our farm life more sociable. Where they are gathered together, if only by twos and threes, there is a *Gemüthlichkeit* in their life which other nationalities, except perhaps the Scandinavians, fail to bring with them. Right here we come upon debatable ground. This special feature of German-American social life — its *Gemüthlichkeit*, an utterly untranslatable word — has become responsible, in the opinion of many, for the "beer garden" and the "Continental Sunday." It is a question too large to discuss here, whether these institutions are the unmixed evils that our Puritan forefathers would have thought them. But thus much, I think, is true: they have the demerit of not being indigenous to our soil, and are still unprovided for in our system; consequently, the beer garden in America is not in any degree the respectable place that it is in Germany, nor is the freer American Sunday of late modern times an honorable counterpart of the universal holiday of Germany, — the day when, after church, clergymen, from Luther down to the present day, and church men and women, give themselves equally with the humbler classes to the pleasures and delights of social intercourse and mutual entertainment. In so far as the Germans have transplanted among us institutions that become themselves degenerate by the transplanting, they have done us harm; but we must remember that the period of transition is ever a difficult, and often a dangerous one. Even had they never come among us, we must inevitably have entered upon such a period in our own life; and though their views and customs may have complicated some of its problems, they may also help us to solve them.

This brings me to consider the points where I think the Germans have been the least useful to us. I have said that we are indebted to them for developing the resources of our country, and we most assuredly are, but they have not always held fast to higher ideals than those of mere business. They lack the mixture of industry and *esprit* which, say what one will, is more or less characteristic of the native Americans, and are inclined to value life purely in dollars and cents. We ourselves, as a young and struggling nation, are not free from this same pernicious tendency, and it has not helped us to incorporate millions of foreigners, who, after all is said, have come here mainly and specifically to better their finances.

Even in his own land, at home in its spirit and institutions, the German is pessimistic toward everything that does not show signs of material profit and worth, and the dearth of material good, as he considers it, sends him to us. It is, consequently, very natural that, with improved prospects, he should give himself up to a materialism more or less gross according to his particular pursuit of gains.

Let us recognize all the good that German hands have wrought by honest toil among us, all that German love of freedom and independence has added to our own high thought along these lines, all that German hearts have cast into our common store of peace and good will, and still hold fast with firm and patriotic purpose to the finer, truer American ideal.

Josiah Flynt.

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STONY-LONESOME: A STORY OF THE PROVINCES.

LYDIA'S eyes strayed over the wide, wooded valley, over the far-off rim of purple hills, and rested wistfully on the tremulous blue beyond. She laid her arms along the top of the worn gray bars, and leaned her rosy face upon her folded brown hands, and fetched a long sigh from the very bottom of her heart. And still she kept her eyes fixed on that patch of shimmering sky. How well she knew that spot, set apart from all the rest of the spacious empty heavens by two jutting shoulders of the hills! In that high notch the sky seemed, to Lydia, ever intenser and more mysterious than elsewhere. It was of a deeper, more palpitating blueness there in the dew-washed summer mornings, of a more thrilling opalescence in the hazy, heated noons, of a more ineffable golden translucency after the setting of the sun. Even at night, too, the place was marked out for her, a low star sometimes beaming like a beacon through the notch.

Presently the girl lifted her head, and impatiently threw back a loose wisp of crinkled gold-brown hair. Then she dashed a tear from her cheek.

"I wish, oh, I wish as how I could go! If only gran'mother an' gran'dad could git along without me for a spell!"

She turned, picked up her two pails, each half full of water from the spring, and started up the long, stony lane toward the house. A strong wooden hoop, once part of a molasses hogshead, encircling her a little above the knees, kept the pails from striking against her as she walked. She stepped with resolute alertness, and would not let herself look back toward that magic spot of sky. Her work at the house was calling for her.

Somewhere far beyond that spot of sky, according to her painstaking calculations and much eager study of the maps in her school geography, lay the city of Lydia's dreams. From early childhood she had heard and read of Boston, and longed for it. Girls whom she knew, her schoolmates, shy, shabby, and awkward, had gone thither, to disappear from her view for a year or two. They had returned in glorious apparel, self-confident and glib of tongue, to dazzle down all criticism in their quiet Nova Scotian backwoods settlement. Their visits were always brief, but they left heart-burnings and discontent behind them. Lydia had it in her mind that she would never learn those bold glances and that loud chattering in Boston. Her imagination was all on fire with dreams and ambitions, which in Boston only, she thought, could ever find fulfillment. It was not lack of money that kept her, chained and fretting, on the old farm of Stony-Lonesome, as John Cassidy's place was called. She would have borrowed the little necessary cash, strong in the faith that she would be able to pay it back when she got to the Eldorado of her desires. But her grandfather and grandmother were getting old, and she was all they had to make life sweet. She felt that she was bound to stay at home. Over and over again, as she sent her very soul out toward that mysterious patch of sky, Lydia told herself that she could not purchase the satisfaction of her desire at the cost of loneliness and sorrow for the old people. But the longing in her vigorous young heart grew daily more hard to resist, while her wrestlings with the tyrannous impulse grew daily more feeble. She began to feel with remorse the approach of a day when she would be no longer able to sustain the unequal contest.

It was with a very anguish of apprehension that Lydia's grandparents watched her growing restlessness. Their fear was no mere selfish passion. The

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grandmother, indeed, a gentle, motherly woman, would sit rocking in the sunny porch, and thinking, thinking, thinking, of what Stony-Lonesome would be without "Lyddy." Far worse than this, to John Cassidy, was a black horror of Boston, which lay like a nightmare on his soul. He loved Lydia with all the pent-up force of a grim, undemonstrative nature; yet the thought of his own pain at losing the sunshine of her presence hardly touched him. His dreams were racked with visions of Lydia's ruin. He had never seen a city; and he had imagination. In his eyes Boston was a sort of Babylon, where Vice, in grotesquely leering shapes (fashioned from boyish memories of an illustrated copy of the Pilgrim's Progress), caught openly in the streets at the white skirts of Innocence.

Lydia knew that her grandfather hated Boston with a hate that would endure no argument; and she knew that her grandmother also trembled at the name. The reason for this, however, was far indeed from her remotest guess. The old, old tragedy was at the foundation of it. Lydia's mother, grown heart-sick at eighteen with the bright desolation of Stony-Lonesome, had shaken off restraint and fled away to Boston. After two years at service there she had come back to Stony-Lonesome, broken with pain and shame, deserted by a false lover. Her mother, taking her back to her aching heart, had striven to comfort her; but her father, for three long, bitter months, had held sternly aloof from her contrition. Then, forgiving her upon her death-bed, in an agony of love and grief which she had pitifully tried to soothe, he had taken her child to his heart with a consuming devotion. To him, thenceforth, life found expression only in terms of Lydia. This was the name her dying mother had bestowed upon the child, and this, without abbreviation, John Cassidy had called her from the cradle; but the grandmother had shortened it to "Lyddy."

As for the name "Stony-Lonesome," never was appellation more apt. John Cassidy's father, an eccentric recluse, had built his house upon a hill on the remotest edge of Brine Settlement. The farm had good land attached to it, in the adjacent valley; but the long, round hill, licked naked by an ancient conflagration, was of niggard soil and thick-sown with granite boulders. The house was built so well that time appeared unwilling to try conclusions with it, and so warmly that its occupants did not suffer from its bleak situation. Low-walled and wide, rain-washed to a gray which blended with the surrounding stones, it seemed an outgrowth of the hill itself. The front door was dull yellow. At one corner arose, like a steeple, the stiff gray form of a Lombardy poplar, the only tree on the hill. At the other corner, where the ell straggled off leanly from the main house, stood a huge hogshead to catch the rain-water from the roof. A little square of garden, sloping from the front door, and fenced with low walls of stones carefully piled, was bright with sweet-william and bachelor's-button and phlox. This patch of color took on a curious pathos from the wide severity which it so vainly strove to soften. The ample barns, which as a rule succeed in giving a certain kindly air to the bleakest scene, were hidden behind the house at Stony-Lonesome.

As Lydia, gracefully and steadily carrying her two pails of water, reached the top of the hill and turned the corner toward the kitchen door, John Cassidy lifted his eyes from his corn-hoeing in the lower field. He saw Lydia pause at the corner of the house and cast one lingering backward look across the valley toward that notch in the hills. He had watched her at this before, and had come to know what it meant. He trembled, and muttered to himself, "She 's got it! The p'ison 's workin' in her blood! That 's what 's makin' her fret so, longin' to be away to that hell on

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earth. Lydia, Lydia, I 'd ruther see your dear young eyes shet white an' fast in death than see ye go like your poor mother done!"

Then, with knit brows and set lips, he went on with his hoeing, till presently Lydia appeared in the kitchen door and blew a long, echoing note on the great shell which served as a dinner-horn. John Cassidy straightened his back, threw down the hoe, and started for the house; and the hired man appeared, coming from behind a copse further down the valley.

The hired man sat down at the dinner-table along with Mr. and Mrs. Cassidy and Lydia. His name was Job. A pair of kind but shrewd blue eyes twinkled under his pale and bushy eyebrows, giving an alert look to his otherwise heavy face, which was round, red, and hairless. After shoveling a huge quantity of fish and potatoes into his mouth, using his knife for the purpose, he stopped for breath.

"Jim Ed Barnes come by as I was workin' in the back lot this forenoon," said he.

"What did Jim Ed have to say for himself?" asked Lydia.

"He was tellin' me," answered Job, "how fine his sister Ellen was hittin' it off in Bawston."

Mr. and Mrs. Cassidy looked at each other. The old man's face paled slightly, while his wife made a hasty effort to change the subject.

"Did he say how his mother's leg was gittin'?" she inquired, with an excellent assumption of eagerness on her large, gentle face.

But Lydia interrupted. "What 's she doing, Job? And how is she gitting along? And how does she like it in Bawston?" she queried breathlessly.

"Why," said Job, "she 's got to be forewoman in a big millin'ry store. She was always neat-fingered, y' know, an' took natural to that kinder thing. An' now she 's makin' money, I reckon! Why, Jim Ed says as how she sent home two hundred dollars yesterday, to help pay off the mortgage on their place."

The potato which he was eating became to John Cassidy as dry as sawdust, and stuck in his throat. He heard Lydia burst out with the cry he had so long been dreading.

"Oh, gran'dad, oh, gran'mother," she pleaded, "if only I could go for a little spell an' try it! I know I could do well, — I feel it in me, — an' I 'd so love to help you pay off that mortgage on Stony-Lonesome that gives you so much bother every year!"

Seeing their faces of denial, she would not give them time to speak, but went on hastily: "An' I 'd come back every summer, for sure! Oh, it will break my heart to leave you, I know; but my heart seems just bursting to go, too. An' you both know I 'd come back when you got old an' needed me; an' then I 'd stay with you always!"

"Lyddy, Lyddy," exclaimed her grandmother in a quivering voice, "don't we need you now, an' all the time? Think what it would be for us if you took away the only sunshine that 's left for us in Stony-Lonesome? As fur the mortgage, it ain't *nothing*!"

But John Cassidy turned to the man. "What do you know," he asked harshly, "of the awful dangers, an' the scarlet iniquities, an' all the wrongs an' woes that crushes the soul in a city? How fur have ye ever been from Brine Settlement?"

"No furder 'n Halifax, Mr. Cassidy," said Job cheerfully, "'cept maybe round the world onc't or twic't, when I was a lad an' followed the sea!"

He paused in pardonable triumph; but as John Cassidy had no answer on his tongue, he went on: "An' I 've found human natur' pretty much the same everywheres. I reckon 't ain't no worse in Bawston than in Brine Settlement, all in all!"

"You know," began Lydia excitedly,

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"now, while you an' gran'dad have each other, an' so well an' strong, and — and — young, in fact, now 's the time for me to go" —

But at this point the look in her grandfather's face stopped her right short, her sentence dangling weakly in the air. Could he be a little — just a little — "touched" on the subject of Boston? she wondered. At least, she would drop the subject for the present, and await a more auspicious hour for resuming it. As she came to this conclusion, her grandmother spoke again.

"You 're so young yet, Lyddy. Surely you can stay a bit longer in the old nest. Hain't the old folks got some claim on you yet?" she pleaded.

And Lydia, still glancing furtively and uneasily at her grandfather's face, replied: "Yes, dear. We won't talk any more about it now, — not this summer at all," she added, with sudden resolution, followed by a sigh.

John Cassidy could not trust himself to speak on the subject, so he proceeded to give Job directions about the afternoon's work. Dinner was done, and Lydia set herself to clearing the table.

John Cassidy wandered aimlessly about the kitchen, cutting his tobacco and filling his black clay pipe, till Lydia, having mixed a dish of potatoes and corn meal, went out to feed a coop of chickens back of the barn. Then he stood still in front of his wife.

"Oh, John, how are we goin' to keep her to home without makin' her feel as how she 's in a prison?" moaned Mrs. Cassidy, rocking herself to and fro.

"That 's the trouble, Marthy," said he slowly. "I can't bear to make her feel that way. An' she sees other girls goin'! An' oh, the rovin' spirit 's in her blood! We must git her more books, an' let her go round more an' have a good time. I hain't quite understood her in the past, maybe."

"But she 'll want to go next winter, John. An' we 'll have to let her go, or she 'll git to hate Stony-Lonesome an' fret herself to death."

"I 'll see her dead," said John Cassidy slowly through white lips, "afore I 'll let her go!" Then the fire smouldered down in his heart, and he went on: "But we 'll try to wean her from it, Marthy; an' maybe God 'll help us. He did n't help us much the other time, about Maggie, but maybe he 'll hear us now. There 's that organ the agent over to the Corners was tryin' to sell me. We 'll git it. Lydia 's been wantin' one this long time."

He stopped abruptly as Lydia came in with the empty dish. Putting a light to his pipe, he went out at once. Lydia had caught his last words, and now she saw her grandmother's eyes red and swollen. Her heart was torn with divided emotions. She was angry at the idea of being bribed, like a child, to give up what she looked upon as her serious ambitions. She told herself that the young had a right, a sacred right, to carve out their fortunes; and she was full of the idea that she had talents, — of just what nature she was hardly yet quite sure. At the same time, she loved her grandparents more deeply even than she herself suspected; and now, realizing as she had never done before the pain which she would cause them by her going, she shrank at the thought of it. She did think of it, however, nearly all that night; and rising in the morning, dull-eyed, from a sleepless pillow, she told her grandparents that for a whole year, at least, she would say no more of Boston. Their joy was an illumination to her. A gladder sunshine seemed to stream down upon Stony-Lonesome, and she heard her grandfather whistling like a boy over his work in the corn-field. For days she herself had a calm, contented spirit, and turned her eyes no more to the notch in the hills.

It could not be expected that this contentment, reached so abruptly, should prove lasting. In a few weeks the

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young girl felt again the sting of the old restlessness. But she would not let it appear. In the autumn, when several girls of her acquaintance went away, full of sanguine enthusiasm, the gnawing fever in her veins grew almost intolerable. She fought it with a resolution which might have reassured John Cassidy as to her moral fibre; but it took its revenge by stealing from her cheeks the color and round young curves. The old people noted this, and grieved over it, and redoubled their furtive efforts to amuse her. Lydia wept at night over the struggle, but succeeded, after a time, in cultivating a cheery lightness of manner that deceived and relieved her grandparents. All through the spring and summer they grew more and more happily reassured; and all the time, under the restraint which she had put upon herself, the fire in Lydia's heart gathered heat.

At last, with the next coming of the fall, and the going of the birds, and the aching unrest which troubles the blood when the days grow short and chill with the diminishing year, Lydia could bear it no longer. She cried out to them one day, with a sudden storm of tears, that she must go away; that they must let her go for a little while, to come back to Stony-Lonesome in the spring. The poor little house of cards which the old people had been building all summer came straightway to the ground in piteous ruin.

John Cassidy said nothing. The look upon his face cut Lydia to the heart, but she hardened herself to meet it. It had been his rule, in bringing the girl up, to cross her wishes but rarely, and then with a finality that left no more to say. Now he shrank from entering into a direct conflict with her will. That his positive command would keep her at home, at least for the present, he knew; but he feared the ultimate result. With haggard eyes he gazed at Lydia for a few moments; then rose and went out. His wife set herself despairingly, with tears, and tender entreaties, and arguments which Lydia had already threshed over and over in her own mind, to turn the girl from her purpose. But Lydia was now in the full torrent of reaction from her long self-control, and neither argument nor entreaty could touch her. She fled to her own room, her handkerchief reduced to a wet and crumpled ball, her eyes red and angry. Throwing herself on her face upon the bed, she tried hard to fix her mind on such details as what clothes she would take with her and what time she would get away. She thought and thought, but her grandfather's haggard eyes kept thrusting themselves between her and her plans, till she sprang up and set herself feverishly to an examination of her wardrobe.

Downstairs Mrs. Cassidy sat rocking to and fro, dropping hot tears upon the gray woolen sock which she was knitting. In her heart was a dark, half-realized phantom of a fear that her husband, in his anger, might do something dreadful to Lydia. She remembered that sudden, awful threat which had been wrung from him; and though she had lived with him these forty years, she did not even yet know the tenderness of his rugged heart. She trembled, and waited for what might happen.

John Cassidy came in, an hour later, and got his coat. He had harnessed up his old driving horse, and was going in to the Corners, — "to do an arr'nd," he said, in answer to his wife's query. In fact, he felt that he would have to get away from Stony-Lonesome in order to think clearly. He was bewildered by the problem which confronted him. But it was an unheard-of thing for him to go in to the Corners without taking Lydia along. The girl watched him from the window as the wagon went jolting down the lane, and read his bitterest rebuke in this solitary departure. It made her feel as if she were suddenly thrust

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out of his life. A keen foretaste of homesickness came over her.

As John Cassidy, with bent head and hands that scarcely felt the reins they held, moved along the quiet country road, his thoughts fell over one another in harassing confusion. At last, however, a definite purpose began to take shape. What if he should — quietly kill himself? If he were to throw himself from the wagon over some steep bank, on the way home that night, the world, or at least Brine Settlement, would call it an accident. And then Lydia would never have the heart to leave her widowed grandmother alone. John Cassidy shook at the thought, for he was a religious man, of the straitest sect of the Baptists. But after all, what, to him, was his own soul compared with Lydia's? He would take hell itself gladly, if thereby he might pluck Lydia from the brink. By the time he approached the Corners he had about made up his mind. He was planning the details minutely; and while this awful purpose, this incomparable heroism, was revolving in his brain, passers-by saw only a gray and weary-looking man bent over the reins, his eyes so fixed upon his horse's head that he hardly returned their salutations.

Still scrutinizing the dread burden in his heart, he went as usual to the post-office, and then to the village grocery for a bag of "feed." He tested the feed as critically, and questioned the price as frugally (gaining a few cents of discount because of a musty spot in the bag), as if he were just going home to fodder the cattle and make a hearty meal of buckwheat cakes. As he passed out of the shop, between a pile of codfish on one side and a dark-streaked molasses hogshead on the other, one of the group of men who occupied the counters and biscuit-boxes remarked to him, "I hear Lyddy 's talkin' of goin' to Bawston this winter!"

John Cassidy glared blankly at the speaker, and went on without replying. When he was out of earshot a buzz of talk arose, and the old unhappy story of Lydia's mother was repeated, with many rustic embellishments.

But of the question and the questioner John Cassidy thought not at all. Just as he was getting into the wagon a new idea flashed upon his mind, and at once his whole plan fell to pieces. It occurred to him that if he were gone Lydia would soon coax her grandmother away to Boston. The cold sweat came out upon his forehead, as he saw how near he had been to throwing away his own soul, while, in the very act, thrusting Lydia onward to a swifter ruin.

As he drove slowly along out of the village and into the wide, twilight country, his head drooped lower over the reins. It was characteristic of the measureless unselfishness of the man that now, though having, as he truly believed, just escaped with his soul, he was not glad. His brain lay dumb as a log in the blackness of dejection.

The country road was winding and variable, with here a swampy hollow and there a rocky steep. At last the moon came up, red, full, and distorted, and stared John Cassidy in the face. The jogging horse, the lean, high wagon, and the bent form on the seat cast grotesquely dancing shadows behind them. The naked stumps and rampikes cast other shadows, which pointed straight at John Cassidy in solemn stillness and with strange unanimous meaning. The wagon reached a spot where the road was narrow, with a little bridge and a steep bank on one side. John Cassidy's face lit up. He stopped the horse, and looked down at the confusion of stones some six or eight feet below, with a rivulet prattling thinly just beyond them.

"If I kind of drop myself over there," said he meditatively, "I ain't goin' to run no great resk o' killin' myself. No, sir! It 'll break an arm or a leg, maybe, or put a shoulder out o' j'int, — enough to lay me up, that 's all. With her grand-

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father a cripple," — here he winced, and looked around as if some one else had spoken the hated word in his ear, — "with me a cripple, I say," he repeated obstinately, "Lydia could n't never think of goin' away."

He got out of the wagon, told the horse to go home, and struck him lightly with the whip. The animal looked around in wonder, and then obediently set forward, leaving his master standing by the roadside in the uncertain light.

"Even if I kin hold her back a year or so," mused John Cassidy, still looking down at the stones, "it 's worth the while. She 'll have sense, will Lydia, when she gits a little older. I wonder, now, if Job 'll git the potatoes in all right 'thout my help, an' not mix the upland crop with them from the wet medder field?"

Now that he saw his way clear to the rescue of Lydia, the farmer's natural anxieties about the harvest again seized upon John Cassidy's mind; but only for an instant; the next he let himself topple over the bank, half turning back as he fell, and clutching nervously at a wayside bush. The bush gave way at once, and he dropped heavily among the stones. In an instant he was on his feet again, staring around in a dazed way, and wondering how it was that he could stand up. Jumping to the conclusion that the fall had done him no injury, he made a start as if to climb back and try it again. But his knees failed, and he ground his teeth with a sudden pervading anguish, while the red moon seemed to reel and totter amid the tree-tops. Then consciousness faded from his brain.

Meanwhile the old horse had jogged faithfully homeward. The reins, slipping from the dashboard, trailed along the ground, till the horse turned in at the lane of Stony-Lonesome. Just then they caught and held on a projecting root, and the horse at once stopped. Half an hour later Job came down the lane to fetch water from the spring, and found the horse standing there patiently with the empty wagon behind him.

Job saw at once that something serious had happened. He ran perhaps a hundred yards along the road; then, realizing that he would be likely to need help, he sped back to the house for Lydia. Fearing to alarm Mrs. Cassidy, he asked the girl to take a step down the lane with him, it being such an "uncommon fine night." She was on the point of an abrupt refusal, when she caught the grave and anxious meaning in his eyes.

"All right, Job," said she, with a sudden vague apprehension. "I 'll git my hat an' come right along."

She ran after the man, and overtook him halfway down the lane. "What 's the matter?" she asked breathlessly.

Job pointed to the horse and empty wagon, plainly visible a few rods below.

"Where is he?" she gasped, clutching at Job's arm.

"Back along the road somewheres, likely," said Job. "I thought as how I might need help to lift him."

Lydia tried to question further, but the voice died in her aching throat, and she hurried on beside the man in stunned silence. A succession of dreadful forebodings flashed through her mind. She kept repeating to herself that she had killed her grandfather. Then they came to the wagon. Job turned the horse. She climbed to the wagon-seat, and sat with her fingers twisting and untwisting, as Job drove rapidly back along the road to the Corners.

The moon was higher and whiter now, and every object along the roadside stood out sharply. They came to the little bridge. They stopped, and cried out as with one voice when they saw John Cassidy's whip lying in the road. Then they sprang out of the wagon, and Lydia was down the bank in an instant, she knew not how. Kneeling in the edge

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of the stream, which she noticed not at all, she raised her grandfather's bleeding face to her bosom.

"Oh, he's alive! He breathes!" she cried in a high, breaking voice to Job, who was stooping over her.

When the old man had been carried home and laid in his own bed, he was still unconscious. Mrs. Cassidy, white and stern and tearless, took everything out of Lydia's hands, and astonished the girl by her swift energy and readiness. After what seemed weeks of waiting the doctor came. Having found a broken shoulder, he set it, and then announced that unless there was concussion of the brain the patient would almost certainly recover, though but slowly. Upon this Mrs. Cassidy went into another room, where she could not hear her husband's heavy breathing, and threw her apron over her face.

She had sat there for perhaps half an hour, when Lydia stole in to try and comfort her; but she turned on the girl bitterly. She was no longer the doting grandmother, but the grief-stricken wife, fierce at the pain which Lydia had caused her husband. By that deep intuition which may at times, we know not how, illumine a woman's heart, she saw that Lydia had been in some way the cause of the accident. And Lydia saw it, too, though there appeared to be no reasonable ground for such a conclusion. A few bitter words from the resentful woman, and Lydia also knew what had been so tenderly hidden from her, — the story of her mother's ruin. With bowed head and bleeding heart she crept back to her grandfather's bed, and crouched down beside it with her face buried in the quilt.

For days John Cassidy's life hung upon a thread. He was delirious most of the time, and seeing Lydia's bright head so continually hanging over his pillow, his wanderings for the most part concerned themselves with her. From scattered phrases of his delirium and half-formed mutterings and appeals which wrung her soul, Lydia learned how little of accident there had been in the stroke which had overthrown her grandfather.

This knowledge, uncovering to her as it did the deeps of his devotion, pierced her with a pang that was not all pain. The remorseful anguish of it was lightened by the thought of such love enfolding her. This thought was like balm to the shame which had burned her spirit ever since that cruel revelation of her grandmother's. Under the scorching experiences of those grievous days Lydia's nature ripened.

On an afternoon of Indian summer, one of those days when winter, though close at hand, seems to have fallen asleep and forgotten his purpose, Lydia stood again by the bars with her two pails of spring water. She gazed across the wide country to the mysterious notch in the hills. The patch of sky, melting in an indescribable violet haze, looked nearer than ever before, but it drew her not as before. She looked at it with a sort of pensive tenderness, the indulgence which one gives to a dream outgrown. Then she went back to the house, and presently up to her grandfather's bedside.

As she leaned over him, John Cassidy opened sane eyes and looked at her. The sickness had left his brain. Lydia gave a little sob of joy, fell on her knees, and dropped her face to the pillow beside his.

"Grandfather," she said, "I don't want any more to go away. I am going to live here always."

The tone, as much as the words, contented him. With a smile he moved his lips against her face for a moment, and then fell softly into a healing sleep.

Charles G. D. Roberts.

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EARLY RECOLLECTIONS OF BRET HARTE.

SHE came out of the kitchen in starched gingham that shed about her a faint aroma of buckwheat cakes. She showed me the rooms that she had to let: one between the formal parlor and the informal dining-room, with its single window framed in roses, red and white; and one at the top of the stairs, under the sloping roof, and not bigger than a big box; it had a skylight that lifted like a lid, and there the air and the light and the dust sifted in. It was a cosy nook and well enough lighted, but all that the eye could feast on was the fleckless, fathomless blue of the stark California sky, — and one must needs have lain on one's back to do that comfortably. I thought of Chatterton, and aspiring song, and hope deferred, and pinching poverty, and other picturesque but depressing things, and I said, "I 'll take the room below, with the window under the rose-drift, and the blue-figured wall-paper."

Then we turned from the skylighted locker, and descended into an atmosphere permeated with the mingled odors of kitchen and parlor.

When I came in, that evening, and met the landlady at dinner, she said, half reproachfully, "I thought perhaps you 'd like that room upstairs because it used to be Frank Harte's."

It must have been in the year 1854 that Francis Bret Harte, at the age of fifteen, went to California with his widowed mother. It was now nine years later, and he had achieved a local reputation as poet and prose writer. He was doubtless turning his couplets when he was an occupant of the sky parlor, tucked under the eaves of this old-fashioned house that stood in the southern part of Oakland, California, not far from the water-front facing the Alameda marshes.

In 1860 my father rented a broad, low-roofed bungalow in another part of Oakland, and, as a family, we rejoiced there for a season. A modest colonnade surrounded this summer home, and it stood beneath a noble tree, the largest live-oak in all Oakland. On two sides of the garden was a whitewashed fence made of laths laid close together in a small diamond-pattern. As young Harte's fame began to spread and the interest in his personal history became general, we learned that at one time he had lived in that bungalow, and that the fence was the work of his hands. Had relic-hunters been forewarned in season it would have vanished betimes.

Those were the halcyon days before California had become a health resort and been "railroaded" to the depths of the commonplace. Oakland was a kind of wildwood or wilderness; there was but a single street in it worthy of the name, — a broad, sandy trail that parted the grove in the middle; and even in this trail one had to turn out for a tree now and again, or for a deliberate cow with her dolorous bell, or for a recumbent goat. Beyond Oakland the comparatively naked and unexplored lands spread far and wide into the foot-hills; and there the adventurous were out of sight of hall and hovel, their feet sheathed in Mexican stirrups, musical but murderous spurs of gigantic circumference at their heels, and their shoulders overshadowed by broad-brimmed sombreros. Usually it was the solitary horseman who went thither, scenting the still, hot air of spicy cañons, toiling over the brazen hills from camp to camp, and finding them as active as if it were flood-tide on market-day. Then, and later, at San Rafael, the bulls fought bravely on its saint's day, and the click of the castanet was heard in the land.

San Francisco was unique: all the color-lines were down; gilded vice, seated

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upon her tinsel throne, was visible from the pavement, and in some cases infamy might truly have been called splendid; the drone of the hurdy-gurdy, the gay fandango, the Celestial players of fantan, were heard and seen on every side: and all these, Bret Harte, in the dew of his youth, saw, searched into, and assimilated. Like the Argonaut, the forty-niner, he became a part of the land itself, and a very living part of the life of the land. It is fortunate for us who knew California of old, and love to revive memories of the past, that he came when he came, saw what he saw, and conquered as he unquestionably did conquer, and held fast the very spirit, if not the letter, of that Golden Age. The spirit is the poetry, the letter is the prose of it all. Only a poet can paint the picturesque. California was picturesque once upon a time; the life there and then was delightful, audacious, perhaps at times devilish; there was not much repose in camp or town, but there was enough and to spare in the wide verandas of the sun-baked haciendas and in the attenuated vistas of the mission cloisters.

It was a lucky fate that drove Bret Harte afield when he was all eyes, when his wits were wide awake, and he had a healthy, youthful thirst for adventure. Fate made of him for a time a country schoolmaster, and some of the finely finished studies he has given us are the direct results of that experience; it lured him to learn the printer's trade; he sat in the seat of the scornful, — a village editor; he was an express messenger in the mountains when the office was the target of every lawless rifle in the territory; he was glutted with adventurous experiences; he bore a charmed life. Probably his youth was his salvation, for he ran a thousand risks, yet seemed only to gain in health and spirits; and all the while he was unconsciously accumulating the most precious material that could fall to the lot of a writer, — the lights and shadows, the color, the details of a life unique, as brief as it was brilliant, and one never to be lived again under the sun or stars.

Because he saw all there was of poetry and romance in that singular life, and has reproduced it poetically and romantically, he has been accused of exaggeration by some of those who knew the life he pictures. But they did not know it as he knew it; they did not see the same side of it, — the more interesting, the pictorial side. Theirs was quite another point of view: very much that was peculiar to it — that which in many cases made it singular and a law unto itself — was partly or wholly lost to them; its most attractive elements were unnoted by them. Mr. Harte refers, in one of his prefaces, to an unknown early master who somewhat naïvely depicted the miner's life in a series of paintings. I well remember them, although it is an age since they disappeared from the public eye. This artless artist knew that life; he saw its pathetic humor, its humorous pathos, its tragic fun, its comic tragedy, but his earnest and no doubt honest endeavors to reproduce these features were not wholly successful. Nor has any artist or any writer of whom I have knowledge succeeded as Bret Harte has succeeded in revivifying them. If he portrays only their pictorial or poetical or romantic features, all the better; the commonplace we have always with us, and it was no more tolerable then than it is now.

The vicissitudes of Bret Harte were destined to become his stock in trade, and when he returned to San Francisco, and somehow drifted into the composing-room of the then famous paper, The Golden Era, he naturally began to contribute to its columns. The Golden Era was the cradle and the grave of many a high hope, — there was nothing to be compared with it that side of the Mississippi; and though it could point with pride — it never failed to do so — to a

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somewhat notable list of contributors, it had always the fine air of the amateur, and was most complacently patronizing. The very pattern of paternal patronage was amiable Joe Lawrence, its editor. He was an inveterate pipe-smoker, a pillar of cloud as he sat in his editorial chair, first-floor front, on the south side of Clay Street below Montgomery; an air of literary mystery enveloped him. He spoke as an oracle, and I remember his calling my attention to a certain anonymous contribution, just received, and nodding his head prophetically; for he already had his eye on its fledgeling author, a young compositor on the floor above. It was Bret Harte's first appearance in The Golden Era, and doubtless Lawrence encouraged him as he encouraged me when, out of the mist about him, he handed me — secretly and with a glance of caution, for his business partner, the marble-hearted, sat at his ledger not far away — he handed me a folded paper on which he had written this startling legend: "Write some prose for The Golden Era, and I will give you a dollar a column." I had not yet outgrown a bad habit of verse-making, had never been paid a farthing for anything I had published, and the brightening prospect dazzled and confounded me.

Before Bret Harte ceased to write for The Golden Era he had gained sufficient self-confidence to sign his contributions "B" or "Bret." M'liss was first printed in those columns, and Joe Lawrence was filled with Olympian laughter when he exhibited a handsome specially designed woodcut heading which he had ordered for the charming tale. Mark Twain and Prentice Mulford became known through the columns of The Golden Era; Joaquin Miller wrote for it from the backwoods depths of his youthful obscurity.

On May 28, 1864, the first number of The Californian was issued by Charles Henry Webb, its editor and proprietor. This was the famous weekly of which W. D. Howells, in an article on Mark Twain, has said: —

"I think Mr. Clemens has not mentioned his association with that extraordinary group of wits and poets, of whom Mr. Bret Harte, Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard, Mr. Charles Henry Webb, and Mr. Prentice Mulford were, with himself, the most conspicuous. These ingenuous young men, with the fatuity of gifted people, had established a literary newspaper in San Francisco, and they brilliantly coöperated to its early extinction."

The first article that appeared in The Californian was Neighborhoods I Have Moved From, By a Hypochondriac. No. One. It was followed by The Ballad of the Emeu. Each is Bret Harte's, and both are unsigned. The Condensed Novels, which he began in The Golden Era, were continued in The Californian. To that highly interesting periodical he contributed many poems, grave and gay, sketches, essays, editorials, and book reviews; some of the latter were clever bits of verse. Occasionally one finds the name "Francis Bret Harte," or perhaps "Bret," or only "H," attached to a piece of prose or verse; many of his contributions are unsigned, and much of the admirable work he did then is now of no avail on account of its purely local and ephemeral character.

In July, 1868, when The Overland Monthly was founded, Bret Harte became its editor. Mr. Rounsevelle Wildman, the editor of The Overland Monthly, New Series, has recently written: "When Anton Roman made up his mind to establish a monthly magazine in connection with his publishing and bookselling business, he did so with the advice of Noah Brooks, Charles Warren Stoddard, B. B. Redding, W. C. Bartlett, and others, for most of whom he had already published books. When the question of a suitable editor arose, Stoddard recommended Bret Harte, then an almost unknown writer on The Golden

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Era, at that time a popular weekly. Bret Harte accepted with some misgivings as to financial matters, but was reassured when Roman showed him pledges of support by advertising patronage up to nine hundred dollars a month, which he had secured in advance." In the August number of that magazine appeared The Luck of Roaring Camp. If Mr. Harte had been in doubt as to his vocation before, that doubt was now dispelled forever. Never was a more emphatic or unquestionable literary success. That success began in the composing-room, when a female compositor revolted at the unaccustomed combination of mental force, virility, and originality. No doubt it was all very sudden and unexpected; it shook the editorial and composing rooms, the business office, and a limited number of worthy people who had seen The Luck in manuscript, as they had never been shaken save by the notorious Californian earthquake. The climax was precipitated when the justly indignant editor, whose motives, literary judgment, and good taste had been impeached, declared that The Luck of Roaring Camp should appear in the very next number of The Overland Monthly, or he would resign his office. Wisdom finally prevailed: the article appeared; The Overland's success was assured, and its editor was famous.

The rocket reputation is usually as brief as it is brilliant. Count them on your fingers, the successful first books that have attracted notice enough to turn the head of a man of genius. Where are they now, the writers and their books? The writers have written themselves out, and their books are forgotten. Probably, in spite of the fact that the best books may be neglected, their fate was well deserved.

Perhaps no one knows just why success comes when it comes; yet the question is not so difficult as why it is so long coming, and why in some cases it never comes at all.

That Bret Harte worked for his success there is no doubt. I knew him best when he was editor of The Overland Monthly; I saw much of him then. Fortunately for me, he took an interest in me at a time when I was most in need of advice, and to his criticism and his encouragement I feel that I owe all that is best in my literary efforts. He was not afraid to speak his mind, and I know well enough what occasion I gave him; yet he did not judge me more severely than he judged himself. His humor and his fancy were not frightened away even when he was in his severest critical mood. Once, when I had sent him some verses for approval, he wrote: —

"The Albatross is better, but not best, which is what I wanted. And then you know Coleridge has prior claim on the bird. But I 'll use him unless you send me something else; you can, an you like, take this as a threat.

"In Jason's Quest you have made a mistake of subject. It is by no means suited to your best thought, and you are quite as much at sea in your mythology as Jason was. You can do, have done, and must do better. Don't waste your strength in experiments. Give me another South Sea Bubble, a prose tropical picture, with the Cannibal, who is dead, left out."

I am sure that the majority of the contributors to The Overland Monthly, while it was edited by Bret Harte, profited, as I did, by his careful and judicious criticism. Fastidious to a degree, he could not overlook a lack of finish in the manuscript offered him. He had a special taste in the choice of titles, and I have known him to alter the name of an article two or three times in order that the table of contents might read handsomely and harmoniously.

One day I found him pacing the floor of his office in the United States Branch Mint; he was knitting his brows and staring at vacancy, — I wondered why. He was watching and waiting for a word,

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the right word, the one word of all others to fit into a line of recently written prose. I suggested one; it would not answer; it must be a word of two syllables, or the natural rhythm of the sentance would suffer. Thus he perfected his prose. Once when he had taken me to task for a bit of careless work, then under his critical eye, and complained of a false number, I thought to turn away his wrath by a soft answer: I told him that I had just met a man who had wept over a certain passage in one of his sketches. "Well," said Harte, "I wept when I wrote it!"

Towards the close of the first year of The Overland Monthly, when I was in the Hawaiian Islands, I received a letter from Bret Harte, in which he said:

"The Overland marches steadily along to meet its fate, which will be decided in July, but how I know not. Decency requires that you should be present in prose or poetry at these solemn moments, so send along your manuscript.

"You do not want my advice; I should give you none that I would take myself. But you have my love already; and whether you stay with the bananas or return to beans, or whatever you do, short of arson or Chinese highway robbery, which are inartistic and ungentlemanly, I am, etc.

"P. S. Speaking of arson, I had forgotten Nero. Accompanied by a fiddle or a lyre, it might be made poetical."

For some time after Bret Harte began his editorial work on The Overland Monthly he continued to fulfill the duties of a secretary in the United States Branch Mint at San Francisco. He was now a man with a family: the resources derived from literature were uncertain and unsatisfactory. His influential friends paid him cheering visits in the gloomy office where he leavened his daily loaves; and at his desk, between the exacting pages of the too literal ledger, many a couplet cropped out, and the outlines of now famous sketches were faintly limned. His friends were few, but notable; society he ignored in those days. He used to accuse me of wasting my substance in riotous visitations, and thought me a spendthrift of time. He had the precious companionship of books, and the lives of those about him were as an open volume, wherein he read curiously and to his profit. Had he not a genuine love of children, he could not have written The Luck of Roaring Camp. His understanding and appreciation of childhood, and all that pertains to its embryo world, he must have developed in his own home. The joys and griefs of infancy illuminate such *genre* studies as A Venerable Impostor, A Boys' Dog, Surprising Adventures of Master Charles Summerton, On a Vulgar Little Boy, Melons.

Bret Harte was not yet thirty when The Luck captured and comforted the hungry heart of Roaring Camp, and that Camp the heart of all the world. Yet his success never once agitated him. He did not value The Heathen Chinee, and seemed to deplore the emotional interest it excited; I believe he sought consolation in the knowledge that rash enthusiasm is necessarily ephemeral. His reputation was founded upon a basis of solid worth; even the sensational success of The Heathen Chinee could not endanger it. Its establishment was sudden, one might almost say instantaneous; for parallels, I recall at this moment Waverley and The Pickwick Papers.

That his success was genuine and just has been proved again and again by the repeated successes that have followed and are still following. In the new and complete edition of Bret Harte's works, now in press, there are fourteen volumes, containing nearly or quite six thousand pages. Apart from the collected poems, grave and gay, filling one of these volumes, there are one hundred and sixty titles of sketches in prose: some of these are the names of novels, or longer tales, that have already appeared in one or two

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volumes each; the great majority of them are studies of life on the Pacific coast, though New England, Old England, and older Germany have in turn furnished the author with other backgrounds. Of all these studies, it is safe to assert that not one is an acknowledged failure, though they necessarily vary in interest, in artistic merit, and in popularity. The greatest successes have ever been, and most likely will ever be where the scene is laid on California soil, and the characters are Californians of the pioneer and early native types. Inasmuch as Mr. Harte's greatest achievements are in the portrayal of these types, and Mr. Rudyard Kipling's in the comparatively untried fields of modern East India's social or unsocial life and adventure, it is not improbable that but for the bending of youthful and observant eyes on British India, and on the lively or deserted camps where the victims of the California gold fever survived or perished, these admirable artists would not have become in a certain sense monopolists. Great is literary monopoly! It breeds a thousand imitators, and each one has a following after his kind. Is the world not the richer for these?

No one who knows Mr. Harte, and knew the California of his day, wonders that he left it as he did. Eastern editors were crying for his work. Cities vied with one another in the offer of tempting bait. When he turned his back on San Francisco and started for Boston, he began a tour that the greatest author of any age might have been proud of. It was a veritable ovation that swelled from sea to sea; the classic sheep was sacrificed all along the route. I have often thought that if Bret Harte had met with a fatal accident during that transcontinental journey the world would have declared with one voice that the greatest genius of his time was lost to it.

His experience in New England weighs little in the balance with his experience in California; his experience abroad even less. It was California, and early California, — let me say picturesque California, — that first appealed to him, and through him to all the civilized nations in their several tongues.

Of American authors, Bret Harte and Mark Twain have traveled farthest, and are likely to tarry longest. Whom would you substitute for these? Whom could you? In print each is as American as America, though the former has not been with us for a score of years and may never again revisit his native land. When he left California in 1871, he left it betimes; he took with him about all that was worth taking, and the California he once knew, and surely must have loved, lives forever in his pages. It no longer exists in fact; but for him, in another generation it would have been forgotten. Because he has penetration such as few possess, and exceptional fancy, imagination, and literary art, he has been thought untrue to nature; those whom he has pictured would have no difficulty in recognizing themselves could they but see the types he has made his own. It has been said, too, that he repeats himself. He does; so does spring and so does summer, — each is but another spring, another summer; but they are never twice alike, nor would we have them other than they are. Any one can vouch for Bret Harte's truth to nature who knew San Francisco in the fifties, and is familiar with his civic and character sketches; what is true of one page is true of all. It is the point of view in every case that determines to whom the page or the picture shall appeal, and whether favorably or unfavorably. The comprehensive edition of his works, prepared while he is yet alive and active, attests the world-wide interest in his work, and foreshadows its permanence.

Charles Warren Stoddard.

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A HISTORY OF THE GIFT OF PAINLESS SURGERY.

"THE escape from pain in surgical operations is a chimera which it is idle to follow up to-day. 'Knife' and 'pain' in surgery are two words which are always inseparable in the minds of patients, and this necessary association must be conceded."

Thus wrote one of the greatest surgeons of his time, Velpeau, in the year 1839. Yet within a decade after these hopeless words were written, their author, in common with all the surgeons of the civilized world, was proving that the incredible good news which had come across the ocean from Boston was more than true: painless operative surgery was an established fact, and the way stood open to successes in surgery in all its branches, previously undreamed of, and to-day unexhausted.

A miracle had been wrought. Not only pain, but long anxiety and terror preceding operation — almost worse and more hurtful — have been removed. In such operations as were practiced before the days of anæsthesia, the surgeon is no longer hurried and distracted by the cries and struggles of the patient. The treatment of fractures and dislocations now, when the resulting spasms of muscles are loosened by ether, is as much more satisfactory as the riding of a trained horse is than the catching of a wild zebra and riding him. Orthopædic surgery owes a great debt to ether. Childbirth has lost half its terrors. Tracheotomy can be practiced easily; hence is resorted to in time. In hopeless cases, medical as well as surgical, long misery of difficult breathing or acute or wearing pain can be relieved. But over and above these blessings, a great field has been opened of desperate-seeming operations, now common, practically impossible without anæsthetics, the healing after which has been rendered by Lister's priceless teachings the rule instead of the exception.

All the world now knows and daily profits by this boon of anæsthesia. Hence the fitness of a jubilee over fifty years of painless surgery was recognized, and the anniversary was celebrated in the city where the discovery was made, and in the noble institution where it was first demonstrated to the world, the Massachusetts General Hospital. The generation of surgeons who, having found the practice of their art changed in an instant from a dire duty to pleasure, were thankful as no others can ever be, are gone: the gift of anæsthesia remains; its value increases year by year; but the two men to whom the world owes its discovery and introduction are gone in sorrow to their graves.

Is it graceful to hold fast and rejoice in a gift without ever a thought of the giver? Let the bitterness of the old ether controversy die, as it rightly should after this lapse of time, but let us not fail to remember to-day with due share of gratitude those by whose agency great misery is every day averted, alike in homes and in hospitals.

It is now fifty years since it was first shown that pain in surgery could be annulled, yet the story of the discovery of this fact is absolutely unknown to many of the present generation; to others known only in imperfect or highly partisan statements. Because no adequate or fair narrative has been presented at this time the writer has been impelled to recall the facts. He hesitated, feeling that there was a certain disqualification for the task because of his kinship to Dr. Jackson. On this account he has felt bound to deal fairly with Dr. Morton's claims. He relies on the facts which seem to be established by good

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evidence, after examining the leading works in behalf of each of the claimants during the years of the controversy. Readers are referred to these. In the interest of peace and propriety he refrains as far as is possible from comment. At best the evidence is sometimes sadly tangled with sworn affidavits in some degree conflicting. No new evidence can now come, and it is right that the old should be known. But to our story.

First as to the claimants. Charles Thomas Jackson was born in 1805. His taste for scientific pursuits had been marked even from boyhood. He took his medical degree at Harvard University in 1829, and then studied diligently for three years in Europe, principally in Paris, devoting much attention also to chemistry and geology. Returning to Boston in 1832, he began the practice of medicine, but was more and more drawn into his favorite scientific pursuits. His attainments becoming known, he was commissioned by the State of Maine to make a geological survey of and report on its territory, and soon after received similar commissions from the States of New Hampshire and Rhode Island. In 1844–45 he explored the unbroken wilderness on the southern shore of Lake Superior, and discovered and opened its mineral resources. His examinations and reports were minute and valuable, and the amount of work involved in field examinations, subsequent chemical analyses, and then the preparing of full reports, with maps and diagrams, was enormous. He opened a chemical laboratory and instructed students there, and had the constant office work of an analyzing chemist. He was a member of various scientific societies, for which he wrote papers, and he gave lectures upon chemistry.

William T. G. Morton was born in 1819, and graduated at the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery in 1842. He then established himself in Boston, where he soon had a large practice. He decided to study for a medical degree, and entered himself as a student in Dr. Jackson's office in 1844. He claims to have made experiments as to painless surgery in the summer of 1846. On the 30th of September, 1846, after a visit to and conversation with Dr. Jackson upon sulphuric ether, he extracted a patient's tooth painlessly. On October 16 he administered ether to a patient of Dr. John Collins Warren, at the Massachusetts General Hospital, from whom a tumor was removed without the sensation of pain. He received a medical degree later.

What was the discovery claimed? Sulphuric ether and its composition had been long known; that it would stupefy and intoxicate if inhaled, and that fatal results had followed some experiments, was also known; yet it had been used as a medicine internally, and cautious inhalation of it had been prescribed for respiratory or intestinal spasmodic troubles, notably for the painful spasm resulting from accidental inhalation of chlorine gas, apparently on a theory of its being chemically antidotal. The dangers of ether were emphasized by the textbooks; no mention of its surgical possibilities was made, and officinal ether was very impure.

Dr. Jackson, in 1842, distinctly advanced the medical knowledge of the period, in the opinion, after most careful consideration, of the French Academy of Arts and Sciences, and also of Baron von Humboldt, although some distinguished Bostonians at the time contended that he had found nothing new. His interest in sulphuric ether was awakened by the remarkable results he experienced on inhaling it to relieve the effects of chlorine gas, and the next day he deliberately inhaled ether to unconsciousness for the sake of observing these phenomena further. He found that vapor of sulphuric ether, washed wholly free of alcohol and acids, and mixed with a considerable quantity of atmospheric air, could be inhaled with entire safety to the extent of somewhat

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prolonged complete unconsciousness, and that by it the sensory nerves were rendered incapable of feeling pain, even before consciousness was quite lost, and a little while after it was regained. This fact Dr. Jackson communicated clearly and confidently, in the year 1842, to Mr. John H. Blake, a manufacturing chemist (father of the distinguished aurist, Dr. Clarence J. Blake); to Dr. William F. Channing, inventor of the electric fire-alarm system; to Dr. S. A. Bemis, of Boston, a respected dentist of large practice, urging him to use it to prevent pain in his dental surgery; and to Dr. George T. Dexter, of New Hampshire, recommending it at a consultation over one of his patients with a diseased and painful spine. In 1843 Dr. Jackson told his discovery to H. D. Fowle, an apothecary, speaking of it as suitable for surgical operations, and of his own desire, when relieved from the immediate pressure of his geological and chemical work, to introduce it for this purpose. In the same year he spoke to the same purpose to Mr. D. J. Browne, a former pupil, and finally, in February, 1846, to Mr. Joseph Peabody, a pupil suffering from toothache, on whom he urged the inhalation of ether during the removal of the teeth; but Mr. Peabody was deterred by the statements in the best textbooks of the danger of this agency. All this evidence of most respectable gentlemen — by affidavit or witnessed letter — has never been shaken. Dr. Jackson, driven by the mass of work which he had undertaken to perform for three States as to their important mining or agricultural resources, with his reports to write and the press of ordinary office work, had no time properly to develop and bring out his discovery; and one can well conceive the pleasure he took in his plan of doing so in the hospitals of Paris, then the metropolis of medical, and indeed of all science.

In the latter half of this period, namely in 1844, Mr. Morton, a dentist, then twenty-four years old, being desirous of obtaining a medical degree, asked Dr. Jackson to take him as a pupil, and also to let him board in his family. Dr. Jackson consented, and Mr. Morton and his wife were for some time inmates of the household. Any one who, like the present writer, remembers Dr. Jackson's brilliant conversation and utterly open way of telling all the new scientific facts, of which his mind was full, will know what an advantage this was for a student. Dr. Morton himself shows, in his memoir to the French Academy,[1] not only that he desired and profited by these opportunities, but that the use of chloric ether locally to deaden the sensitiveness of a nerve in dentistry was taught him by Dr. Jackson, who gave him some ether, which he tried with success, and that at the same time Dr. Jackson told him of the intoxicating effects of sulphuric ether, though he says he did not tell him of any other effects of it. But from that time began the admittedly unsuccessful and unsatisfactory experiments on inhalation of ethers which Dr. Morton alleged that he made at various times, until September 30, 1846.

On that day, Mr. Morton, who had not yet taken his medical degree, and had moved away from Dr. Jackson's house, and had been busily engaged, to quote his own words, "almost exclusively in mechanical dentistry or plate-work, requiring him often to extract a great number of teeth at a time," came into Dr. Jackson's laboratory, where the latter and his two assistants were at work, and borrowed an india-rubber bag. Dr. Jackson asked him for what he wanted it. Mr. Morton said that he proposed to inflate it with air to work on the imagination of a female patient who dreaded the pain of having a tooth drawn. Dr. Jackson urged him not to resort to such means, on the grounds of medical

[1] Printed in full in Littell's Living Age, No. 201, March 18, 1848, in an article setting forth Dr. Morton's claim to the ether discovery.

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propriety and also of his own interests, and took away the bag, but said that he would tell Morton of something that would produce a real effect on his patient, and procure insensibility while he removed the teeth at leisure. He further told him where he could obtain sulphuric ether of the requisite purity; showed him some, at his request, and also showed exactly how it was to be administered by inhalation; and assured him of its absolute safety if so given, taking upon himself the whole responsibility. He suggested to Mr. Morton that he should go home and first try the experiment upon himself. Not only is this Dr. Jackson's account of the interview, but it is fully confirmed by the affidavits of the two gentlemen at that time his assistants, Mr. Barnes and Mr. McIntyre, who were present.[1] Dr. Morton's own account, in the memoir referred to, confirms to a great extent this account of the interview. He claims, however, to have made previous unsatisfactory experiments with sulphuric ether, which led him to go to Dr. Jackson to get important chemical information with regard to ethers which he needed, as well as a gas-bag, which last shows his want of knowledge of safe means of inhalation. He alleges that he *feigned* ignorance of sulphuric ether to conceal his schemes, while he was getting from the man who had the knowledge the information and directions essential to his "discovery."

It is also asserted that, during the previous summer, Mr. Morton had mentioned to various persons a discovery that he hoped soon to bring out, which would revolutionize the whole practice of dentistry; but this, he told some of his assistants, was a method of preparing artificial teeth and plates.

Mr. Morton immediately took Dr. Jackson's advice, bought the pure sulphuric ether, and, as he asserts, inhaled it himself, remaining unconscious for seven or eight minutes; and that very evening, following Dr. Jackson's directions, he gave it to a patient in his office, and succeeded in extracting a tooth without pain to the patient. He reported his success to Dr. Jackson next morning in the presence of Mr. Barnes. Dr. Jackson showed no surprise, but told him that this test was not enough, and that he must now persuade the surgeons at the hospital to let him administer it during a surgical operation; if possible, a capital operation. Mr. Morton, although apparently reluctant, took the advice, and obtained Dr. John Collins Warren's sanction to his etherizing a patient on whom the latter was to operate. He did not tell Dr. Warren that Dr. Jackson had sent him or instructed him, nor did he tell Dr. Jackson when the operation would be performed. It was done at the Massachusetts General Hospital on the 16th of October, 1846, with fair success, and was soon followed by a complete success in a more important operation.

Dr. Jackson, with the carelessness of his own interests which characterized him through life, trusting in others' honor, and, moreover, being driven with the arduous work he was doing for several States, which frequently called him away, was not at the hospital at the first operation, and did not immediately publish his claim to the discovery. There is the best of evidence to show that he considered it, of course, his own, looking upon Mr. Morton only as an agent, previously ignorant (in this matter), and now minutely instructed; and that when he learned of Morton's neglect, in many instances, of an all-important part of the discovery, namely, the admission of atmospheric air to prevent asphyxia, he began to express regret that he had entrusted a discovery

[1] In the Report of the Trustees of the Massachusetts General Hospital, January, 1848, Mr. N. I. Bowditch, who claims the *discovery* for Morton on the ground of his first administering ether successfully in a surgical case, admits Morton's debt to instructions and directions then received.

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of such consequence to mankind to hands which, from disregard of essential precautions, might discredit it. His expressions on this subject have been twisted into want of confidence in the safety of anæsthesia by ether. His confidence in it was absolute and fearless when administered by the method he had proved on himself and Dr. Channing.

Charles G. Loring, Esq., a lawyer of high standing in Boston, testifies in writing to his having attended a meeting at Dr. Jackson's in November, 1846, of eminent legal, scientific, and medical gentlemen, to whom Dr. Jackson made a full statement of the circumstances of his alleged discovery and his claims, including his relations with Morton, and exhibited evidence; and Mr. Loring adds that his own conviction was entire that Dr. Jackson was entitled to the credit, as between him and Morton, to the entire merit of the discovery, and no intimation of a contrary opinion was suggested at the meeting. Hon. Edward Everett, who first heard of the discovery at the meeting of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences on November 3, wrote to Dr. Jackson, seven years later, after the matter had been fully discussed, "I have always considered it [the discovery] to have been made by you;" and again, "I have read several publications on both sides of the question. . . . Nothing has come to my knowledge which shakes my original impressions as above stated." In this letter Mr. Everett said that, at the Academy meeting above mentioned, Dr. Henry J. Bigelow, describing the dental operations performed by Dr. Morton under the influence of the newly discovered "compound" (as it was then called), "stated that Dr. Morton had derived his knowledge of the substance used from you." Mr. Everett stated that Dr. Bigelow had also, in the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal of November 18, 1846, "ascribed the first suggestion to Dr. C. T. Jackson, and its application, under his advice, for the purpose of mitigating pain, to Dr. W. T. G. Morton." It should be observed that at first, in marked contrast to Dr. Jackson's openness, Morton did not disclose what drug he was using, and called it a "preparation" or a "compound," but soon after was forced to tell the hospital authorities what the anæsthetic was, because they refused to allow its administration there without knowing its nature.

Dr. Morton very early applied for a patent. His counsel informed him that he could do so as being the first person who used the discovery; but on hearing later of Dr. Jackson's claims, this lawyer advised Dr. Morton that it would be safer to have a joint patent, and advised Dr. Jackson that he had better unite with Morton. To this Dr. Jackson, as a physician and a liberally educated man, was strongly opposed; but being urgently counseled that it was the only way to save his rights of discovery in the public eye, and also being assured that the Massachusetts Medical Society's regulations were only against secret remedies, he very reluctantly complied, not for profit, but to hold on to his rights of discovery. He had before charged Mr. Morton a fee for the all-important professional advice which he had given him on the 30th of September. Morton agreed to pay this charge by a percentage on the fees that he should receive for licenses until the amount should be made up, and gave his bond for it. This bond Dr. Jackson, regretting that he had ever taken any share in the patent matter, soon after destroyed. He never received any pecuniary advantage from the use of the discovery, and refused some money that should have come to him under the above arrangement. It was a great error of judgment and taste that he allowed his name to be used with Mr. Morton's in the patent, but, being unpractical in business matters, he yielded to advice of counsel, and later annulled his action. The hospitals should be

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grateful to him for having from the outset urged upon Morton the measure of giving freely to hospitals and charitable institutions the use of this great boon. The zeal of the latter gentleman to turn the invention to the greatest pecuniary advantage and appropriate the whole credit of it soon made relations so uncomfortable that Dr. Jackson decided to submit his case to the Academy of Arts and Sciences of France, the highest scientific tribunal in the world. He honorably warned his rival of his intention, and both claimants made their statements to the Academy.

The discovery had been hailed with joy throughout Europe, but the claims of the two alleged discoverers were long and carefully weighed. Much unpardonable misrepresentation having been made on this subject, I will state the exact facts.

After a consideration of the respective claims for more than two years, the Academy awarded "a prize of 2500 francs to M. Jackson for his observations and experiments on the anæsthetic effects produced by the inhalation of ether, and a similar prize of 2500 francs to M. Morton for having introduced this method into surgical practice according to the instructions of M. Jackson." Now much has been made in publications, old and recent, of Dr. Morton's having received "the great gold medal" of the French Academy, and Dr. Jackson only a sum of money. The prizes were exactly equal, but to take a portion of the award in the form of a medal was optional. Dr. Morton chose to do so, and received the ordinary Montyon prize medal, not one especially struck for him, worth 300 francs ($60), which sum was deducted from his 2500 francs. Dr. Jackson, who had received from the French government the cross of the Legion of Honor, preferred to take his Montyon prize in money. M. Elie de Beaumont, perpetual secretary of the Academy, wrote to Dr. Jackson that the medal was not struck especially for Morton; Dr. Jackson could have one precisely like it, only in that case he would receive 2200 francs instead of 2500. Dr. Morton chose to use the money in having a highly ornate circular gold frame with laurel boughs fitted around his medal, which more than doubled its apparent diameter. At first Dr. Morton did not accept the award, but, being advised that he would lose it unless he did so within a given time, he finally accepted it, yet, it is said, with a protest.

The Academy never revised their decision, as has been implied. The distinguished Baron von Humboldt, on behalf of the Prussian government, sent through its minister at Washington a request that the Secretary of State (Hon. Daniel Webster) would procure and transmit to him the evidence of the various American claimants of the discovery. After a prolonged examination of this, Humboldt decided in favor of Dr. Jackson, and the king of Prussia conferred upon him the order of the Red Eagle. The king of Italy and the sultan of Turkey sent decorations to Dr. Jackson, and the king of Sweden, urged by the great chemist Berzelius, sent Dr. Jackson a gold medal especially struck for him as discoverer. Dr. Morton received a testimonial from the trustees of the Massachusetts General Hospital and citizens of Boston of one thousand dollars in a silver casket, and also orders of honor from the governments of Russia and Sweden.

It is proper to state here that there is much evidence that Dr. Morton's first interest in the matter was mainly in its business possibilities, and that only after nearly three months had elapsed from his first successful experiment did he bring out a claim to previous experiments. The array is very large of sworn testimony of the principal assistants at his office, and of physicians and others in various cities and States, whom he employed to sell rights to the use of his patent, to the fact that at first he ascribed all his information about the new

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agent to Dr. Jackson, who was a great authority, referred to him as to its safety, and spoke of himself as being most fortunate in having been the first to get the benefit of this new idea derived from Dr. Jackson. To this is opposed, of his assistants, only the evidence of one of the principal ones, whom another witness declares to have admitted to him that he juggled in his testimony with the word "ether" (when the difference between sulphuric and chloric was important), and of three minor assistants, one of whom, a boy, had his testimony very strongly discredited, and one was Morton's brother-in-law. The only really strong witnesses are Mr. Metcalf, the apothecary, and Mr. Wightman, the philosophical-instrument maker: the former testifies to Mr. Morton's having some sulphuric ether in his possession in July, 1846, and to a conversation upon its properties, in which Mr. Metcalf told him of the dangers attending its excessive inhalation; Mr. Wightman states that at about the same time Morton made inquiries of him as to india-rubber bags for holding sulphuric ether, and that he advised him to call upon Dr. Jackson; also that soon afterward Morton came again, and after some mystery told of his wish to have some sort of an ether inhaler to use in producing insensibility to pain in his dental operations. In answer to a question, he said that he had inhaled ether himself, and *that Dr. Jackson said it was not injurious.*

On the other hand, the testimony on Dr. Jackson's side, not only of his own assistants, Messrs. Barnes and McIntyre, but of Dr. Morton's assistants, Messrs. Wilson and Hunt, is very strong. Still, it can never be proved that Dr. Morton did not make independent experiments for a surgical anæsthetic; but that will not materially affect the case, if they were not successful. It is hard to see how any person who reads attentively all the voluminous testimony on both sides of the question can avoid the conclusion that Mr. Morton's visit to Dr. Jackson's laboratory on September 30, 1846, was all important for his success in giving ether; that he there received essential instructions as to the kind and quality of ether, and the method and cautions which would render its administration safe and effective for surgical uses. Before, if he had tried, he had had no success; immediately afterward success was complete.

The age, education, history, and attainments of the claimants, as well as their personal traits, affect the inherent probabilities of the rightness of their claim to the discovery. Both men may have been seeking painless surgery. Both owed to previous investigators, especially Davy, important hints. But the fact that chemically pure sulphuric ether, if duly mixed with atmospheric air, could be breathed with entire safety to the extent of unconsciousness, lasting long enough for the performance of most surgical operations and accompanied as well as preceded and followed for a short time by insensibility to pain, was discovered by Dr. Jackson, and announced to and urged upon others, men of character and professional standing, with the assurance that dental and surgical operations could be made painless by this method, at various times between 1842 and September 30, 1846; this cannot be denied. Dr. Morton did not come upon the scene until the middle of this period, and then as a student, and he made no claim to experiments until the latter part of it. Even if we grant his experiments, Dr. Jackson's claim stands firm.

Whether we take the high or the lower meaning of the word "discovery," namely, authorship or demonstration, Dr. Jackson has a claim; for his experiment upon himself in 1842 was not merely using the prescribed remedy for chlorine poisoning, as has been asserted; having already done that on a chemically antidotal theory, he was so much interested in the remarkable effects that

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the next day, taking his life in his hand, according to the best medical authorities of the day, he deliberately inhaled pure ether and air, observing carefully, as a trained physiologist, the symptoms of the agent and their sequence up to the moment of loss of consciousness, and again upon its earliest return; he recognized at once that it was no mere local anodyne to the lungs, but that the sensory nerves were affected before those of motion, and without injury to those of organic life. This was new knowledge, and the bearings of it were marked to a physician who had studied physiology and surgery with enthusiasm under the great masters in Paris.

As to what discovery means, two instances, already used by others, are so apt that I venture to repeat them. Galle first saw the planet Neptune, but it was by directing his telescope to the part of the heavens where Leverrier had decided that the author of the perturbations of Uranus must lurk. Sir David Brewster said before the British Association, "The planet Neptune was discovered by Adams and Leverrier before a ray of its light had entered a human eye." As Mr. J. H. Abbot well says, "Mr. Morton, because he extracted the first tooth without pain, is no more to be considered the discoverer of the new use of ether than the sailor who first shouted 'Land!' from the mast-head, and not Columbus, is to be considered the discoverer of the New World." Discovery in its proper sense was gratefully conceded to Dr. Jackson by the whole European scientific world. It was reserved for certain influential Bostonians to maintain that "*he* [Mr. Morton] administered it [sulphuric ether] to a patient. *By doing so he made the discovery.*" [1]

But Mr. Morton had the enterprise and the courage, without quoting Dr. Jackson's authority and assumption of responsibility for the safety of the means and method, to go before the world and alone etherize a patient for a prolonged cutting operation at the Massachusetts General Hospital, and to repeat the experiment at a capital operation shortly after before the most eminent surgeons of Boston. It was an important and a bold act, an era in surgery, whether it was an honorable act or not. It is but just to admit that, taking Dr. Jackson's previous delay and many interests and occupations into account, the public verification of his discovery, and the priceless boon that such action brought to humanity, might have been long delayed. Therefore let us forget Dr. Morton's failings as far as we can with justice to Dr. Jackson's sacred rights, and give him the honor due to the courageous and enterprising introducer of surgical anæsthesia. Let us concede, too, that Dr. Jackson, in natural indignation at the attempt to rob him of his claim to the real discovery, did not give credit to Dr. Morton for his public verification and introduction of painless surgery. Both Dr. Morton and Dr. Jackson, by accepting the respective awards of the great scientific tribunal of the day, the French Academy, lost their right to claim more, and closed their case.

In a petition of Massachusetts physicians and surgeons addressed to Congress in 1852, protesting against any grant of money exclusively to Dr. Morton for the discovery, and headed by the honored Dr. Morrill Wyman, is contained this wise verdict by which we should do well to abide: In relation to this great discovery of etherization, Dr. Jackson was the *head*, and W. T. G. Morton the *hand*.

Edward Waldo Emerson.

[1] Report of the Board of Trustees of the Massachusetts General Hospital, January, 1848. On page 30 of that report is a charge of a dishonest use of the American Academy's name by Dr. Jackson, which was unfounded, and was overthrown by the testimony of Nathan Hale, Esq., and Hon. Edward Everett.

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TRADE UNIONS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

It is well known that trade unions were for a long time outside the law. Within the memory of living men, all agreements among workmen in the United Kingdom for higher wages, shorter hours of work, or "controlling or in any way affecting any person carrying on any manufacture in the conduct and management thereof," were illegal, and any single justice of the peace, on summary conviction, could inflict a penalty of two months' imprisonment. Two justices might inflict three months' imprisonment, or two months' hard labor. In the teeth of the legal axiom, that no man is bound to criminate himself, offenders might be forced to give evidence (being of course indemnified if they suffered); or any two or more of them might be indicted for conspiracy at the common law, in which case sentences of two years' imprisonment were often inflicted. The still more heinous offense of a society having branches or a password might entail seven years' transportation. The same penalty applied to any society or club that should appoint or employ any committee or delegate to meet, confer, or communicate with any other society or club. If some English Rip Van Winkle of the early part of the century were to return to life now, what would he see? Trade unions recognized by law; registered, if they so please, by a public department; several of them represented in Parliament; their members appointed on royal commissions, two of them having become under-secretaries of state, others admitted to various offices under the Board of Trade; annual trade union congresses, which are now habitually welcomed by the local authorities, and at the opening sitting of which the mayor of the place where they meet generally takes a seat on the platform; deputations sent to the heads of departments in London to urge amendments of the law, and receiving replies which are published throughout the press; and trade union proceedings chronicled in a government Labour Gazette. And if Rip Van Winkle were a literary man, what would he think of the bulk of literature now devoted to the subject, from the massive blue books of the Trade Union Commission (for even parliamentary literature is literature of a sort) to Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb's portly volume on the History of Trade Unionism? Surely in all history there are but few instances of so complete a change in legislation and public opinion, wrought by facts and arguments alone.

The first step was purely an undoing. The laws against trade combinations were swept away by the acts of 1824–25, the credit of which must be divided between Joseph Hume, M. P., and Francis Place, tailor; the larger share of such credit falling to the tailor. Trade unions were no longer forbidden to live; but no facilities for living were afforded them. The common law of conspiracy was left untouched, and was in fact used for many years afterwards against them. The corresponding and seditious societies acts, with their penalties against the conferring of societies together, the establishment of branches, the use of passwords, still subsisted. It is hardly too much to say that trade unions existed still on sufferance only.

Then came the pronouncement of the leading teacher of political economy of that day. Already the father of modern political economy, Adam Smith, had written the memorable words which not only justify combination among working men, but imply its necessity: "Masters are always and everywhere in a sort of tacit but constant and uniform combination not to raise the wages of labor above

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their actual rate." J. S. Mill went further. Speaking of trade unions, he "found it impossible to wish, in the present state of the general habits of the people, that no such combinations existed." "So far as they do succeed in keeping up the wages of any trade by limiting its members," he would "rejoice if by trade regulations, or even by trades unions, the employments thus specially protected could be multiplied to a much greater extent than experience has shown to be practicable." "High wages and short hours are generally good objects," he says elsewhere.

The first occasion on which the subject of trade unionism was considered by a collective body was that of a great strike and lockout of engineers in 1851–52. The Amalgamated Society of Engineers — then as now the leading trade union of the United Kingdom, though it had then only 12,000 members, and it has now 77,000 — sought to "abolish overtime and piece-work" in the trade. The masters retorted by closing their shops to all who refused to sign a declaration that they would not, whilst in the particular employment, become members of or support "any society which, directly or indirectly, by its rules, meetings, or funds, professes to control or interfere with the arrangements or regulations of this or any other establishment, the hours or terms of labor, the agreements of employers or employed, or the qualifications or period of service." With a few obscure exceptions, the press was then entirely on the side of the employers. From only one quarter did the men's objects and arguments meet with fair consideration. The Society for Promoting Working Men's Associations, established by the Christian Socialists of that day, resolved on the delivery of a course of six lectures On the Relation between Capital and Labor, with Special Reference to the Present Lamentable Contest between the Operative Engineers and their Employers. Three of these were delivered by myself, two by Mr. A. H. Louis, and one by Mr. E. Vansittart Neale; only the first three and the last were published.

The Christian Socialists themselves, however, were struggling against opposition and calumny, and their attempt to secure justice for the aims and proceedings of trade unions met with a deaf ear on the part of the public, though it was the means of winning for them an amount of confidence on the part of the working classes which could not have been attained otherwise. Still, some change in public opinion can be traced from this time. Able young university men, who joined the Council of the Working Men's College, took an interest in the subject of trade unions, and learned to understand it. But the next great step towards the rectification of public opinion was the appointment of a Committee on Trades Societies, by the Council of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, a body then prominently before the public; this was suggested at a meeting held at Liverpool in October, 1858. The committee included, besides three members of Parliament (two of whom, Charles Buxton and Lord Robert Montagu, have left something of a name behind them), a peer (Lord Radstock), three future Cabinet ministers (W. E. Forster, H. Fawcett, and G. S. Lefevre, of whom one survives), two future under-secretaries of state (the present Sir Godfrey Lushington and the late John Ball), Professor Maurice, R. H. Hutton, editor of The Spectator, the late Sir James P. Kay Shuttleworth, the late Judge Hughes, distinguished economists such as W. A. Jevons and F. D. Lange, the secretary of a trade union, and various others, — altogether a strong committee, which did good work.

The report of the committee itself, indeed, signed by the chairman, Sir J. P. Shuttleworth, as "on the whole expressing the views of the majority," is a pattern of what may be called the judicious

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seesaw, but it completely cleared trade unions from the old charge of being mere conspiracies: —

"A trade society, strictly speaking, is a combination of workmen to enable each to secure the conditions most favorable for his labor. The capitalist has the advantage of past accumulations in striking his bargain. The laborer, unassisted by combination, has not. It is the object of a trade society to give him this advantage, and thus to put him on more equal ground in competing with the capitalist."

On the presentation of the report at the annual meeting of the association at Glasgow in September, 1860, besides the reading of several able papers on the subject, a very animated discussion took place, of which the most remarkable feature, perhaps, was the speech of Sir Archibald Alison, who, as sheriff or public prosecutor, had been concerned in various trials for trade union outrages, but who now expressed the opinion that "trades unions in themselves are not only proper, but are a necessary balance in the fabric of society." The fight was substantially between those who, like Mr. Edmund Potter, Mr. H. Ashworth, and Mr. Fawcett, maintained that labor was only a commodity like any other, and those who, like Mr. Hughes, Mr. Lloyd Jones, and myself, declared that it was that and something more, — a commodity with a will of its own; or, as Mr. Hughes put it, that "the labor" of the men was, in fact, "the lives" of the men.[1] Although no vote was taken, Mr. Lefevre observed that "the feeling of the meeting appeared to be favorable to trade societies."

Six years later, in 1866, two important events took place in the history of English trade unions. Under favor of a clause in a Friendly Societies act of 1855, which allowed "provident, benevolent, or charitable institutions, formed for the purpose of relieving the physical wants of persons in poor circumstances," by depositing their rules with the registrar of Friendly Societies, if such rules were "not repugnant to law," to obtain certain legal rights and facilities as to the holding of their property, the protection of their funds, and the settlement of disputes, certain trade unions had crept, as they hoped, under the protection of the law. A judgment of the Court of Queen's Bench, in the case of Hornby *v.* Close, rudely dispelled this delusion, and all trade unions found themselves illegal bodies. At the same time, a number of villainous outrages in Sheffield were traced to a local trade union secretary named Broadhead. A howl arose against trade unions generally, and a royal commission was appointed to inquire not only into the alleged outrages, but also into the organization and rules of trade societies. A mass of evidence was taken, filling, with the report, sixteen folio volumes.

When the report appeared, it was found that the commission had split into a majority and a minority. The majority report, whilst concluding that combination could be of no real use, recommended the legalization of trade unions under the Friendly Societies acts, with certain restrictions. The minority report, signed by Lord Lichfield, Thomas Hughes, and Frederic Harrison, recommended their being brought within the Friendly Societies acts only as respects the protection of funds, but urged the abolition of all special legislation relating to labor contracts.

As often happens, the minority carried the day outside of the commission. But a signal indication of the advance of public opinion respecting trade unionism is to be noticed in a temporary act, passed even before the report appeared, limited in duration to a twelvemonth, "an act to

[1] This is essentially identical with the proposition on which Dr. Brentano's great work, Die Arbeitergilden der Gegenwart (Leipzig, 1871), is founded, of the "absolutely inseparable connection of labor with its seller." (See vol. ii. p. 6.)

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protect the funds of trade unions from embezzlement and misappropriation" (32 and 33 Vict. c. 61); the last section of which runs, "This act may be cited as the Trade Unions Funds Protection Act." It was the first time that the term "trade union" had been recognized by the law. And what a gulf lies between the time when a trade union was necessarily an unlawful combination and that 9th of August, 1869, — less than half a century afterwards, — when it was acknowledged by both Houses of the legislature to have funds requiring the protection of the law! That was really — although Mr. and Mrs. Webb do not seem to have noticed the fact — the turning-point in the legal history of English trade unions. Parliament could never thereafter, without stultifying itself, treat them as being out of the pale of the law.

Accordingly, in 1871 a trade union act was passed (34 and 35 Vict. c. 31) which followed the lines of the minority report of the commission.

As a new departure in legislation, the trade union act of 1871 may be considered eminently judicious. It was marred, however, by one extraordinary provision, making previous illegality a condition precedent of registration. A trade union was defined as "such combination, whether temporary or permanent, for regulating the relations between workmen and masters, or between workmen and workmen, or between masters and masters, or for imposing restrictive conditions on the conduct of any trade or business as would," if the act had not passed, be deemed "an unlawful combination by reason of some one or more of its provisions being in restraint of trade." The consequence was that the most inoffensive trade unions were precisely those which could get no protection from the law.[1]

A valuable amending act, the Trade Union Act Amendment Act, 1876, very deftly piloted through the House of Commons by Mr. Mundella (the act of 1871 had been a government measure), remedied most of the recognized mischiefs, and conferred upon trade unions several of the advantages enjoyed by Friendly Societies under an act of the previous session (1875); the definition was altered so as to make a combination registerable, "whether such combination *would or would not*, if the principal act had not been passed, have been deemed or have been an unlawful combination."

But the trade unions had not awaited their formal recognition by the law to organize themselves and put themselves forward. In 1868 began the annual series of trade union congresses, which, though interrupted for one year, in 1870, have continued to the present, being represented during the intervening periods by a Trade Union Parliamentary Committee. Trade unionists had come forward as candidates for seats in the House of Commons in 1868, in 1869, in 1870; in 1874 two were elected out of thirteen "labor" candidates, miners from the north both of them, one Scotch, one English, — Alexander Macdonald and Thomas Burt, the latter of whom became under-secretary of state for the home department in the last Liberal ministry. There remained another parliamentary victory to achieve in the field of criminal law, which was effected in 1875 by the passing of an Employers and Workmen act (38 and 39 Vict. c. 90), carried through the Commons by the present Viscount Cross, the Conservative secretary of state of the day.

From that time trade unions have fairly won their way to the front in public affairs. At every election, labor members, mostly secretaries or former secretaries to trade unions, are returned to the

[1] As registrar of Friendly Societies at the time, I obtained the opinion of the attorney and solicitor-general to this effect. (Report of the Registrar of Friendly Societies for 1894, p. 37.)

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House of Commons in greater or smaller numbers. They hold their own in debate; they bring forward motions and bills relating to labor, or take part in discussing them; Mr. Gladstone conferred an under-secretaryship of state on Mr. Broadhurst, a prominent leader of the building trades and ex-secretary to the Trade Union Parliamentary Committee, and the same office was afterwards held by Mr. Burt. In 1882, Mr. J. D. Prior, secretary to the Amalgamated Society of Carpenters, was appointed an inspector of factories, and his appointment was followed in course of time by that of many other trade unionists. In 1884, four leading trade unionists were made magistrates, and they were followed by others. In 1886, Mr. John Burnett, who had become the secretary to the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, was appointed the first "labor correspondent" of the Board of Trade, and became (in 1893) "chief labor correspondent" in its commercial, labor, and statistical department. Prominent trade unionists now figure largely on school boards, municipal councils, county councils; no royal commission on any social subject is complete without them. The Trade Union Congress of 1895 contained among its delegates three members of Parliament, nineteen magistrates, five members of the London County Council, of whom two were aldermen, and seventeen members of town councils, five of them being also magistrates, and included among the nineteen.

But the shield has its reverse side.

The characteristic of trade unionism had been that it was confined in the main to the better paid, and therefore substantially the skilled trades. Attempts to form unions had not infrequently flashed out amongst the unskilled masses, but had soon come to an end. For the most part, the wages in such cases were insufficient to keep up the union; or there was a want of capacity to manage, or again of capacity to obey.[1] On the other hand, the well-paid members of the artisans' trade unions were able to provide for a number of different benefits, such as are provided for by the ordinary Friendly Society, — sickness, accident, relief on travel in search of employment, a sum at death, whether of the member, his wife, or his children, often superannuation at a given age. They thus drew to themselves the great bulk of the better and more prudent workmen in the trade, since for a working man to join one of the better trade unions was virtually to guard against all the ordinary contingencies of life. This gave them immense staying power, but at the same time acted as a powerful drag in case of any labor dispute, inducing on the part of their leaders a cautiousness contrasting strongly with the common idea of such officials. I do not think I ever knew a more cautious man than my late friend William Allan, of the Amalgamated Engineers. So far was this caution carried that in one signal instance a labor contest in the north of England for a nine hours' working day was carried to a successful close by the present chief labor correspondent of the Board of Trade, Mr. John Burnett, without any help from the headquarters of the union.

Another marked feature of the older trade unions, and indeed of the working classes generally, was the antagonism between the artisan and the laborer. The gulf between the two classes, less than half a century ago, was even greater than that between the working and middle classes, since a successful workman could easily become a shopkeeper, whereas it was almost impossible for a laborer to become a skilled workman. But what heightened the antagonism was the fact

[1] As a cognate instance, I may mention that whilst I was at the Friendly Societies registry office a Friendly Society of laborers was registered, in which seven crosses stood for all the seven members' signatures required by law. It was dissolved within a few years.

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that the laborer was always the possible ally of the employer, whose constant object is to substitute machinery worked by unskilled labor for the skilled artisan, and the attempt on the employer's part to do so was among the frequent causes of strikes. From being antagonistic in their interests the two classes often became antagonistic in their politics also. The artisan was all but universally a Liberal or Radical; the laborer was very commonly a Tory. Societies for coöperative production in the fifties frequently refused a share of profits to laborers, if they employed any. The two classes did not associate together for social purposes, and I have found in former days, even amongst my most intelligent and best informed friends of the artisan class, the most singular ignorance as to the habits and feelings of the laborers; my own knowledge of the class having been picked up through parochial work and free-school teaching.

Broader views, however, spread by degrees through the artisan class, and larger sympathies grew up in them. The deeper thinkers of the class began asking themselves, How is it that whilst, by our organizations, we are able to hold our own with our employers, to maintain and in many cases raise wages, to secure shorter hours of labor and better conditions of work generally, we cannot secure for ourselves the one substantial thing, employment, but only its conditions and remuneration when we have it? And the cause of this which has lain nearest to their eyes has been the existence of the mass of unskilled, unorganized labor beneath them, huge, fluctuating, seething with purely individual wants and passions, ready it may be to fight for a mere day's work at the dock gates, still more ready at all times to take the place of the skilled worker in tending any machine whose blind force is substituted for his skill. The first thought of such men must have been, If these laborers could once be organized, they would become our friends instead of being our worst foes. Accordingly, some of the most thoughtful and energetic among the trade unionists of the artisan class have of late years broken the traditions of their order by leading unskilled laborers in their labor conflicts, and organizing them into unions.

A new era in the history of trade unionism is thus marked by the dockers' strike of 1889. As related by Mr. and Mrs. Webb, two years earlier, Mr. Ben Tillett, a laborer himself, had succeeded in setting up a Tea-Workers and General Laborers' Union. A dispute over a trifling matter brought on a strike of dock laborers at the South West India Dock, the men demanding "sixpence an hour, the abolition of sub-contract and piece work, extra pay for overtime, and a minimum engagement of four hours." Tillett had artisan friends, John Burns and Tom Mann, both members of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers. The whole body of dock laborers were appealed to, and 10,000 came out. The public took sides with the dock laborers; nearly £50,000 were subscribed for their benefit, large sums being sent from Australia. By the mediation of Cardinal Manning and Mr. Sydney Buxton, an agreement was made with the employers which practically conceded the men's demands.

And now there came a very outburst of unionism among the unskilled. The number of new trade unions registered, which in 1889 had already risen from 28 to 45, sprang in 1890 to 118. But there burst out also an antagonism between the older and the newer unions, to which Mr. George Howell, as one of the older leaders, gave voice in his book, Trade Unionism, Old and New (1891). This antagonism turned mainly on what may be termed the "friendly benefits" of the older unions. Mr. Howell does not go beyond the truth when he speaks of these as constituting "the chief glory of the old trade unionism." But for the new trade unionism such grapes were

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sour. Whilst the spread of education, amongst other influences, brought out in the unskilled laborers a certain capacity for organization, and other powers in which they had been wholly deficient, so that a laborers' trade union became a possible thing, experience has shown that the mere laborer's employment is so precarious, and his earnings allow so scant a margin, if any margin at all, for supplying needs beyond those of bare subsistence, that his trade unions cannot assume the same comprehensive character, and can scarcely ever promise the same stability, as those of the better paid and generally more steadily employed artisan. This lies really at the bottom of the difference between the so-called "old" and "new" unionisms. The new laborers' unions often cannot get so far as to provide for purely casual want of employment, and remain a mere stand-by in case of strike or lockout. The two classes have thus of necessity different aims, work under different conditions, show a different spirit. The older unions, with few exceptions, represent the conservative element of the movement, the newer the revolutionary. The former avoid labor conflicts; the latter, those especially which promise help only in case of conflicts, may be said to be almost compelled to live by them, since men get tired of paying contributions year after year without getting anything in return.

Both new and old unionists were represented on the Royal Commission on Labour of 1891–94, the most weighty and impartial, perhaps, in its composition that has ever been appointed in the United Kingdom, and the reports of which — only too voluminous — contain a vast and it may be said an inexhaustible supply of information on all subjects connected with labor.

A considerable amount of evidence was taken by the commission on the subject of trade unions, and although Mr. and Mrs. Webb's volume was published before its final report appeared, all future writers on the subject will have to take account of its weighty deliverances in respect thereof. The committee was indeed divided into a majority of nineteen and a minority of four, two of the best known working men members, Mr. Burt and Mr. Trow, signing in the majority. The majority, after a carefully balanced report, amounting on the whole to a decided judgment in favor of trade unionism, conclude as follows: —

"Powerful trades unions on the one side, and powerful associations of employers on the other, have been the means of bringing together in conference the representatives of both classes; enabling each to appreciate the position of the other, and to understand the conditions subject to which their joint undertaking must be conducted. The mutual education hence arising has been carried so far that, as we have seen, it has been found possible to devise articles of agreement regulating wages, which have been loyally and peacefully maintained for long periods. We see reason to believe that in this way the course of events is tending towards a more settled and pacific period, in which, in such industries, there will be, if not a greater identification of interests, at least a clearer perception of the principles which must regulate the division of the proceeds of each industry, consistently with its permanence and prosperity, between those who supply labor and those who supply managing ability and capital."

But four of the working men members of the commission — Mr. Abraham, Mr. Austin, Mr. Mann, and Mr. Mawdsley — presented a report (which I shall call the Report of the Four) differing from the conclusions of the majority, which they deemed too optimistic. They thought it "high time that the whole strength and influence of the collective organization of the community should be deliberately, patiently, and persistently used to raise the standard of life of its weaker and more oppressed members."

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In their opinion, "the whole force of democratic statesmanship must . . . henceforth be directed to the substitution, as fast as possible, of public for capitalist enterprise; and where this substitution is not yet practicable, to the strict and detailed regulation of all industrial operations, so as to secure to every worker the conditions of efficient citizenship." (Pages 146, 147.) They had said, indeed, in the earlier portion of their report: "Much may be hoped, especially among the better paid workmen, from the advance of trade union organization, coöperation, and other forms of voluntary association. But for the elevation of the standard of life of the most necessitous sections of the wage-earners we are driven to look mainly to a wide extension of collective action."

By taking part in the trade conflicts of the laborers, by mingling with them on friendly terms, by helping them to organize themselves as far as practicable, skilled artisans like Mr. Mann, I take it, have learned how little mere organization can do for the class below their own, and have been led to feel more and more how the pressure from below of the unemployed reacts throughout the whole of society. Bearing this in mind, we shall see that the Report of the Four was to a large extent not so much antagonistic as supplementary to that of the majority of the labor commission. It is perfectly possible to hold with the majority that "a more cordial understanding, and one based on a better knowledge of the relations between employers and employed, is growing up." And it is at the same time quite possible to hold — and I do equally hold — with the Four that "the relations between capitalists and manual workers are enormously imbittered by the demoralizing conditions in which great masses of the population are compelled to live;" and that "the whole strength and influence of the collective organization of the community should be deliberately, patiently, and persistently used to raise the standard of life of its weaker and more oppressed members." When they ask for "the substitution, as fast as possible, of public for capitalist enterprise," it means at bottom that these four energetic and experienced trade unionists feel the insufficiency of trade unionism for dealing with the labor question as a whole, through its inability to "raise the standard of life" of the lowest classes.

Nor have I any objection in principle to most of the reforms specified by the Four. If, for instance, they ask for "the adoption by the government and all local authorities of direct public employment whenever this is advantageous," I agree with them entirely. I have always failed to see why the state or any local authority should not, "whenever this is advantageous," do any required work for itself, — why either rates or taxes should be levied for the sake of putting profit into the pocket of an employer, whenever he can be "advantageously" dispensed with. I have always held that the state should be the model employer; that the greatest economy for the nation at large is to secure for itself the pick of all labor, physical or intellectual, by offering the best possible conditions of service; and that the same holds good, within local limits of application, for all local authorities. If the Four ask for the "securing by appropriate law of an eight hours' day for every manual worker," I have always held that the moral consecration of a limitation of the hours of labor for both sexes and all ages lies in the enactment of the Sabbath, and that the question of any specific amount of limitation becomes thus one of mere expediency, to be determined from time to time by every nation for itself, until determined in a more effective manner by consent of the nations interested in any particular proposal for limitation. If the Four ask for "honorable maintenance for all the nation's workers in their old age," I must own that this is an end which appears to me impossible to be reached by private

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effort, however difficult it may also appear to me as a result of public action.

Great weight must be attached to the Report of the Four. The signers were all trade unionists. And when skilled workmen like Mr. Mann or Mr. Mawdsley come forward to say, practically, that trade unionism is good, but insufficient to heal the ills of the labor world, it would be folly not to recognize the importance of the fact. Let us now, in this light, advert to the resolution adopted at the Norwich Trade Union Congress, September 6, 1894, by a majority of 219 to 61: "That in the opinion of this Congress it is essential to the maintenance of British industries to nationalize the land, and the whole of the means of production, distribution, and exchange; and that the Parliamentary Committee be instructed to promote and support legislation with the above objects."

Precisely what the majority of the Congress, and perhaps Mr. Keir Hardie himself, the mover of the resolution, understood by the nationalizing not only of the land, but of "the whole of the means of production, distribution, and exchange," it is impossible to say. Probably, if it had been explained to his supporters that under the resolution, if carried out, not one of them would have a farthing which he could call his own, scarcely half a dozen enthusiastic hands would have been held up in its favor. Moreover, if not only all the land, but all means of production and distribution (that is, all fixed and floating capital in the shape of houses, factories, warehouses, shipping, on the one hand, machinery, steam or other power, and labor, on the other), and all means of exchange (that is, all money and all credit), are to belong to the nation, trade unions can have no further *raison d'être*, and the Congress voted its own extinction and theirs, — which was evidently not the intention of its chairman, Mr. Delves, nor, probably, of the vast majority of the delegates.

We must, however, often look below, and sometimes far below men's words to reach their real meaning. Or, to use a different image, sometimes the words are narrow and the meaning is large; more often, the words are big and the meaning is much smaller. Above all, it is at the moment when the eyes are first opened to some hitherto unrecognized fact, or realm of fact, that we are apt to "see men as trees, walking," the previously unknown looming upon us gigantic. Now, in spite of all symptoms of a contrary nature, of Irish murder-leagues and Continental anarchism (for indeed all strong action provokes strong reaction), the feeling which within my lifetime I have seen grow beyond all others is that, to use the French term, of human solidarity, of the responsibility of man for his brother man, — a responsibility which he cannot shake off, which dogs his steps wherever he may go, however strongly he may endeavor to stifle it or blind himself to it. It is precisely that feeling which seems to me to have dictated Mr. Keir Hardie's resolution, and which ennobles it, impracticable though it may be.

But, on the other hand, behind the Report of the Four, behind the resolution of the Norwich Congress, behind all the truth which these set forth or imply, lies also the world-old fallacy, that moral ends may be reached by a change in social machinery. Parish councils, town councils, county councils, houses of Parliament, are but men sitting together, good, bad, and indifferent. A fool is not made wise nor a rascal made honest by becoming a town councilor, or even a member of Parliament. The machinery of the labor world may be capable of being improved by state or municipal action, but only so far as that action is directed by the honest, the able, the high-minded.

We must not, therefore, take such resolutions *au pied de la lettre*, and it may safely be predicted that never on the lines of trade unionism will any real step be taken towards state socialism, or rather

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— for that is what Mr. Keir Hardie's resolution points to — state communism. For trade unionism is simply labor militant *in posse*, if not *in esse*, for industrial purposes. Whatever else it may do, it must be organized to fight. And this is precisely what gives it its value towards the maintenance of industrial peace in ordinary times, just as standing armies have their value towards the maintenance of international peace, until the dread hour comes when they have to strike. But a state, the universal owner and employer, cannot afford to bear with any militant organizations beyond such as are required for its own defense. What is now merely a strike against employers becomes then rebellion against the state, and has to be put down as such. Indeed, the payment of wages disappearing, the main object of a trade union, that is, the keeping up of living wages, vanishes altogether. A decent burial is all that trade unionism can look forward to, should Mr. Keir Hardie's resolution ever become a fact.[1]

One thing is clear: that in the interest of trade unions every effort should be made to remove the antagonism between the old and the new trade unionism. Some such efforts are no doubt being made. If it were possible to give the laborers the benefit of the superior management of the artisans' unions without cost, admitting them for lower benefits at lower rates of contribution, the two groups in each trade might be welded into one, and a common interest created which would neutralize their antagonism.

This would be only consistent with the marked tendency which is observable in the history of trade unions, always to enlarge the area of their working. No doubt some very large societies were founded in the early years of the movement, but, relying on levies, they had no permanency. The first great step towards enlargement of area was the establishment in 1850 of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, at first consisting of seven societies in the engineering trade. In October, 1851, it had 11,000 members. In the following year, with 12,000, it found itself engaged in a conflict with the employers, in which it was worsted, but by no means killed. At the Trade Union Congress of 1895 it claimed 77,000 members.

A further extension of the area of trade union operations has taken place of late years through the formation of federations. An article in the Labour Gazette for June, 1895 (page 176), stated that information had been received with regard to 63 federations, to which are affiliated 628 unions or branches of unions, with an aggregate membership of 851,966. Of these, the largest number (29) are in the building trades, the next largest (12) in mining and quarrying, the third largest (10) in the textile trades; no other group out of the seven enumerated reaching two figures. It should be observed that out of the 63 federations above mentioned, "46 have existed less than five years, and 31 less than two years." The movement is thus to a great extent in its infancy, and does not yet seem to have worked out the elements of permanent success. "These bodies," says the Labour Gazette, "have not yet, as a rule, shown themselves to be long-lived forms of organization." Still, the fact that "the last few years have been marked by a considerable increase in the number of federations" shows the strength of the tendency in this direction.

Another marked feature in the modern history of English trade unions is the tendency to international relations. There was a time when the working men of the Continent were so wildly unpractical in their aspirations that the more pru-

[1] The practical withdrawal of English trade unionists from the late International Socialist Congress in London, when state socialism carried the day there, fully supports the view above set forth.

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dent English leaders in the movement refused to take part in international labor congresses. But as every succeeding year brought out more and more the interdependence of all nations, and more especially of their working class, the opening up of international relations became a necessity for the class, and English working men have taken part more and more in labor congresses, both general and for particular callings or groups of callings. To take a single instance of the latter (which are apt to be more practical than the general ones), the second International Congress of Textile Workers took place last year at Ghent, August 12–15; 47 delegates being present, who represented 189,460 textile workers. No less than 24 delegates were from England; Belgium itself being represented by only 18, and America not sending any delegate. An International Textile Federation is contemplated, and as a beginning an International Committee of National Secretaries is to meet yearly.

Trade unionism, then, it is quite clear, is both spreading and growing among us. Perhaps no greater tribute to its importance was ever given than by the formation of that comical body, the National Free Labour Association, with its rule that "no member claims the right to apply force or threat of force, *or any form of persuasion*, to unionists or non-unionists," embodying as it does the idea that trade unionism can be combated only by the formation of an anti-trade-union union. What may be the further developments of trade unionism I cannot say. But I do not accept it, as Mr. and Mrs. Webb appear to do, as a permanent element in society. That it tends to shake off its specially militant character I have already shown in the pages of this magazine, when speaking of the Industrial Union of Employers and Employed, and I am glad to think that a late dispute in the engineering trades of the north of Ireland and the west of Scotland was stopped at last through the refusal of strike-pay to the Belfast strikers by the executive of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, when the former had set at naught Lord James's award. The case, however, itself shows the failure of conciliation and arbitration of themselves to end a dispute, so that I must still look forward to the uniting of the interests of employers and employed in some form of coöperation as the only trustworthy remedy for trade disputes.

I cannot conclude this paper without saying a few words more in regard to Mr. and Mrs. Webb's History of Trade Unionism, to be followed by their Problems of Trade Unionism, — the two together promising to form a really monumental work. As a history of trade unionism from within, the published volume is already invaluable, and it is so full of detail that I have abstained from dwelling on this side of the subject, notwithstanding the intimate relations in which I have stood towards several of the trade union leaders of thirty or forty years ago; preferring to bring out rather what the authors have treated with much less distinctness, the relations of trade unionism to other classes, and to society generally. Mr. and Mrs. Webb, I need hardly say, are themselves advocates of what is called "municipal socialism."

John M. Ludlow.

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OUT OF THE BOOK OF HUMANITY.

THE SLIPPER-MAKER'S FAST.

ISAAC JOSEPHS, slipper-maker, sat up on the fifth floor of his Allen Street tenement, in the gray of the morning, to finish the task he had set himself before Yom Kippur. Three days and three nights he had worked without sleep, almost without taking time to eat, to make ready the two dozen slippers that were to enable him to fast the fourth day and night for conscience' sake, and now they were nearly done. As he saw the end of his task near, he worked faster and faster, while the tenement slept.

Three years he had slaved for the sweater, stinted and starved himself, before he had saved enough to send for his wife and children awaiting his summons in the city by the Black Sea. Since they came they had slaved and starved together, for wages had become steadily less, work more grinding, and hours longer and later. Still, of that he thought little. They had known little else, there or here, and they were together now. The past was dead; the future was their own, even in the Allen Street tenement, toiling night and day at starvation wages. To-morrow was the feast, their first Yom Kippur since they had come together again, — Esther, his wife, and Ruth and little Ben, — the feast when, priest and patriarch of his own house, he might forget his bondage and be free. Poor little Ben! The hand that smoothed the soft leather on the last took a tenderer, lingering touch as he glanced toward the stool where the child had sat watching him work till his eyes grew small. Brave little Ben, almost a baby yet, but so patient, so wise, and so strong!

The deep breathing of the sleeping children reached him from their crib. He smiled and listened, with the half-finished slipper in his hand. As he sat thus, a great drowsiness came upon him. He nodded once, twice; his hands sank into his lap, his head fell forward upon his chest. In the silence of the morning he slept, worn out with utter weariness.

He awoke with a guilty start to find the first rays of the dawn struggling through his window, and his task yet undone. With desperate energy he seized the unfinished slipper to resume his work. His unsteady hand upset the little lamp by his side, upon which his burnishing-iron was heating. The oil blazed up on the floor and ran toward the nearly finished pile of work. The cloth on the table caught fire. In a fever of terror and excitement, the slipper-maker caught it in his hands, wrung it and tore at it to smother the flames. His hands were burned, but what of that? The slippers, the slippers! If they were burned, it was ruin. There would be no Yom Kippur, no feast of Atonement, no fast, — rather, no end of it; starvation for him and his.

He beat the fire with his hands and trampled it with his feet as it burned and spread on the floor. It only flared up more brightly. His hair and his beard caught fire. With a despairing shriek he gave it up and fell before the precious slippers, barring the way of the flames to them with his body.

The shriek woke his wife. She sprang out of bed, snatched up a blanket and threw it upon the fire. It went out, was smothered under the blanket. The slipper-maker sat up, panting and grateful. His Yom Kippur was saved.

Some one passing in the street had seen the glare in the window, and sent an alarm for the firemen. They came, and climbed the many stairs to no purpose. There was nothing for them to do. The slipper-maker was back at his bench, working as if his life depended

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upon it, as indeed it nearly did. Few of the tenants in the big building even knew that there had been a fire. They awoke to hear of it when all Jewtown was stirring with preparations for the feast.

The fire was reported on the police returns. When the reporters came to see about it, the slipper-maker was asleep, his task ended at last. His wife, a little woman with a patient voice, was setting the things on the table for the family dinner that was to usher in the long fast. Two half-naked children played about her knee, asking eager questions about it. The precious slippers were there, finished and ready, two dozen, all safe. I heard their story from the woman herself. Asked if her husband had often to work so hard, and what he made by it, she shrugged her shoulder and said, "The rent and a crust."

And yet all this labor and effort to enable him to fast one day according to the old dispensation, when all the rest of the days he fasted according to the new!

LOST CHILDREN.

I am not thinking now of theological dogmas or moral distinctions. I am considering the matter from the plain everyday standpoint of the police office. It is not my fault that the one thing that is lost more persistently than any other in a large city is the very thing you would imagine to be safest of all in the keeping of its owner. Nor do I pretend to explain it. It is simply one of the contradictions of metropolitan life. In twenty years' acquaintance with the police office, I have seen money, diamonds, coffins, horses, and tubs of butter brought there and passed into the keeping of the property clerk as lost or strayed. I remember a whole front stoop, brown stone, with steps and iron railing all complete, being put up at auction, unclaimed. But these were mere representatives of a class which as a whole kept its place and the peace. The children did neither. One might have been tempted to apply the old inquiry about the pins to them but for another contradictory circumstance: rather more of them are found than lost.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children keeps the account of the surplus. It has now on its books half a score Jane Does and twice as many Richard Roes, of whom nothing more will ever be known than that they were found, which is on the whole, perhaps, best, — for them, certainly. The others, the lost, drift from the tenements and back, a host of thousands year by year. The two I am thinking of were of these, typical of the maelstrom.

Yette Lubinsky was three years old when she was lost from her Essex Street home, in that neighborhood where, recently, the police commissioners thought seriously of having the children tagged with name and street number, to save trotting them back and forth between police station and headquarters. She had gone from the tenement to the corner where her father kept a stand, to beg a penny, and nothing more was known of her. Weeks after, a neighbor identified one of her little frocks as the match of one worn by a child she had seen dragged off by a rough-looking man. But though Max Lubinsky, the peddler, and Yette's mother camped on the steps of police headquarters early and late, anxiously questioning every one who went in and out about their lost child, no other word was heard of her. By and by it came to be an old story, and the two were looked upon as among the fixtures of the place. Mulberry Street has other such.

They were poor and friendless in a strange land, the very language of which was jargon to them as theirs was to us, timid in the crush, and they were shouldered out. It was not inhumanity; at least it was not meant to be. It was the way of the city, with every one for himself; and they accepted it, uncomplain-

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ing. So they kept their vigil on the stone steps, in storm and fair weather, every night, taking turns to watch all who passed. When it was a policeman with a little child, as it was many times between sunset and sunrise, the one on the watch would start up the minute they turned the corner, and run to meet them, eagerly scanning the little face, only to return, disappointed but not cast down, to the step upon which the other slept, head upon knees, waiting the summons to wake and watch.

Their mute sorrow appealed to me, then doing night duty in the newspaper office across the way, and I tried to help them in their search for the lost Yette. They accepted my help gratefully, trustfully, but without loud demonstration. Together we searched the police records, the hospitals, the morgue, and the long register of the river's dead. She was not there. Having made sure of this, we turned to the children's asylums. We had a description of Yette sent to each and every one, with the minutest particulars concerning her and her disappearance, but no word came back in response. A year passed, and we were compelled at last to give over the search. It seemed as if every means of finding out what had become of the child had been exhausted, and all alike had failed.

During the long search, I had occasion to go more than once to the Lubinskys' home. They lived up three flights, in one of the big barracks that give to the lower end of Essex Street the appearance of a deep black cañon with cliff-dwellers living in tiers all the way up, their watch-fires showing like so many dull red eyes through the night. The hall was pitch-dark, and the whole building redolent of the slum, but in the stuffy little room where the peddler lived there was, in spite of it all, an atmosphere of home that set it sharply apart from the rest. One of these visits I remember as if it were yesterday, though much more than a dozen years have passed. I had stumbled in, unthinking, upon their Sabbath eve meal. The candles were lighted, and the children gathered about the table; at its head, the father, every trace of the timid, shrinking peddler of Mulberry Street laid aside with the week's toil, was invoking the Sabbath blessing upon his house and all it harbored. I could not make out the words, but I saw him turn, with a quiver of the lip, to a vacant seat between him and the mother; and it was only then that I noticed the baby's high chair, empty, but kept ever waiting for the little wanderer. I understood; and in the strength of domestic affection that burned with unquenched faith in the dark tenement after the many months of weary failure I read the history of this strange people that in every land and in every day has conquered even the slum with the hope of home.

It was not to be put to shame here, either. Yette returned, after all, and the way of it came near being stranger than all the rest. Two long years had passed, and the memory of her and hers had long since faded out of Mulberry Street, when, in the overhauling of one of the children's homes we thought we had canvassed thoroughly, the child turned up, as unaccountably as she had been lost. All that I ever learned about it was that she had been brought there, picked up by some one in the street, likely, and, after more or less inquiry that had failed to connect with the search at our end of the line, had been included in their flock on some formal commitment, and had stayed there. Not knowing her name, — she could not tell it herself, to be understood, — they had given her one of their own choosing; and thus disguised, she might have stayed there forever but for the fortunate chance that cast her up to the surface once more, and gave the clue to her identity at last. Even then her father had nearly as much trouble in proving his title to his child as

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he had had in looking for her, but in the end he made it good. The frock she had worn when she was lost proved the missing link. The mate of it was still carefully laid away in the tenement. So Yette returned to fill the empty chair at the Sabbath board, and the peddler's faith was justified.

My other chip from the maelstrom was a lad half grown. He dropped into my office as if out of the clouds, one long and busy day, when, tired and out of sorts, I sat wishing my papers and the world in general in Halifax. I had not heard the knock, and when I looked up there stood my boy, a stout, square-shouldered lad, with heavy cowhide boots and dull honest eyes, — eyes that looked into mine for a moment as if with a question they were about to put, and then gave it up, gazing straight ahead, stolid, impassive. It struck me that I had seen that face before, and I found out immediately where. The officer of the Children's Aid Society who had brought him explained that Frands — that was his name — had been in the society's care five months and over. They had found him drifting in the streets, and, knowing whither that drift set, had taken him in charge and sent him to one of their lodging-houses, where he had been since, doing chores and plodding about in his dull way. That was where I had met him. Now they had decided that he should go to Florida, if he would, but first they would like to find out something about him. They had never been able to, beyond the fact that he was from Denmark. He had put his finger on the map in the reading-room, one day, and shown them where he came from: that was the extent of their information on that point. So they had sent him to me to talk to him in his own tongue and see what I could make of him.

I addressed him in the politest Danish I was master of, and for an instant I saw the listening, questioning look return; but it vanished almost at once, and he answered in monosyllables, if at all, looking straight ahead, patient, passive, indifferent. Much of what I said passed him entirely by. He did not seem to understand. Gradually I got out of him that his father was a farm laborer; that he had come over to look for his cousin, who worked in Passaic, New Jersey, and had found him, — Heaven knows how! — but had lost him again. Then he had drifted to New York, where the society's officers had come upon him. He nodded when told that he was to be sent far away to the country, much as if I had spoken of some one he had never heard of. We had arrived at this point when I asked him the name of his native town.

The word he spoke came upon me with all the force of a sudden blow. I had played in the old village as a boy; all my childhood was bound up in its memories. For many years now I had not heard its name, — not since boyhood days spoken as he spoke it. Perhaps it was because I was tired: the office faded away, desk, headquarters across the street, boy, officer, business, and all. In their place were the brown heath I loved, the distant hills, the winding wagon-track, the peat-stacks, and the solitary sheep browsing on the barrows. Forgotten the thirty years, the seas that rolled between, the teeming city. I was at home again, a child. And there he stood, the boy, with it all in his dull, absent look. I read it now as plain as the day.

"Hua er et no? Ka do ett fostó hua a sejer?"

It plumped out of me in the broad Jutland dialect I had neither heard nor spoken in half a lifetime, and so astonished me that I nearly fell off my chair. Sheep, peat-stacks, cairn, and hills all vanished together, and in place of the sweet heather there was the table with the tiresome papers. I reached out yearn-

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ingly after the heath; I had not seen it for such a long time, — how long it did seem! — and — but in the same breath it was all there again in the smile that lighted up Frands' broad face like a glimpse of sunlight from a leaden sky.

"Joesses, jou," he laughed, "no ka a da saa grou godt." [1]

It was the first honest Danish word he had heard since he came to this bewildering land. I read it in his face, no longer heavy or dull; saw it in the way he followed my speech, — spelling the words, as it were, with his own lips, to lose no syllable; caught it in his glad smile as he went on telling me about his journey, his home, and his homesickness for the heath, with a breathless kind of haste, as if, now that at last he had a chance, he were afraid it was all a dream, and that he would presently wake up and find it gone. Then the officer pulled my sleeve.

He had coughed once or twice, but neither of us had heard him. Now he held out a paper he had brought, with an apologetic gesture. It was an agreement Frands was to sign, if he was going to Florida. I glanced at it. Florida? Yes, to be sure; oh yes, Florida. I spoke to the officer, and it was in the Jutland dialect. I tried again, with no better luck. I saw him looking at me queerly, as if he thought it was not quite right with me, either, and then I recovered myself, and got back to the office and to America, but it was an effort. One does not skip across thirty years and two oceans, at my age, so easily as that.

And then the dull look came back into Frands' eyes, and he nodded stolidly. Yes, he would go to Florida. The papers were made out, and off he went, after giving me a hearty hand-shake that warranted he would come out right when he became accustomed to the new country; but he took something with him which it hurt me to part with.

[1] My exclamation on finding myself so suddenly translated back to Denmark was an impatient "Why, don't you understand me?" His answer was, "Lord, yes, now I do, indeed."

Frands is long since in Florida, growing up with the country, and little Yette is a young woman. So long ago was it that the current which sucked her under cast her up again that there lives not in the whole street any one who can recall her loss. I tried to find one only yesterday, but all the old people were dead or had moved away, and of the young who were very anxious to help me scarcely one was born at that time. But still the maelstrom drags down its victims; and far away lies my Danish heath under the gray October sky, hidden behind the seas.

PAOLO'S AWAKENING.

Paolo sat cross-legged on his bench, stitching away for dear life. He pursed his lips and screwed up his mouth into all sorts of odd shapes with the effort, for it was an effort. He was only eight, and you would scarcely have imagined him over six, as he sat there sewing like a real little tailor; only Paolo knew but one seam, and that a hard one. Yet he held the needle and felt the edge with it in quite a grown-up way, and pulled the thread just as far as his short arm would reach. His mother sat on a stool by the window, where she could help him when he got into a snarl, — as he did once in a while, in spite of all he could do, — or when the needle had to be threaded. Then she dropped her own sewing, and, patting him on the head, said he was a good boy.

Paolo felt very proud and big then, that he was able to help his mother, and he worked even more carefully and faithfully than before, so that the boss should find no fault. The shouts of the boys in the block, playing duck-on-a-rock down in the street, came up through the open window, and he laughed as he heard them. He did not envy them, though he liked well enough to romp with the others. His was a sunny temper, con-

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tent with what came; besides, his supper was at stake, and Paolo had a good appetite. They were in sober earnest working for dear life, — Paolo and his mother.

"Pants" for the sweater in Stanton Street was what they were making; little knickerbockers for boys of Paolo's own age. "Twelve pants for ten cents," he said, counting on his fingers. The mother brought them once a week, a big bundle which she carried home on her head, to have the buttons put on, fourteen on each pair, the bottoms turned up, and a ribbon sewn fast to the back seam inside. That was called finishing. When work was brisk, — and it was not always so since there had been such frequent strikes in Stanton Street, — they could together make the rent-money, and even more, as Paolo was learning and getting a stronger grip on the needle week by week. The rent was six dollars a month for a dingy basement room in which it was twilight even on the brightest days, and a dark little cubby-hole where it was always midnight, and where there was just room for a bed of old boards, no more. In there slept Paolo with his uncle; his mother made her bed on the floor of the "kitchen," as they called it.

The three made the family. There used to be four; but one stormy night in the winter that was just past Paolo's father had not come home. The uncle came alone, and the story he told made the poor home in the basement darker and drearier for many a day than it had yet been. The two men worked together for a padrone on the scows at the ash-dump. They were in the crew that went out that day to the dumping-ground, far outside the harbor. It was a dangerous journey in a rough sea. The half-frozen Italians clung to the great heaps like so many frightened flies, when the waves rose and tossed the unwieldy scows about, bumping one against the other, though they were strung out in a long row behind the tug, quite a distance apart. That day the sea had washed entirely over the last scow and nearly upset it. When it floated even again two of the crew were missing, one of them Paolo's father. They had been washed away and lost, miles from shore. No one ever saw them again.

The widow's tears flowed for her dead husband, whom she could not even see laid in a grave the priest had blessed. The good father spoke to her of the sea as a vast God's-Acre, over which the storms are forever chanting anthems in His praise to whom the secrets of its depths are revealed; but she thought of it only as the cruel destroyer that had robbed her of her husband, and her tears fell faster. Paolo cried, too: partly because his mother cried; partly, if the truth must be told, because he was not to have a ride to the cemetery in the splendid coach. Giuseppe Salvatore, in the corner house, had never ceased talking of the ride he had when his father died, the year before. Pietro and Jim went along, too, and rode all the way behind the hearse with black plumes. It was a sore subject with Paolo, for he was in school that day.

And then he and his mother dried their tears and went to work. Henceforth there was to be little else for them. The luxury of grief is not among the few luxuries which Mott Street tenements afford. Paolo's life, after that, was lived mainly with the "pants" on his hard bench in the rear tenement. His routine of work was varied by the household duties which he shared with his mother. There were the meals to get, few and plain as they were. Paolo was the cook, and not infrequently, when a building was being torn down in the neighborhood, he furnished the fuel as well. Those were his off days, when he put the needle away and foraged with the other children, dragging old beams and carrying burdens far beyond his years.

The truant officer never found his way

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to Paolo's tenement to discover that he could neither read nor write, and what was more, would probably never learn. It would have been of little use, for the public schools thereabouts were crowded, and Paolo could not have got into one of them if he had tried. The teacher from the Industrial School, which he had attended for one brief season while his father was alive, called at long intervals, and brought him once a plant, which he set out in his mother's window-garden and nursed carefully ever after. The "garden" was contained within an old starch-box which had its place on the window-sill, since the policeman had ordered the fire-escape to be cleared. It was a kitchen garden with vegetables, and was almost all the green there was in the landscape. From one or two other windows in the yard there peeped tufts of green; but of trees there was none in sight, — nothing but the bare clothes-poles with their scores of pulley-lines from every window. Beyond the cemetery plot in the next block there was not an open spot or breathing-place, certainly not a playground, within reach of that great teeming slum that harbored more than a hundred thousand persons, young and old. Even the graveyard was shut in by a high brick wall, so that a glimpse of the greensward over the old mounds was to be caught only through the spiked iron gates, the key to which was lost, or by standing on tiptoe and craning one's neck. The dead there were of more account, though they had been forgotten these many years, than the living children who gazed so wistfully upon the little paradise through the barred gate, and were chased by the policeman when he came that way. Something like this thought was in Paolo's mind when he stood at sunset and peered in at the golden rays falling athwart the green, but he did not know it. Paolo was not a philosopher, but he loved beauty and beautiful things, and was conscious of a great hunger which there was nothing in his narrow world to satisfy.

Certainly not in the tenement. It was old and rickety and wretched, in keeping with the slum of which it formed a part. The whitewash was peeling off the walls, the stairs were patched, and the doorstep long since worn entirely away. It was hard to be decent in such a place, but the widow did the best she could. Her rooms were as neat as the general dilapidation would permit. On the shelf where the old clock stood, flanked by the best crockery, most of it cracked and yellow with age, there was red and green paper cut in scallops very nicely. Garlic and onions hung in strings over the stove, and the red peppers that grew in the starch-box at the window gave quite a cheerful appearance to the room. In the corner, under a cheap print of the Virgin Mary with the Child, a small night-light in a blue glass was always kept burning. It was a kind of illumination in honor of the Mother of God, through which the widow's devout nature found expression. Paolo always looked upon it as a very solemn show. When he said his prayers, the sweet, patient eyes in the picture seemed to watch him with a mild look that made him turn over and go to sleep with a sigh of contentment. He felt then that he had not been altogether bad, and that he was quite safe in their keeping.

Yet Paolo's life was not wholly without its bright spots. Far from it. There were the occasional trips to the dump with uncle Pasquale's dinner, where there was always sport to be had in chasing the rats that overran the place, fighting for the scraps and bones the trimmers had rescued from the scows. There were so many of them, and so bold were they, that an old Italian who could no longer dig was employed to sit on a bale of rags and throw things at them, lest they carry off the whole establishment. When he hit one, the rest squealed and scampered away; but they were back again

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in a minute, and the old man had his hands full pretty nearly all the time. Paolo thought that his was a glorious job, as any boy might, and hoped that he would soon be old, too, and as important. And then the men at the cage, — a great wire crate into which the rags from the ash-barrels were stuffed, to be plunged into the river where the tide ran through them and carried some of the loose dirt away. That was called washing the rags. To Paolo it was the most exciting thing in the world. What if some day the crate should bring up a fish, a real fish, from the river? When he thought of it, he wished that he might be sitting forever on that string-piece, fishing with the rag-cage, particularly when he was tired of stitching and turning over, a whole long day.

Besides, there were the real holidays, when there was a marriage, a christening, or a funeral in the tenement, particularly when a baby died whose father belonged to one of the many benefit societies. A brass band was a proper thing then, and the whole block took a vacation to follow the music and the white hearse out of their ward into the next. But the chief of all the holidays came once a year, when the feast of St. Rocco — the patron saint of the village where Paolo's parents had lived — was celebrated. Then a really beautiful altar was erected at one end of the yard, with lights and pictures on it. The rear fire-escapes in the whole row were decked with sheets and made into handsome balconies, — reserved seats, as it were, — on which the tenants sat and enjoyed it. A band in gorgeous uniforms played three whole days in the yard, and the men in their holiday clothes stepped up, bowed and crossed themselves, and laid their gifts on the plate which St. Rocco's namesake, the saloon-keeper in the block who had got up the celebration, had put there for them. In the evening they set off great strings of fire-crackers in the street, in the saint's honor, until the police interfered once and forbade that. Those were great days for Paolo, always.

But the fun Paolo loved best of all was when he could get in a corner by himself, with no one to disturb him, and build castles and things out of some abandoned clay or mortar or wet sand, if there were nothing better. The plastic material took strange shapes of beauty under his hands. It was as if life had been somehow breathed into it by his touch, and it ordered itself as none of the other boys could make it. His fingers were tipped with genius, but he did not know it, for his work was only for the hour. He destroyed it as soon as it was made, to try for something better. What he had made never satisfied him, one of the surest proofs that he was capable of great things, had he only known it. But, as I said, he did not.

The teacher from the Industrial School came upon him one day, sitting in the corner by himself and breathing life into the mud. She stood and watched him awhile, unseen, getting interested, almost excited, as he worked on. As for Paolo, he was solving the problem that had eluded him so long, and had eyes or thought for nothing else. As his fingers ran over the soft clay, the needle, the hard bench, the "pants," even the sweater himself, vanished out of his sight, out of his life, and he thought only of the beautiful things he was fashioning to express the longing in his soul, which nothing mortal could shape. Then, suddenly, seeing and despairing, he dashed it to pieces, and came back to earth and to the tenement.

But not to the "pants" and the sweater. What the teacher had seen that day had set her to thinking, and her visit resulted in a great change for Paolo. She called at night and had a long talk with his mother and uncle through the medium of the priest, who interpreted when they got to a hard place. Uncle Pasquale took but little part in the conversation. He sat by and

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nodded most of the time, assured by the presence of the priest that it was all right. The widow cried a good deal, and went more than once to take a look at Paolo, lying snugly tucked in his bed in the inner room, quite unconscious of the weighty matters that were being decided concerning him. She came back the last time drying her eyes, and laid both her hands in the hand of the teacher. She nodded twice and smiled through her tears, and the bargain was made. Paolo's slavery was at an end.

His friend came the next day and took him away, dressed up in his best clothes, to a large school where there were many children, not of his own people, and where he was received kindly. There dawned that day a new life for Paolo, for in the afternoon trays of modeling clay were brought in, and the children were told to mould in it objects that were set before them. Paolo's teacher stood by and nodded approvingly as his little fingers played so deftly with the clay, his face all lighted up with joy at this strange kind of a school-lesson.

After that Paolo had a new and faithful friend, and as he worked away, putting his whole young soul into the tasks that filled it with radiant hope, other friends, rich and powerful, found him out in his slum. They brought better paying work for his mother than sewing "pants" for the sweater, and uncle Pasquale abandoned the scows to become a porter in a big shipping house on the west side. The little family moved out of the old home into a better tenement, though not far away. Paolo's loyal heart clung to the neighborhood where he had played and dreamed as a child, and he wanted it to share in his good fortune, now that it had come. As the days passed, the neighbors who had known him as little Paolo came to speak of him as one who some day would be a great artist and make them all proud. Paolo laughed at that, and said that the first bust he would hew in marble should be that of his patient, faithful mother; and with that he gave her a little hug and danced out of the room, leaving her to look after him with glistening eyes, brimming over with happiness.

But Paolo's dream was to have another awakening. The years passed and brought their changes. In the manly youth who came forward as his name was called in the academy, and stood modestly at the desk to receive his diploma, few would have recognized the little ragamuffin who had dragged bundles of firewood to the rookery in the alley, and carried uncle Pasquale's dinner-pail to the dump. But the audience gathered to witness the Commencement exercises knew it all, and greeted him with a hearty welcome that recalled his early struggles and his hard-won success. It was Paolo's day of triumph. The class honors and the medal were his. The bust that had won both stood in the hall crowned with laurel, — an Italian peasant woman with sweet, gentle face, in which there lingered the memories of the patient eyes that had lulled the child to sleep in the old days in the alley. His teacher spoke to him, spoke of him, with pride in voice and glance; spoke tenderly of his old mother of the tenement, of his faithful work, of the loyal manhood that ever is the soul and badge of true genius. As he bade him welcome to the fellowship of artists who, in him, honored the best and noblest in their own aspirations, the emotion of the audience found voice once more. Paolo, flushed, his eyes filled with happy tears, stumbled out, he knew not how, with the coveted parchment in his hand.

Home to his mother! It was the one thought in his mind as he walked toward the big bridge to cross to the city of his home, — to tell her of his joy, of his success. Soon she would no longer be poor. The day of hardship was over. He could work now and earn money,

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much money, and the world would know and honor Paolo's mother as it had honored him. As he walked through the foggy winter day toward the river, where delayed throngs jostled each other at the bridge entrance, he thought with grateful heart of the friends who had smoothed the way for him. Ah, not for long the fog and slush! The medal carried with it a traveling stipend, and soon the sunlight of his native land for him and her. He should hear the surf wash on the shingly beach and in the deep grottoes of which she had sung to him when a child. Had he not promised her this? And had they not many a time laughed for very joy at the prospect, the two together?

He picked his way up the crowded stairs, carefully guarding the precious roll. The crush was even greater than usual. There had been delay, something wrong with the cable. But a train was just waiting, and he hurried on board with the rest, little heeding what became of him so long as the diploma was safe. The train rolled out on the bridge, with Paolo wedged in the crowd on the platform of the last car, holding the paper high over his head, where it was sheltered safe from the fog and the rain and the crush.

Another train backed up, received its load of cross humanity, and vanished in the mist. The damp gray curtain had barely closed behind it, and the impatient throng was fretting at another delay, when consternation spread in the bridge-house. Word had come up from the track that something had happened. Trains were stalled all along the route. While the dread and uncertainty grew, a messenger ran up out of breath. There had been a collision. The last train had run into the one preceding it, in the fog. One was killed, others were injured. Doctors and ambulances were wanted.

They came with the police, and by and by the partly wrecked train was hauled up to the platform. When the wounded had been taken to the hospital, they bore from the train the body of a youth, clutching yet in his hand a torn, blood-stained paper tied about with a purple ribbon. It was Paolo. The awakening had come. Brighter skies than those of sunny Italy had dawned upon him in the gloom and terror of the great crash. Paolo was at home, waiting for his mother.

Jacob A. Riis.

THE YOUNG SHAKESPEARE: A STUDY OF ROMEO.

THE plays of Shakespeare marshal themselves in the beyond. They stand in a place outside of our deduction. Their cosmos is greater than our philosophy. They are like the forces of nature and the operations of life in the vivid world about us. We may measure our intellectual growth by the new horizons we see opening within them. So long as they continue to live and change, to expand and deepen, to be filled with new harmony and new suggestion, we may rest content; we are still growing. At the moment we think we have comprehended them, at the moment we see them as stationary things, we may be sure something is wrong; we are beginning to petrify. Our fresh interest in life has been arrested. There is, therefore, danger in an attempt to "size up" Shakespeare. We cannot help setting down as a coxcomb any man who has done it to his own satisfaction. He has pigeon-holed himself. He will not get lost. If you want him, you can lay your hand on him. He has written an auto-

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biography. He has "sized up" himself.

In writing about Shakespeare, it is excusable to put off the armor of criticism, and speak in a fragmentary and inconclusive manner, lest by giving way to conviction, by encouraging ourselves into positive beliefs, we hasten the inevitable and grow old before our time.

Perhaps some such apology is needed to introduce the observations on the character of Romeo which are here thrown together, and the remarks about the play itself, the acting and the text.

It is believed by some scholars that in the second quarto edition of Romeo and Juliet, published in 1599, Shakespeare's revising hand can be seen, and that the differences between the first and second editions show the amendments, additions, and corrections with which Shakespeare saw fit to embellish his work in preparing it for the press. If this were actually the case; if we could lay the two texts on the table before us, convinced that one of them was Shakespeare's draft or acting copy, and the other Shakespeare's finished work; and if, by comparing the two, we could enter into the workshop and forge of his mind, it would seem as if we had at last found an avenue of approach towards this great personality, this intellect the most powerful that has ever illumined human life. No other literary inquiry could compare in interest with such a study as this; for the relation which Shakespeare himself bore to the plays he created is one of the mysteries and blank places in history, a gap that staggers the mind and which imagination cannot overleap.

The student who examines both texts will be apt to conclude that the second is by no means a revised edition of the first, but that (according to another theory) the first is a pirated edition of the play, stolen by the printer, and probably obtained by means of a reporter who took down the lines as they were spoken on the stage. The stage directions in the first edition are not properly the stage directions of a dramatist as to what should be done on the stage, but seem rather the records of an eye-witness as to what he saw happen on the stage. The mistakes of the reporter (or the perversions of the actors) as seen in the first edition generally injure the play; and it was from this circumstance — the frequency of blotches in the first edition — that the idea gained currency that the second edition was an example of Shakespeare's never failing tact in bettering his own lines.

Perhaps, after all, it would little advance our understanding of the plays, or solve the essential puzzle, — that they actually had an author, — if we could follow every stroke of his revising pen. We should observe, no doubt, refinement of characterization, changes of stage effect, the addition of flourishes and beauties; but their origin and true meaning, the secret of their life, would be as safe as it is at present, as securely lost in the midst of all this demonstration as the manuscripts themselves were in the destruction of the Globe Theatre.

If we must then abandon the hope of seeing Shakespeare in his workshop, we may, nevertheless, obtain from the pirated text some notion of the manner in which Shakespeare was staged in his own day, and of how he fared at the hands of the early actors. Romeo and Juliet is an exceptionally difficult play to act, and the difficulties seem to have been about the same in Shakespeare's time as they are to-day. They are, in fact, inherent in the structure of the work itself.

As artists advance in life, they develop, by growing familiar with the conditions of their art, the power of concealing its limitations, — a faculty in which even the greatest artists are often deficient in their early years. There is an anecdote of Schumann which somewhat

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crudely illustrates this. It is said that in one of his early symphonies he introduced a passage leading up to a climax, at which the horns were to take up the aria in triumph. At the rehearsal, when the moment came for the horns to trumpet forth their message of victory, there was heard a sort of smothered braying which made everybody laugh. The composer had arranged his climax so that it fell upon a note which the horns could not sound except with closed stops. The passage had to be rewritten. The young painter is frequently found struggling with subjects, with effects of light which are almost impossible to render, and which perhaps an older man would not attempt. It is not surprising to find among the early works of Shakespeare that some of the characters, however true to life, — nay, because true to life, — are almost impossible to be represented on the stage. Certainly Romeo presents us with a character of the kind.

Shakespeare's knowledge of human nature seems to have antedated his knowledge of the stage. In imagining the character of Romeo, a character to fit the plot of the old story, he took little thought for his actors. In conjuring up the probabilities which would lead a man into such a course of conduct as Romeo's, Shakespeare had in his mind the probabilities and facts in real life rather than the probabilities demanded by the stage.

Romeo must be a man almost wholly made up of emotion, a creature very young, a lyric poet in the intensity of his sensations, a child in his helplessness beneath the ever varying currents and whirlpools of his feeling. He lives in a walking and frenzied dream, comes in contact with real life only to injure himself and others, and finally drives with the collected energy of his being into voluntary shipwreck upon the rocks of the world.

This man must fall in love at first sight. He must marry clandestinely. He must be banished for having taken part in a street fight, and must return to slay himself upon the tomb of his beloved.

Shakespeare, with his passion for realism, devotes several scenes at the opening of the play to the explanation of Romeo's state of mind. He will give us a rationalistic account of love at first sight by bringing on this young poet in a blind chaos of emotion owing to his rejection by a woman not otherwise connected with the story. It is perfectly true that this is the best and perhaps the only explanation of love at first sight. The effect upon Romeo's very boyish, unreal, and almost unpleasant lovesickness of the rejection (for which we must always respect Rosaline) is to throw him, and all the unstable elements of which he is made, into a giddy whirl, which, after a day or two, it will require only the glance of a pair of eyes to precipitate into the very elixir of true love.

All this is true, but no audience cares about the episode or requires the explanation. Indeed, it jars upon the sentimental notion of many persons to this day, and in many stage versions it is avoided.

These preparatory scenes bring out in a most subtle way the egoism at the basis of Romeo's character, — the same lyrical egoism that is in all his language and in all his conduct. When we first see Romeo, he is already in an uneasy dream. He is wandering, aloof from his friends and absorbed in himself. On meeting Juliet he passes from his first dream into a second dream. On learning of the death of Juliet he passes into still a third and quite different dream, — or stage of dream, — a stage in which action is necessary, and in which he displays the calculating intellect of a maniac. The mental abstraction of Romeo continues even after he has met Juliet. In Capulet's garden, despite the directness of Juliet, he is still in his reveries. The sacred wonder

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of the hour turns all his thoughts, not into love, but into poetry. Juliet's anxieties are practical. She asks him about his safety, how he came there, how he expects to escape. He answers in madrigals. His musings are almost impersonal. The power of the moonlight is over him, and the power of the scene, of which Juliet is only a part.

"With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls;
For stony limits cannot hold love out,
And what love can do that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.
. . . . . .
Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops —
. . . . . .
It is my soul that calls upon my name:
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears."

These reflections are almost "asides." They ought hardly to be spoken aloud. They denote that Romeo is still in his trance. They have, however, another and unfortunate influence: they retard the action of the play. As we read the play to ourselves, this accompaniment of lyrical feeling on Romeo's part does not interfere with our enjoyment. It seems to accentuate the more direct and human strain of Juliet's love.

But on the stage the actor who plays Romeo requires the very highest powers. While speaking at a distance from Juliet, and in a constrained position, he must by his voice and gestures convey these subtlest shades of feeling, throw these garlands of verse into his talk without interrupting its naturalness, give all the "asides" in such a manner that the audience feels they are in place, even as the reader does. It is no wonder that the rôle of Romeo is one of the most difficult in all Shakespeare. The demands made upon the stage are almost more than the stage can meet. The truth to nature is of a kind that the stage is almost powerless to render.

The character of Romeo cannot hope to be popular. Such pure passion, such unreasonable giving way, is not easily forgiven in a man. He must roll on the floor and blubber and kick. There is no getting away from this. He is not Romeo unless he cries like a baby or a Greek hero. This is the penalty for being a lyric poet. Had he used his mind more upon the problems of his love, and less upon its celebration in petaled phrases, his mind would not have deserted him so lamentably in the hour of his need. In fact, throughout the play, Romeo, by the exigencies of the plot, is in fair danger of becoming contemptible. For one instant only does he rise into respectability, — at the moment of his quarrel with Tybalt. At this crisis he is stung into life by the death of Mercutio, and acts like a man. The ranting manner in which it is customary to give Romeo's words in this passage of the play shows how far most actors are from understanding the true purport of the lines; how far from realizing that these few lines are the only opportunity the actor has of establishing the character of Romeo as a gentleman, a man of sense and courage, a formidable fellow, not unfit to be the hero of a play: —

"Alive, in triumph! and Mercutio slain!
Away to heaven, respective lenity,
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!
Now, Tybalt, take the 'villain' back again
That late thou gav'st me; — for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company:
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him."

The first three lines are spoken by Romeo to himself. They are a reflection, not a declamation, — a reflection upon which he instantly acts. He assumes the calmness of a man of his rank who is about to fight. More than this, Romeo, the man of words and moods, when once roused, as we shall see later, in a worser cause, — when once pledged to action, — Romeo shines with a sort of fatalistic spiritual power. He is now visibly dedi-

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cated to this quarrel. We feel sure that he will kill Tybalt in the encounter. The appeal to the supernatural is in his very gesture. The audience — nay, Tybalt himself — gazes with awe on this sudden apparition of Romeo as a man of action.

This highly satisfactory conduct is soon swept away by his behavior on hearing the news of his banishment. The boy seems to be without much stamina, after all. He is a pitiable object, and does not deserve the love of fair lady.

At Mantua the tide of his feelings has turned again, and by one of those natural reactions which he himself takes note of he wakes up unaccountably happy, "and all this day an unaccustom'd spirit lifts him above the ground with cheerful thoughts." It is the lightning before the thunderbolt.

"Her body sleeps in Capel's monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you."

Balthasar makes no attempt to break the news gently. The blow descends on Romeo when he least expects it. He is not spared.

The conduct of Romeo on hearing of Juliet's death is so close to nature as to be nature itself, yet it happens to be conduct almost impossible to be given on the stage. *He does nothing.* He is stunned. He collapses. For fully five minutes he does not speak, and yet in these five minutes he must show to the audience that his nature has been shaken to its foundations. The delirium of miraculously beautiful poetry is broken. His words are gone. His emotion is paralyzed, but his mind is alert. He seems suddenly to be grown up, — a man, and not a boy, — and a man of action. "Is it even so?" is all he says. He orders post-horses, ink and paper, in a few rapid sentences; it is evident that before speaking at all he has determined what he will do, and from now on to the end of the play Romeo is different from his old self, for a new Romeo has appeared. He is in a state of intense and calm exultation. All his fluctuating emotions have been stilled or stunned. He gives his orders in staccato. We feel that he knows what he is going to do, and will certainly accomplish it. Meanwhile his mind is dominant. It is preternaturally active. His "asides," which before were lyrical, now become the comments of an acute intellect. His vivid and microscopic recollection of the apothecary shop, his philosophical bantering with the apothecary, his sudden violence to Balthasar at the entrance to the tomb, and his as sudden friendliness, his words and conflict with Paris, whom he kills incidentally, absent-mindedly, and, as it were, with his left hand, without malice and without remorse, — all these things show an intellect working at high pressure, while the spirit of the man is absorbed in another and more important matter.

There is a certain state of mind in which the will to do is so soon followed by the act itself that one may say the act is automatic. The thought has already begun to be executed even while it is being formed. This occurs especially where the intent is to do some horrid deed which requires preparation, firmness of purpose, ingenuity, and above all external calmness.

"Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection."

This is the phase through which Romeo is passing on the way from Mantua to Verona. His own words give us a picture of him during that ride: —

"What said my man when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode?"

He has come like an arrow, his mind closed to the external world, himself in the blind clutch of his own deadly pur-

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pose, driving on towards its fulfillment. Only at the end, when he stands before the bier of Juliet, sure of his will, beyond the reach of hindrance, alone for the first time, — only then is his spirit released in floods of eloquence; then does his triumphant purpose break into speech, and his words soar up like the flames of a great bonfire of precious incense streaming upward in exultation and in happiness.

The whole course of these last scenes of Romeo's life, which are scarcely longer than this description of them, is in the highest degree naturalistic; but the scenes are in the nature of things so difficult to present on the stage as to be fairly impossible. The very long, the very minute description of the apothecary's shop, given by a man whose heart has stopped beating, but whose mind is at work more actively and more accurately than it has ever worked before, is a thing highly sane as to its words. It must be done quietly, rapidly, and yet the impression must be created, which is created upon Balthasar, that Romeo is not in his right mind. A friend seeing him would cross the street to ask what was the matter.

The whole character of Romeo, from the beginning, has been imagined with reference to this self-destroying consummation. From his first speech we might have suspected that something destructive would come out of this man.

There is a type of highly organized being, not well fitted for this world, whose practical activities are drowned in a sea of feeling. Egoists by their constitution, they become dangerous beings when vexed, cornered, or thwarted by society. Their fine energies have had no training in the painful constructive processes of civilization. Their first instincts, when goaded into activity, are instincts of destruction. They know no compromise. If they are not to have all, then no one shall possess anything. Romeo is not suffering in this final scene. He is experiencing the greatest pleasure of his life. He glories in his deed. It satisfies his soul. It gives him supreme spiritual activity. The deed brings widespread desolation, but to this he is indifferent, for it means the destruction of the prison against which his desires have always beaten their wings, the destruction of a material and social universe from which he has always longed to be free.

> "O, here
> Will I set up my everlasting rest,
> And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
> From this world-wearied flesh."

How much of all this psychology may we suppose was rendered apparent to the motley collection of excitable people who flocked to see the play — which appears to have been a popular one — in the years 1591–97? Probably as much as may be gathered by an audience to-day from a tolerable representation of the piece. The subtler truths of Shakespeare have always been lost upon the stage. In turning over the first quarto of Romeo and Juliet, we may see that many such matters were pruned ruggedly off by the actors. The early audiences, like the popular audiences of to-day, doubtless regarded action as the first merit of a play, and the stage managers must have understood this. It is noticeable that, in the authentic text, the street fight with which this play opens is a carefully-worked-up scene, which comes to a climax in the entry of the prince. The reporter gives a few words only to a description of the scene. No doubt, in Shakespeare's time, the characters spoke very rapidly or all at once. It is impossible that the longer plays, like King Lear, should have been finished in an evening, unless the scenes moved with a hurry of life very different from the declamatory leisure with which our actors move from scene to scene. To make plain the course of the story was evidently the chief aim of the stage managers. The choruses are finger-posts. It is true that the choruses in Shake-

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speare are generally so overloaded with curious ornament as to be incomprehensible except as explanations of things already understood. The prologue to Romeo and Juliet is a riddle to which the play is the answer. One might at first suppose that the need of such finger-posts betrayed a dull audience, but no dull person was ever enlightened by Shakespeare's choruses. They play variations on the theme. They instruct only the instructed.

If interest in the course of the story be the first excitement to the theatre-goer, interest in seeing a picture of contemporary manners is probably the second. Our chief loss in reading Shakespeare is the loss of the society he depicts, and which we know only through him. In every line and scene there must be meanings which have vanished forever with the conditions on which they comment. A character on the stage has need, at the feeblest, of only just so much vitality as will remind us of something we know in real life. The types of Shakespeare which have been found substantial enough to survive the loss of their originals must have had an interest for the first audiences, both in nature and in intensity, very different from their interest to us. The high life depicted by Shakespeare has disappeared. No one of us has ever known a Mercutio. Fortunately, the types of society seem to change less in the lower orders than in the upper classes. England swarms with old women like Juliet's nurse; and as to these characters in Shakespeare whose originals still survive, and as to them only, we may feel that we are near the Elizabethans.

We should undoubtedly suffer some disenchantment by coming in contact with these coarse and violent people. How much do the pictures of contemporary England given us by the novelists stand in need of correction by a visit to the land! How different is the thing from the abstract! Or, to put the same thought in a more obvious light, how fantastic are the ideas of the Germans about Shakespeare! How Germanized does he come forth from their libraries and from their green-rooms!

We in America, with our formal manners, our bloodless complexions, our perpetual decorum and self-suppression, are about as much in sympathy with the real element of Shakespeare's plays as a Baptist parson is with a fox-hunt. Our blood is stirred by the narration, but our constitution could never stand the reality. As we read we translate all things into the dialect of our province; or if we are not great enough to be modest, let us say that we translate the dialect of the English province into the language of our empire; but we still translate. Mercutio, on inspection, would turn out to be not a gentleman, — and indeed he is not; Juliet, to be a most extraordinary young person; Tybalt, a brute and ruffian, a type from the plantation; and the only man with whom we should feel at all at ease would be the County Paris, in whom we should all recognize a perfectly bred man. "What a man!" we should cry. "Why, he 's a man of wax!"

John Jay Chapman.

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COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Richelieu, by Richard Lodge, M. A., Foreign Statesmen Series. (Macmillan.) The average quality of the numerous historical series published in the last few years has been, all things considered, rather surprisingly good; but no one of them, perhaps, shows such uniformly admirable work as the Twelve English Statesmen, so that readers will be ready to give an especial welcome to a new series on similar lines, devoted to some of the most eminent statesmen of Continental Europe, of which this volume is the earliest issue. Precedence can well be given to the life of the man whom his biographer justly styles the greatest political genius France has ever produced, while Professor Lodge's masterly treatment of his subject makes his monograph no ill model for its successors. It is perfectly proportioned; the narrative, if condensed, is neither dry nor bald; it is luminous and straightforward, even when dealing with the tortuous diplomacy, the confusing wars and rumors of war of the time; it is steadily interesting, and often suggestive. It will be the reader's own fault if he does not gain from the book a definite conception of the deep and enduring impress left by Richelieu on his country, and also of the momentousness of the principal shortcoming of his policy, his failure to reform the financial mal-administration of France. The second volume of the series, Philip Augustus, by William Holden Hutton, B. D., though not so noteworthy a book, is a well-arranged, clearly-written, and, we may add, readable brief history of Philip the Conqueror. The author very modestly owns his indebtedness to the French and German historians who have studied his subject in the last fifty years, his conclusions drawn from an examination of the original authorities being generally anticipated by these scholars, so that he has had no choice but to follow in their footsteps. A later edition will probably correct a few slips in names and dates, evidences of careless proof-reading. — Eliza Pinckney, by Harriott Horry Ravenel. (Scribners.) This is the third volume in the series of Women of Colonial and Revolutionary Times; and if those bands of women known to-day as "Dames" and "Daughters" are as plentiful as the reports of their doings, we may well believe that the book-counters are lined with purchasers waiting for just such books as these. What is more, they are good books. This last volume presents a capital picture of the best Southern life before and during the Revolution. Fortunately for the biographer, Mrs. Pinckney left a mass of letters such as no woman to-day could find time to write. They are letters that picture clearly not only the social life of the time, but the strong and womanly personality of their writer. It is interesting, also, to observe how many names that figure in them are names of constant and honored recurrence in American history. — Jeanne d'Arc, Her Life and Death, by Mrs. Oliphant. Heroes of the Nations Series. (Putnams.) That Mrs. Oliphant writes of the Maid with sympathetic insight and fervent enthusiasm we need hardly say, or that she expends no efforts in trying to give naturalistic explanations of the mystical elements in the history. She is not disturbed by the apparition of the saints: "there is in them an ineffable appropriateness and fitness, against which the imagination, at least, has not a word to say." She finds it more incredible that the devout peasant girl should have shown the genius of a soldier; while at her trial she appears "a far greater miracle in her simplicity and noble steadfastness" than even in the wonders she had wrought. Mrs. Oliphant attempts nothing more than to retell, faithfully and vividly, the familiar story, for which, considering the distance in time, such astonishingly abundant and authentic materials exist. We know of no popular life of her heroine which would be so likely to attract young readers. Like all the books of this series, the volume is generously illustrated. — The Mogul Emperors of Hindustan, A. D. 1398–1707, by Edward S. Holden, LL. D. (Scribners.) A collection of miniatures of the Mogul Emperors having come into Professor Holden's hands, he was led to devote "the spare hours of a long and harassing winter" to the study of their history; the result be-

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ing certain magazine articles, here reprinted in a revised and extended form. Remembering that history is the author's recreation, and not his serious pursuit, we find in these sketches of the Great Moguls which come to us from the Lick Observatory many commendable qualities. Much varied information is brought together and systematized in a volume of moderate compass; excellent judgment is shown in the selection of illustrative extracts from the authorities used, and in the choice of the authorities as well, while the writer's conclusions drawn therefrom are temperate and just, and set forth in a lucid, unaffected style. The work is well illustrated, some of the portraits being reproduced for the first time. But surely the miniature of the Empress "buried in the Taj-Mahal," which makes so attractive a frontispiece, and that of Nur-Mahal (page 128), represent the same woman. Perhaps, however, the face of the latter, assuming the genuineness of the portrait, became the conventional model to which supposed pictures of later queens conformed. — The Education of Children at Rome, by George Clarke (Macmillan), presents succinctly the educational theories which dominated the Roman school system, and deals practically with such matters as the kinds of schools founded by the Romans, their equipment and their curricula. There are many larger works on this subject, but none which form more pleasant reading. — The Cambridge of Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-Six, edited by Arthur Gilman. (The Riverside Press, Cambridge.) The further title of this handsome octavo is, A Picture of the City and its Industries *Fifty Years after its Incorporation*. Here is a city with a population of over eighty thousand, and a valuation of over eighty million, which indicates in its memorial volume the relative value it sets on ideas and on things. Three fourths of the work is taken up with historical studies by John Fiske and A. McF. Davis, sketches of life by T. W. Higginson and others, notes on Harvard University by President Eliot, John Trowbridge, Bishop Lawrence, Dr. Sargent, and others, and further inquiry into those features of the city which have to do with the health, education, religion, philanthropy, and self-government of the citizens; while only the last quarter of the book is devoted to the business of the city. This is putting the horse before the cart, and on prudential grounds alone is the most admirable advertisement the city could have. After all, people really wish to know a good place to live in, not merely a place to make money in. — Quaint Nantucket, by William Root Bliss. (Houghton.) Mr. Bliss has been singularly fortunate in the amount of material at his command. His narrative is used merely to link together delightful clippings from old letters, records, and sea-logs, unspoiled by any deviation from their original spelling and phraseology. There is no attempt at a systematic history of what Mr. Bliss justly styles "Quaint Nantucket," but the quotations from documents of successive epochs give us pictures which we would not willingly exchange for photographs from the life. Separated from the mainland by a broad sound, the island folk kept their types more pure than their brethren on the continent. The history of their civilization is like a scientific experiment. Possible causes of change are introduced singly, and their relations to consequent effects are curiously evident. — The Messrs. Putnams have fitly incorporated in the Heroes of the Nations Series their illustrated edition of Irving's Life of Columbus, as condensed by the author from his larger work.

LITERATURE.

Mr. Knight's *definitive edition of the* Poetical Works of William Wordsworth (Macmillan) has reached the sixth volume, and in the chronological order embraces those poems written and published between 1814 and 1820. Thus the final group is *Memorials of a Tour on the Continent*. Nothing is lacking which the reader may think he requires for the correct knowledge of all the circumstances under which Wordsworth wrote; nothing, either, which he may need for a comparison of texts; and hardly anything is lacking which a tolerably ignorant person would require for the elucidation of the facts imbedded in the verse. — Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám, English, French, and German Translations, comparatively arranged in Accordance with the Text of Edward Fitzgerald's Version, with further Selections, Notes, Biographies, and other matter. Collected and edited by Nathan Haskell Dole. (Joseph Knight Co.) As comprehensive as this title are

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the two teeming volumes of Mr. Dole's Variorum Edition of Omar. All we know, and all we need to know of the Persian poet, is to be found somewhere in one of the two books. Nothing is omitted, from the ripe fruits of German scholarship down to the green apples of "occasional verse." If Mr. Dole's diligence and ingenuity had been employed as judiciously in arranging this mass of material as in collecting it, nothing but enthusiasm could greet his performance. As it is, he has rendered lovers of the tent-maker a great service in bringing together all that has been said of him and done with him. It is merely with the matter of arrangement that fault might not unreasonably be found. For a single example, Fitzgerald's notes on the Rubáiyát of his translation do not appear in any one easily accessible place. They all seem to be there, but one must use one's own ingenuity in finding them. The books are handsomely made, without and within, and, for their wealth of contents, should certainly meet with a generous welcome. — The Lesser Bourgeoisie (Les Petits Bourgeois), belonging to Scenes from Parisian Life, and the last published of its author's novels, has appeared in Messrs. Roberts' edition of Balzac, translated by Miss Wormeley. This book was not given to the public till 1854, three years after Balzac's death, though it would seem it was nearly ready for the press ten years earlier. It has been surmised that M. Rabou gave the finishing touches to the work. — Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie has added to the list of his published works a volume of Essays on Nature and Culture. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) The essays are of firm intellectual fibre and wholesome tone; if they have a fault, it is that of a rather unrelieved didacticism and an occasional tendency to emphatic truism. — Mr. William Cranston Lawton has done a service to all teachers and students of the classics by issuing in book form his lectures on Art and Humanity in Homer. (Macmillan.) Intelligently used, this little book will go far toward making the school study of Homer humane and profitable. — The Works of Max Beerbohm. (Scribners.) Seven brief essays from the Omnia Opera of Mr. Beerbohm; and, alas, the final words of his book are these: "I shall write no more. Already I feel myself to be a trifle outmoded. I belong to the Beardsley period. Younger men, with months of activity before them, with fresher schemes and notions, with newer enthusiasm, have pressed forward since then. *Cedo junioribus.* Indeed, I stand aside with no regret. For to be outmoded is to be a classic, if one has written well. I have acceded to the hierarchy of good scribes, and rather like my niche." To express delight in such a passage, by one who tells us that in 1890 he was a freshman at Oxford, would be to confess one's self incapable of enjoying it. With discretion, too, must one read the essay of historical research upon the year 1880, and be thankful for such training as one has already received in the spirit of decadence. — Matthew Arnold's review of Stopford Brooke's Primer of English Literature and his Essay on Gray, and John Morley's address to the University Extension students on the Study of Literature, form a group of papers in a small volume designed apparently to quicken zeal in the study of literature. (Macmillan.) — The Interpretation of Literature, by W. H. Crawshaw, A. M. (Macmillan.) The merits and faults of this little treatise, which is a "discussion of literary principles and their application," are such as usually attach to work which has taken form in the classroom: on the one hand, perfect clearness and sanity; on the other, over-elaboration of plan, and a formalism of tone which is inharmonious with the essay idea.

PERIODICALS.

A periodical is generally founded for one of two purposes, — the making of money or the expression of ideas. After it is well on its feet, it may accomplish both of these ends. We have before us recent volumes of The Yellow Book, The Evergreen, and The Chap-Book. The purpose of The Yellow Book (Lane, London; Copeland & Day, Boston) has sometimes been considered a puzzle. Its continuance upon the lines on which it was first framed appears to have been abandoned. Its yellow is as bright without, but far paler within. The cult of which it was originally the prophet is expressing itself far more quietly, at least here, and The Yellow Book is correspondingly less exciting, both to Philistine enemies and to initiated admirers. The Evergreen, a Northern Seasonal (Patrick Geddes and Colleagues, Edinburgh;

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J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia), tells its own aim so clearly in the Prefatory Note to the volumes that have come to us that uncertainty is banished under the name which Allan Ramsay chose for his kindred attempt in 1724. The Evergreen seeks "to stimulate the return to local and national tradition and living nature." To this end it brings together the work of Scottish writers and illustrators in volumes of striking beauty of type, paper, and binding. In the summer volume, essays, fiction, poetry, and decoration are all chosen with the spirit of summer as a guide; in the autumn volume, the same note of the season is consistently struck. One may not care for all the art, of pen and pencil, which the books set forth, — indeed, one does not in many instances; yet the "seasonal" has something of sincerity about it which smacks of its northern air, and the knowledge that its publishers, living together in a sort of college settlement, make their periodical but a part of a general attempt to develop whatsoever things are lovely in Edinburgh leaves one wishing well to this enterprise, which can hardly have financial gain as one of its motives. S. R. Crockett, William Sharp, Sir Noël Paton, and others equally well known are among the contributors. Each number contains pages of French, — not so much, we fancy, for the reason that leads Cosmopolis to the same course, as to emphasize the historic sympathy between France and Scotland. From these foreign growths we turn to Volume IV. of our own little Chap-Book. (H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago.) Like life itself, it stands compact of error and truth, wisdom and folly. The notes are nearly always readable and pointed, the illustrations are often decadently bizarre and poor, the verse is amazingly unequal, the criticism is frequently capital. A paper by Mr. Norman Hapgood, An Intellectual Parvenu, is especially good. One class of modern Americans, indeed, could hardly be better occupied than in thinking over Mr. Hapgood's remarks; and for publishers of new magazines, whether in Chicago or in Britain, there is much virtue in the wise words with which Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie brings his contribution to the Chap-Book to an end: "The new impulse in literature, when it comes, will evidence its presence neither by indecency nor by eccentricity, but by a certain noble simplicity, by the sanity upon which a great authority ultimately rests, by the clearness of its insight and the depth of its sympathy with that deeper life of humanity, in which are the springs of originality and productiveness."

FICTION.

Weir of Hermiston, an Unfinished Romance, by Robert Louis Stevenson. (Scribners.) A Romance Begun would be a more truthful description of this charming fragment, for the word "unfinished" carries with it an impression that the end was not far off. Putting together what Stevenson finished and what the Editorial Note tells us was to have been done, we may safely calculate that about two thirds of the story was still to be written when its untimely end came. There is abundantly enough to convince us that Stevenson had begun one of his very best performances; and there is enough to show clearly, again, why it is that our generation, especially its younger element, cares so very greatly for the writer who is gone. No one spoke more unmistakably than he the most characteristic language of our day. His mind, like his pen, worked in the medium which it provides; and one great sorrow is that nobody is left so completely the interpreter of a spirit which now must be content with a less satisfying utterance. — Disturbing Elements, by Mrs. Birchenough [M. E. Bradley]. (Macmillan.) A pleasing and readable tale, whose unobtrusive virtues will cause it to be overlooked, we hope, only by the hardened readers of the highly colored, strongly flavored fiction of the hour. The contrasting characters of the charming, well-bred, clever, and sophisticated Mrs. Lanion, one of those women who instinctively prefer the other sex to their own, and her high-minded, college-trained, and quite unsophisticated granddaughter, are drawn with admirable truth, as is the household of the French branch of their family, and especially the old lady who is its efficient and domineering head. The author's good sense and good taste are grateful to the reader, who soon finds that she can tell a story as well. — The Massacre of the Innocents, and Other Tales, by Belgian Writers, translated by Edith Wingate Rinder. (Stone & Kimball.) A dozen tales by some writers of to-day, of whom only one has a European reputation, selected by the translator as re-

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presentative of "the contemporary Belgian Renascence." Two of the sketches, The Massacre of the Innocents, by Maeterlinck, and The Denial of St. Peter, by Demolder, are Scripture stories with a Flemish setting, — literary versions, as it were, of old Dutch Biblical pictures. Three of the tales are by M. Georges Eekhoud, sometimes called the Zola of Flanders, a name to which the brutal realism of Hiep-Hioup, rather than the tenderness and pathos of Ex-Voto, would entitle him. Realism, so called, is the prevailing quality of these studies, grimly tragic for the most part. Judging from this book, we should conclude that the Belgian *fin de siècle* raconteurs are quite without the grace of humor. We are told that The Beleaguered City may help us to comprehend L'Ame Errante, but we fail to discover, in manner or spirit, the least affinity between M. Richelle's fantasy and Mrs. Oliphant's beautiful tale. — Lives that came to Nothing, by Garrett Leigh. Iris Series. (Dent, London; Macmillan, New York.) In this vague tale, or rather sketch, we meet the characters, to whom we are never really introduced, at a seaside resort, where they indulge in much epigrammatic and allusive talk, the conversations being varied by fragments of letters. As we go on, we become slightly acquainted with the several characters, and begin to comprehend how unfortunately the love of some of them has gone astray, especially that of "the little woman," who, like Charlotte, is a married lady, and whose Werther is also a moral man. The book is a singular mixture of cleverness and crudeness, and, to all appearance, is a youthful production. — In the Valley of Tophet, by Henry W. Nevinson. (Holt.) The Valley of Tophet is a typical mining district in England, of the worser sort, and the dramatis personæ of the dozen stories composing the volume are drawn from the overworked and underfed workers of the iron mines. As befits the stage and actors, the trend of the book is pathetic. The author, evidently familiar with the models from which the characters are drawn, but influenced by a laudable desire to champion their cause, has idealized his portraits, and demands a little more pity than we care to bestow on persons not made like as we are. At times, however, all trace of overdrawing disappears, and we involuntarily yield the sympathy no longer asked. Such stories as An Undesired Victory and Miss Rachel show Mr. Nevinson at his best, and his best is admirable.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A Prayer for a Conflagration.

THE credibility of the story that the Caliph Omar caused the destruction of the Alexandrian library has been seriously questioned, but this does not prevent some of us from wishing that the caliph were alive to-day, in order that we might request him to repeat his exploit on a larger scale. It is true that we should probably desire him to save a few books beside the Koran, and that we should have a pretty lively time determining which these few books should be. Mr. Swinburne would doubtless assert with vehement volubility that all extant copies of Victor Hugo's works should be put in a safe place at once, and Professor Saintsbury would begin at the other end and insist on committing every copy of Byron to the flames. It would certainly be a battle royal of the critics, if not a new battle of the books. But if, as sometimes happens in such cases, the contending parties should agree to suspend hostilities, and to select a scapegoat on which to centre their animosities, could they make a better, a more grateful choice, than to offer up to the salutary conflagration the whole army of monographs, doctors' theses, and "studies" that the university and other presses are turning out for the invasion of our libraries and the subjugation of our true kingdoms, according to good Sir Edward Dyer, — to wit, our minds? Are not these precious specialists whom, in imitation of Germany, we are training up, threatening to become a very plague of Egypt to us, — or rather two plagues in one, that of the locusts and that of the darkness, — and must not something be done to rid us

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of them? Alexandria had its commentators, the seventeenth century had its weavers of interminable romances, our fathers had their ponderous divines and portentous eulogistic biographers; but we have our specialists, and there is no Omar in sight to burn either them or their monographs. Such being the case, is it too much to beseech the universities to increase their corps of instructors in rhetoric? If our institutions of learning are to become mere manufactories of books, we can at least ask that they manufacture readable ones.

The Real Thing. — I have recently run across two instances of generosity that seem to me almost ideally representative of that much misunderstood quality. I have always held that to be generous, in the nice sense of the word, demands a certain spiritual temper, not too thoughtlessly benevolent, and given to a just appreciation of the value of things; and this temper I have found in two people as far as possible removed from each other in all that pertains to their manner of life and outward circumstances. The first instance is that of a girl clerk in a down-town office, earning but a few dollars a week, who had been saving, after the disheartening fashion of women, until she had enough money to buy a bicycle. She had a rudimentary passion for perfectness, and her heart had been fixed on a high-priced machine, delicate in mechanism and beautiful to the eye, but she surprised her friends by getting instead one of a cheaper grade. When asked her reason for the change, she said that she wanted to feel perfectly free to lend her wheel, and at the eleventh hour had doubted her ability cordially to offer the one she coveted.

The second instance is perhaps of purer essence than the first, for in the mere act of choosing the cheaper wheel there was a suggestion of thrift. There is none in the following.

A man, a painter, found one day that to him, as to many of us, the fashions and poses of civilization had become a weariness; in spite of an energy and an insight that made him closely akin to the sixteenth-century masters his mind flagged, and he looked about him for a green spot of unrecorded nature in which to rest awhile. He was not easy to satisfy, and before he found what he wanted he had wandered very far away. When he returned, he brought back with him memoranda that could never be duplicated, and that held suggestions and memories of a curious and primitive life that soon must vanish from the face of the earth. These notes of line and color he guarded as closely as you may imagine manuscripts were guarded before the day of Gutenberg. None but himself had access to them, and when they were shown it was in his room, with all precautions taken against injury or loss.

One day, however, the artist happened to hear that the wife of one of his friends, an invalid of many years, whom he had never seen, had expressed an interest in the sketches. Possibly it was in part the poetry of it that attracted him, — the piteous desire of a sensitive soul, bound to its couch, for that freedom of eye and thought which should carry it across continents and seas to the little island known only to the boldest travelers. Be that as it may, he took up his wonderful portfolio, and put it into the hands of his friend to carry home and keep so long as it should please his wife. There was not a word of caution, there was not a moment of hesitation; it was the princely surrender of a treasure the worth of which only an artist, and only such an artist, could fully know. His friend, who is my friend also, and from whom I heard the story, is a poor man. I know his plain rooms, and I can imagine that upper bedroom flooded suddenly with tropical color and light. I can imagine the eyes of his wife resting on the luxuriant beauty of cocoanut palms leaning to a sea of unutterable blue, on lithe and joyous forms full of the vigor of life, on the dusky glow of primeval forests, on all that was most remote and foreign to her cloistered days; and it seems to me that the word "generous" most perfectly fits the act of the painter.

A Lover of Children. — Twenty years ago, the writer, with her three-year-old child, was on her way to Washington in midwinter. Instead of reaching that beautiful city early in the morning, as was expected, the train was stalled in the night by a terrible blizzard. After the height of the storm was over, it took hours to dig away the heavy snow that buried not only the rails, but the whole world apparently. Slowly and laboriously the locomotive crept on, and we were

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still two hundred miles from Washington when the church clock struck eight in a village where we halted. Men jumped up to see if there were time to get a cup of coffee; nervous and anxious women clamored for tea, and I cried with the rest, "Oh, if only I could get a glass of milk for my little girl!" "Impossible," said the brakeman, who was passing through the car: "we shan't be here but a minute."

Paying no heed to his words, a gentleman of striking appearance, whose fine face and head I had been silently studying, hurriedly left the car and disappeared upon the snowy platform. "He 'll get left," sneered the brakeman.

The train moved on, feeling its way through the huge white banks on both sides. The gentleman had evidently been traveling alone, for no one seemed anxious because he did not come back. The cars were hardly in full swing, however, when he jumped aboard, a little out of breath, dusted with snow, but self-possessed and calm, holding carefully a tall glass of milk, which he gave to the wee girl beside me. My stammered thanks for such unexpected kindness from an unknown traveler he brushed away with a wave of his hand. "But the glass?" I insisted, knowing it could not be returned, as we were now thundering onward. "Is yours, madam," he replied, settling himself into his seat, paying no more attention to us. But later in the course of the dreary forenoon he motioned to the little lass to come to him, which she willingly did. He lifted her to his side, and with his arm round her she cuddled up against him, and for two hours he whispered stories into her ear, so low that no one else could hear, but the delight of which was reflected in her dancing eyes and smiling lips.

At Baltimore the stranger disappeared, and a gentleman across the passage from us leaned over and said, "Do you know who has been entertaining your child so charmingly, as indeed only he could?" "I have n't the faintest idea." "Professor Francis J. Child."

So many years have flown since then that the little lass herself writes stories now, — perhaps far-away echoes of those she heard that wintry day when Professor Child made summer in her heart; but the tall, thick depot tumbler still stands on the high shelf of the cupboard, too sacred for any use, save as a memento of the kindly chivalry of a great man to a little child.

Two Charades.

I.

Of cypress twined, and rue,
A funeral wreath I bring,
Him that Hymettus knew,
A singer sweet I sing,
Gentle and void of bane,
The lover of a queen,
By female weapons slain.
What sting could be more keen,
What death give greater pain?

Sisters of Jael and the drunken crew
That world-enchanting Orpheus slew,
The fates are not unkind like you;
Your victim, though my first my last no more,
Sups not with Pluto on the Stygian shore;
Transformed in sex, in heaven above
She ministers to Jove and Love,
Smiles as she bids the immortal nectar flow,
Nor mourns the sweets begrudged him here below.

II.

Didst thou my first, my second, on that night
Thou found'st Endymion naked on the steep,
Beauteous forever in Jove-given sleep?
Did shepherd's love thy goddess-love requite,
Or did he, slumbering on in Love's despite,
There teach thy breast to know why mortals weep
Or plunge like Sappho in the kindly deep
To quench that fire that quencheth all delight?

I see thee pale and wan, thy rounded limb,
That made the night enchantment, bowed with age;
Thou movest earth and ocean, but not him, —
He sleeps forever. So my whole in rage
Howls at the portals of great Ammon's shrine,
But wakes no more the oracle divine.

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